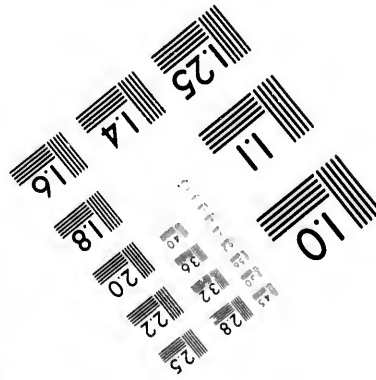
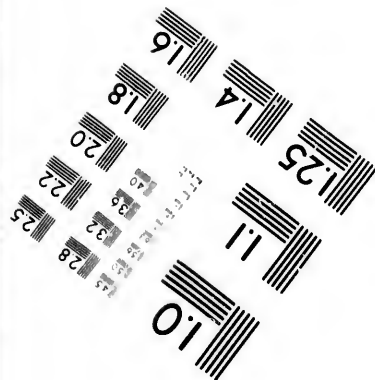
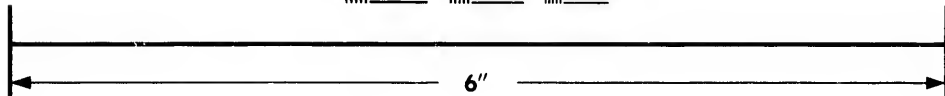
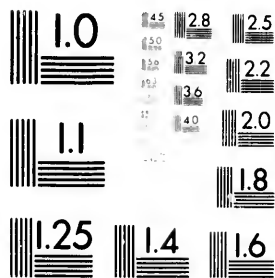


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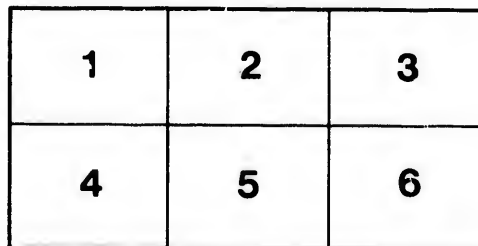
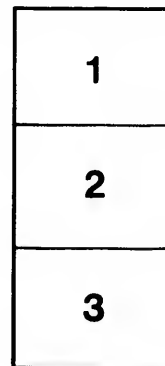
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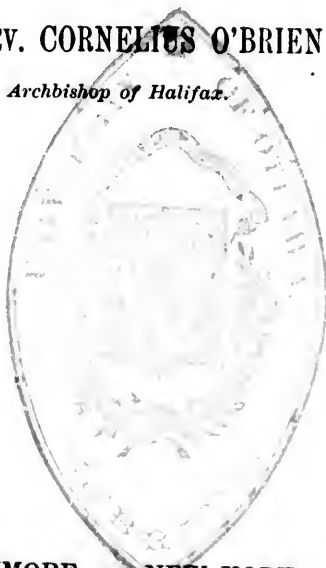
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AFTER WEARY YEARS

BY

THE MOST REV. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D.,

Archbishop of Halifax.



BALTIMORE AND NEW YORK
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1885



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PREFACE.

THERE is but little of fiction in the following pages. Historic places and events are accurately described, more accurately than in the average history. The writer knows whereof he speaks.

The Nemesis spoken of in these pages is abroad, and nations must suffer if justice be not done.

Our Young Dominion has made rapid strides in national greatness since the last chapter of this work was written,—six years ago. If we be true to ourselves Canada will be the great nation of the future. It has all the natural elements of imperial greatness, and its sons will surely rise to the height of their destiny.

The indulgent reader will kindly overlook imperfections of style and form in this book. Written piecemeal, in moments of freedom from other duties, it may lack connection of parts and elegance of expression; but a hope is cherished that it may amuse and instruct.

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AFTER WEARY YEARS.

CHAPTER I.

AMONG THE GRAPES.

It is the classic land of Italy, the home of poesy, the seat of the Arts, the haunt of the Graces. On such a day, ages ago, wild Bacchanalian troops would have been feasting on the sunny hillsides. Bacchus, the jolly god of the vintage, would have had his votaries singing on every knoll, or madly whirling in the mazes of every vineyard, to the music of the thyrsus or of clashing cymbals. The orgies of the Bacchantes were too early in the history of the world to be made respectable. It was reserved for the modern ball-room, with its "fast" dances, to throw a glamour over such pastimes, and make them fashionable.

The noisy and shameless revels of pagan times no longer disturb the serenity of October's genial days. Some may regret this; for a certain class of people seems to think it delightfully expressive of wisdom to disparage Christianity, and to extol paganism. Let the pompous dunces pass: we have not to do

with poesy, arts, or the graces; nor with orgies nor with scribblers, but with grapes.

On the sloping banks of Lake Albano, on a warm October afternoon in the year 1866, a busy scene presented itself to any one who might chance to wander along the road from the city of Albano to the shady grove of ilexes which intervenes between that town and Marino. Lake Albano is in the crater of an extinct volcano; rugged masses of tuffa rock, grimy sand, and streaks of lava attest that, centuries ago, volcanic fire spurted up from the spot where the peaceful waters of the lake repose in an inviting calm.

The city of Albano is on the southern bank of the lake; Monte Cavo, formerly *Mons Latialis*, is on the eastern. This mountain rises up from the Alban hills several thousand feet above the level of the sea: it is hollow, being bubble-formed by the past action of the fire. The banks of the lake slope gently downward on the western side for the distance of half a mile. Here the clustering grapes grow in profusion, twining around long reeds stuck in the ground; here the peaches and figs bloom in their richness; here the olives, alternating in shade between light green and dark gray, come early to maturity.

But now it is the season for culling the grapes, and the vine-dressers are busy. Troops of children, under the direction of their parents, cut off the bunches, and carefully place them in large panniers. The crossed reeds are pulled out and laid in convenient heaps. The laborers lighten their toil with

merry talk in their sweet Italian tongue, or by singing, in chorus the "Ave Mari Stella," or some simple lay in honor of the Madonna.

Long files of donkeys laden with panniers strapped, one on each side, to their rude saddles, slowly wend their way up the bank to the main road, and then turn to Albano or Marino with their load of rich grapes.

All is as bright and cheerful as the clear sky. With the true Italian peasant toil and mirth go hand in hand. There is about him such an innate refinement of manner, such a modesty of deportment, and still such a joyfulness of disposition, as to make him the most winning of men. Free alike from the coarse brutality of the English lower class, and the vulgar swagger and cunning of the transplanted Puritans in America, he is the equal in taste, and immensely the superior in sublimity of thought, of the higher grades of English society. He is a philosopher, too, in his view of life. Knowing it to be fleeting, he is not solicitous of laying up a store of wealth. He takes as much licit and rational enjoyment out of life as he can. With a childlike confidence in his Creator, he does not think it necessary to draw down his face, to look continually as if expecting to meet an enemy, or to steal through life on tiptoe. His religion ennobles all his thoughts and aspirations; it pervades his every-day actions, and casts around him that joyous disposition which travellers note and admire.

But amongst the busy crowd who, on that October afternoon, culled their grapes by the smiling

lake, only two need attract our special attention. They are an old man, keen of eye though bent with years, and a strong youth in the first opening of manhood. Both are better dressed than are the other laborers. It would seem as if they were amateur gardeners rather than regular vine-dressers. And such, indeed, they were.

The old man has, habitually, a reserved or embarrassed look. His features are regular and well-cut; still, a cloud has settled over them and renders them less attractive. Whenever he turns, as he frequently does, his eyes towards the young man, a hungry, almost a devouring, expression of love lights up his face, and causes, for a moment, a rent in the cloud. But only for a moment; swiftly the rent closes, and a weary expression of pain or remorse succeeds.

The youth is tall and well-proportioned; his cheeks are darkened more by the Italian sun than would seem natural. His broad, open brow is unclouded; his clear hazel eye can light up with the fire of quick intelligence; his thin, firm-set lips bespeak strength of purpose. He is not a handsome wax doll; he is a manly impersonation of qualities which, if rightly directed, will make him a hero; if misdirected, will bear him rapidly down the path of vice, a leader of even the most vicious.

Heroes are not beings of a superior mould, exempt from the weaknesses and temptations of common mortals. Corrupt nature wages a fierce war within them, but, being animated and guided by some lofty principle of honor or religion, they sub-

due themselves wholly or in part. The measure of true heroism is the amount of self-control acquired by an individual over passions, fears, and prejudices, from a supernatural motive. Not every one who blindly rushes against the gleaming bayonets of the enemy, not every one who plunges heedlessly into the flood to assist the drowning, should be called a hero. It may be an act of mere animal courage and thoughtless daring. Very often the patient wife and mother who day by day, with a stout heart though a weak arm, toils unknown and uncared for, to support her sickly husband and little children, deserves a more honorable niche in the temple of fame than the most illustrious warrior. Deeds of self-denial daily practised for the love of God, resistance to evil suggestions and temptations from a similar motive, are, in deed and truth, acts of heroism.

Lorenzo Aldini, the young man described above, was good raw material for a future hero. Well trained in youth, he had early learned that to subdue himself must be the first step in a great career. Carefully instructed in the religion of his fathers, he had acquired a strong love of justice and truth. Educated by those much-abused Jesuits who, Macaulay says, were "conspicuous for their ability" in educating youth, Lorenzo had been prepared, by a sound course of philosophy, to detect and confute the shallow sophisms and unblushing lies of modern infidels. The grand old Church that civilized the world, fostered the arts and sciences, and produced great men in every age, called forth his deepest rev

erence and love. Fully aware of the advantages of having his mind illumed by true faith, he had a profound pity for those weak-minded young men who were led astray by false teaching.

His noble nature swelled with sympathetic enthusiasm when he reflected on the lives of the great heroes of the Church. He found her supreme Pontiffs ever foremost in defending the weak and oppressed; ever the fearless champions of true human liberty; ever the munificent patrons of arts and sciences. Knowing all this, he often wondered at the stupid ignorance or satanic malice of self-styled historians, the warp and woof of whose "history" were spun by their diseased imaginations. He was too young and generous to suspect that men could deliberately calumniate the Spouse of Christ; and yet he found them, even now, with the meridian light of history in full blaze, accusing the Roman Pontiffs of selfishness, tyranny, and a fostering of ignorance. Lorenzo loved liberty, and this love was another link which bound him to the Church. He was well aware that truth will make man free, and he saw from history that real individual liberty is only guaranteed by the principles of the Catholic Church.

Lorenzo had lost, long ago, his mother: he had a dim remembrance of having been fondled on her knees, and of playing in her presence with two little children. But these had faded out from his path; when, or where, he could never quite decide. Out from the dimness of the past some scenes of his childish days would frequently emerge. At such times he would be immersed in profound thought;

his eyes would be strained as if peering intently at some distant object, and his whole form would be bent forward in the attitude of an attentive listener. The old man, who had learned to know what was passing in Lorenzo's mind, would at such moments turn for an instant a half-sorrowful look on him, and then make a motion as if about to speak; checking the impulse, however, he would remove his gaze, and sometimes silently weep.

The two gardeners worked on without exchanging many words. Lorenzo was nipping off the rich clusters of grapes and placing them, between layers of olive leaves, in a wicker basket. The old man was employed in cutting the vine trails, and in collecting in compact heaps the long reeds on which they had been supported. From time to time a dark-visaged, bearded servant-man, in a curious outfit, came to carry away the filled baskets. His head-gear consisted of a gaily striped worsted night-cap, with an eagle's plume for a tassel; he wore no coat, but over his blue guernsey shirt he sported a green cloth waistcoat with red flannel lappels. Knee-shorts of drab velvet, with stout leather buskins buckled under his strong shoes, completed his picturesque attire. He was a hardy-looking mountaineer, pleasant-looking when speaking, but, for aught that his countenance expressed when at work, you might rate him as a brigand or an industrious vine-dresser.

Peppe, for such he was called, was on intimate terms with his young master Lorenzo. He had watched over him in his school-days; he had visited him when at college; and now Lorenzo never made

an excursion over the Alban hills, or around Lake Nemi, without being accompanied by Peppe. On these occasions the latter always carried, in addition to the flask of Orvieto wine with ham and buns for a frugal lunch, a rusty double-barrelled flint gun. This warlike implement was as old as Peppe's great-grandfather, and had never been known, though persuasion and ingenuity had both been tried, to strike fire; and well for some that it had not; there are sensations more pleasing than those excited by a blow from the fragment of a rusty gun. Still Peppe had faith in his weapon; numberless times he had snapped it ineffectually at quails and grouse, yet he clung to the pleasant fiction that it was a good protection for his young master.

When Peppe had borne off the last basket of grapes, the old man, who was known as Giovanni Aldini, gazing out towards the Mediterranean, where the sun was just sinking in glowing splendor, said:

"See, my son, it is time to cease from our work; the malaria will soon begin to rise from the Campagna; let us go home."

Lorenzo turned his eyes towards the setting sun; there was something in the magnificent sight which absorbed his attention. The sun was not sinking to rest as it does in midsummer, like a beauteous queen serenely dying in a palace hallowed by her sanctity; it was rather like a fierce Amazon spouting out her life with her blood on a battle-torn plain. Jagged masses of clouds just above the sinking sun swam in a red light, which was fiercely

intense. Streaks of glowing brightness shot up the horizon, growing narrower and fainter, not unlike, so Lorenzo thought, to trickling pools of blood. For a moment he was silent and motionless, then half aloud :

"It is a beautiful, but perhaps a significant sunset."

"Significant of what, Lorenzo?"

"Of the battles, father, which soon may be fought around Rome."

They reached the high road which runs from Albano to Marino, and faced towards the latter village. At the edge of the grove of ilixes before-mentioned, and in view of the lake, stands a little roadside oratory. It is a small temple of stone and mortar, perhaps eight feet in diameter. The upper half of the door is not solid, but is formed of wooden bars a few inches apart. Between these bars you can see the interior of the oratory. It is rudely frescoed; a small stone altar, with flowers and candlesticks, is opposite, and on it a statue, in chalk, of the Blessed Virgin, hung round with votive offerings of hearts, medals, ear-rings, and pistols. Each of these offerings was a testimony of affection and faith. Some one in affliction, passing by this oratory, had knelt and asked the Blessed Virgin to pray to God to grant him such a favor. The petition was heard, and in gratitude and proof thereof a silver heart, or perhaps a ring, had been hung up. The student had given his hard-earned medal; the man of violence, moved by a good inspiration when passing the shrine, had laid aside

his hate and thrown down his murderous weapon. Like milestones on a weary journey, which serve as places of rest to the footsore traveller, the wayside oratories afford the tired Christian soul a spot of quiet and rest.

Lorenzo and his father knelt for a moment in silent prayer in front of the oratory; rising, they proceeded slowly down the shady road which winds gracefully round the ilex- and elm-crowned hills which intervene between Lake Albano and Marino. At length the old man broke the silence by saying:

“What battles, my son, may soon be fought around Rome? Do you apprehend an invasion of Italy? It is true that Austria has been sadly defeated at Sadowa; Prussia and Piedmont have both extended their boundaries; but think you that either of them will lay siege to Rome?”

“You know, father, that, according to the convention entered into between France and Piedmont in 1864, the French soldiers who have been stationed in the Pontifical States ever since the suppression of the unholy revolution of 1849, were to evacuate Rome within two years. That time has elapsed; they are still there, but it is generally believed that ere Christmas the French flag will no longer wave over Castel San Angelo, and the Holy Father will be abandoned to his own resources.”

“Well,” said the old man anxiously, “that is true enough; still, I see no cause for alarm. We are at peace with all.”

“Not from without, father; but the secret societies are preparing to create a disturbance in the

Pope's territory. Impious hordes will attempt, ere long, to assail the capital of Christendom. Perhaps even the saintly Pius IX. may be exposed to personal insult. Catholics throughout the world are awakening to a sense of this danger; volunteers are daily arriving to enroll themselves under the banner of St. Peter; the glorious days of the Crusades, when faith and civilization hurled themselves on the barbarian Moslem, may soon be renewed. My blood, father, boils at the thought. I must join the Papal Zouaves."

The face of Lorenzo, whilst giving utterance to these words with energy, was lit up with a glow of enthusiasm which revealed a latent chivalric spirit. He was no longer a quiet, thoughtful, young vine-dresser; he was a brave knight in undress. Instinctively he drew himself up to his full height; his right hand convulsively closed as if already grasping a sword.

The old man was astonished; never before had he suspected this martial ardor. He wore a troubled expression as he slowly said:

"But, my son, all this is but apprehension on your part; the Pope is not in danger. Put aside this idea, which can only tend to disturb your mind."

"No, father; in this I am resolved. Often, of late, have I thought on the troubled state of Europe. One vast network of secret societies is spread over its surface; war to the death against the Catholic Church is their ruling principle. They foment discontent among the masses; they ensnare

the young and unsuspecting with fine talk about liberty and patriotism; they excite hatred of religion and the clergy. While all this is being done by the impious, shall we stand idly by until the long-prepared eruption bursts upon us? No: we, too, must prepare to battle for justice and religion."

"But consider, Lorenzo, that the Catholic traditions and feelings of Europe will never permit an assault against Rome. Why, no nation could approve or support so gross an outrage against Catholic sentiment."

"Ah!" said Lorenzo gloomily, "it is this delusion which has caused all the trouble to religion in Catholic countries. People live in an unuffled apathy, trusting to the traditions and the policy of the past. They imagine that, because the vast majority is Catholic, no anti-Catholic law will be passed by government. In the mean time the secret plotters, profiting by this apathy, rise to place and power, get possession of the army and treasury, and then impose their unchristian laws on the people. If we want to preserve our liberties we must ever be on our guard; there are always embryo tyrants who only wait for an opportunity to develop. We must be prepared to fight, too, if occasion requires."

"But was not peace announced, Lorenzo, at the Saviour's birth? Are we not taught to suffer patiently?"

"Peace was announced to men of good will," replied Lorenzo, "and patience, too, was inculcated; but we were not taught to allow ourselves to be

enslaved. I seriously believe that if we heard less about enduring meekly insults offered to our religion, and more advice to stand up for our rights in a legitimate and manly way, we would suffer but little persecution. Think you, father, that if the handful of revolutionists, or the beardless youths from government universities, who often insult and interrupt our processions in many parts of Europe, knew that we had been advised and were ready to defend ourselves, they would dare even hiss? But because they are certain that we have been admonished to bear tamely every insult, they grow courageous. And if governments felt that their Catholic subjects would resist, to the death, unjust laws, they would be more chary of enacting them. If Rome is to be saved from serious trouble, it must be girt round with a band of soldiers whose hearts are true to Holy Church, and whose lives are at its service."

The old man was sadly troubled; he felt the truth and force of Lorenzo's words, but his love for him was something intensely fierce. He tried to calm the fears of his son, to point out the many reasons for hoping for a peaceful time, and to put forward his claims to be supported and cheered in his old age. This last, however, he did with evident hesitation, and, one would fancy, in self-reproachful tones. It was all of no avail.

Lorenzo thanked him with tears of gratitude for his loving care, but gently reminded him that our first duty was towards God.

"Remember, father, you are in no need of my help; you are still vigorous, though advanced in

years ; you are in no danger. From time to time I shall see you, and perhaps a happier state of affairs may enable me, ere long, to return. On the other hand, think of our venerable Father Pius IX. ; already he has drunk the chalice of bitterness in exile ; already he is beset by numerous dangers. In fighting for him I fight for justice and truth, and if my life's blood should be shed in defence of Rome, I would fall a Christian hero, and merit a martyr's palm."

They had now arrived at the stream near which the ancient Romans formed the treaty with the Latins. • It was growing dark, and they hastened forward.

Their house stood out a short distance from Marino, on the slope towards Rome. From its western windows you could look over the undulating Campagna, and see far off the spires and turrets of the Eternal City.

Nothing more was said that night about Lorenzo's resolution of joining the Zouaves. Perhaps Giovanni Aldini thought that his son's resolve might melt with the dissolving mists of the morrow ; perhaps Lorenzo's soul was too full of his noble purpose to think of speech.

Men do not speak most often, nor most loudly, of their noblest determinations. There are times when the intelligence of man is so penetrated with some purpose, so wrapped up in devising means to realize some grand idea, that he appears to himself to be engaged in an animated discourse. This was Lorenzo's state on that evening.

After the usual family prayers, in which Peppe and the other domestics joined, Lorenzo, according to the beautiful custom still observed in good families in Italy, kissed his father's hand, and received his blessing when retiring for the night.

Lorenzo occupied a room on the third floor, on the western side of the house. He sat by the open window to enjoy the calm tranquillity that reigned without. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Nowhere else, perhaps, and at no other time, could such a lovely scene be presented as on the Alban hills on a still October night. The air was balmy though not warm; it retained a yet perceptible trace of the sunbeams' genial influence, as grateful to the sense as the faint odor of flowers wafted far out on the water. The full moon seemed to swim, almost to oscillate, in the deep azure; it showed brighter and larger than it ever does in cold or damp climates.

Beneath the window the land sloped rapidly away, and was covered with graceful olive-trees. Those far down were yet in the shade, and appeared but as reflections of these on the brow of the hill, whose grayish foliage was kissed by the moonbeams.

Here and there long streaks of moonlight shot out over the Campagna, as the moon gradually rose over the range of hills. Here this straggling ray lit up some sombre haystack, beautifying it even as, so Lorenzo thought, the grace of God does a repentant soul; there a beam, escaping as if in sport from its fellows, sped swiftly over the plain, revealing in its glorious path a hill, a ruined villa, or a broken

aqueduct. By degrees a flood of mellowed light burst over the whole scene, and swept quickly westward to the lofty walls of Rome.

The winding Tiber, rolling its yellow waters to the Mediterranean, glinted here and there in the softened rays.

The song of the nightingale struck on the listening ear, and made complete musical bars between the bayings of distant watch-dogs.

Lorenzo felt how true it is that the "heavens narrate the glory of God, and the firmament announceth the work of his hands." Beauty, harmony, and grandeur were all comprised in the scene.

For ages that same moon had risen in her reflected glory over the same ground; but how shifting had been the visions she had lighted up! Lorenzo tried to summon back the panoramic scene of past ages. There is a tradition that Noah came to Italy, and died on the Janiculum hill in Rome. Over him, then, and his fast-spreading descendants the moonbeams once shone in this place. Greek and Trojan colonies; Latins, Etruscans, Goths, Vandals, and Lombards quickly passed before the magic glass. They fought, strove for a time, and then died; their works perished wholly or in part, but still the moonbeams' checkered light danced gaily over the scene.

One only institution remained unchanged amidst the wreck of successive generations; one only institution seemed to defy the tooth of time, and to rival in the diffusion of unquenchable light the moon herself; it was the Catholic Church.

"How often," thought Lorenzo, "has she been assailed; how often persecuted; but see! she ever comes forth triumphant. So, too, the one who, years hence, shall stand here and view the panorama of history by these clear rays, will note how our Holy Church came victoriously forth from her present encounter with infidelity and pride. Strengthen, O God! strengthen this arm of mine to strike for the rights of Holy Church."

Filled with such thoughts he retired to bed.

Early next morning he was astir, and busy packing his trunks. He had summoned Peppe to his assistance, and had disclosed to that faithful attendant his resolve of starting for Rome that very day. Poor Peppe was at first quite downcast, but when told that he was to escort his young master on the journey became bright and smiling.

A cup of coffee and a morsel of bread is the usual Italian breakfast. This light meal was soon despatched, and then Lorenzo sought his father's room. The old man, seeing his son's resolution, gave at length a reluctant consent. On his knees Lorenzo asked pardon for every fault he had committed, and thanked his father for all his care. This troubled the old man more than anything else.

"It is I, Lorenzo," he said, "who ought to ask your forgiveness. In the excess of my love for you I have been cruel towards you: if ever you learn how, I shall then be dead, try to think kindly of me. Alas! we little reflect, when satisfying our own feelings, how cruelly we may be lacerating those of others. We often forget that the affections of our

fellow-mortals may be as strong, or stronger, than our own."

These words, uttered in a broken and self-reproachful tone, made a deep impression on Lorenzo. He could not understand their full meaning; but seeing his father in distress he kissed his hand, and, holding it to his heart, vowed ever to love and cherish his memory.

"I have never received aught but kindness, father, from this hand which I now hold; and I would rather that mine own might wither than that I should forget it."

But the old man only groaned: "Ah! Lorenzo, ah! Lorenzo, may Heaven pardon me at last."

At length Giovanni Aldini made an effort to compose his feelings. He gave Lorenzo some money, and an order on the Bank of Rome for a generous allowance. He then took from a double-locked drawer a small package; handing it to his son he said, "In your pocket when first"—but here a flood of tears stopped his utterance.

It is hard to see an old man weep. The tears of the young are like sun-showers on budding roses; but those of the old are autumn squalls pattering drearily on a ruined roof.

Lorenzo, himself weeping, took the packet. The old man, hastily brushing away his tears, said:

"The time may come when you will think of marrying. If ever you meet in Italy or elsewhere the original of the photograph in that package, try to win her for your wife. My blessing on such a union."

Fondly he clasped Lorenzo to his breast for the last time; fondly Lorenzo clung to him at parting. All the little faults of his young days came up before him. It is only when we behold the tearful eye of an aged father, see his quivering lip, and feel the nervous pressure of his last hand-clasp, that we can fully know how deep and fond has been his love, and how ungrateful we too often have been. Happy those sons whose conscience does not reproach them even at such a moment!

Lorenzo left the house accompanied by Peppe, who had strapped the luggage across the backs of two mules; these he managed, by some process known only to himself, to drive by dextrously prod- ding with his old gun, which of course he carried.

Arrived at the railway station at Frascati, the mules were unpacked and allowed to find their way home, while Lorenzo and Peppe took the train for Rome. It was only when seated some minutes that Lorenzo opened the packet given him by his father, and saw the likeness of a fair young child of three or four years. The sunny look of childhood's innocence shed a halo around her features, but Lorenzo could trace therein no resemblance to any one he had ever seen.

Long and thoughtfully he gazed on the young face, until aroused by the shrill continued whistle which announced a near approach to Rome.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

IDEAS are not bounded by space, nor limited by time. We of to-day may have ideas not unlike those of our antediluvian ancestors; and persons thousands of miles apart may make identical reflections. It is not by any means strange that the words spoken near Lake Albano should re-echo from the banks of the noble St. Lawrence; or that thoughts and feelings which moved Lorenzo Aldini to lofty enthusiasm should kindle a kindred blaze in the breast of Morgan Leahy.

They had much in common: both were young and of a generous disposition; both had been trained, though widely apart, in similar schools of thought; and both had the same priceless gift of a true and living Faith. This last link bound them both with filial love to the grand centre of Christianity, Rome.

What wonder, then, that in the October of 1866 Morgan Leahy should think and speak very much after the manner of Lorenzo Aldini? How often do we not, unconsciously, repeat the sentiments of others? How many at the present moment may not be engaged in identical speculations? The orbit in which human intellects revolve is necessarily limited; hence they often cross each other's

track. A trifling occurrence often brands for all time some sentiment or expression as ridiculous, which, under altered circumstances, would be stamped as sublime. There is a vast amount of true sublimity in many a slighted ballad, and a very large quota of nonsense in many a lauded epic.

Who can assign the cause of this? Who will have the moral courage to attack the literary pet of each nation, and lay bare his weaknesses?

On the banks of the St. Lawrence, near the spot where the gloomy St. Maurice empties its sullen waters into the laughing tide of the great river, on a fine evening in October 1866, Morgan Leahy and his sister Eleanor were walking side by side. Gradually they ascended from the edge of the water to the summit of a lofty hill, and then sat down to enjoy the glorious prospect.

Truly it was a scene to delight the eye of any rational being. Here at your feet the majestic river rolled grandly on, with a fuller swell as the St. Maurice poured in its tributary offering. Now it chafed and roared as it was forced to flow between two jutting rocks which, like a pair of chained giants who had run to meet in mortal combat, but checked ere they met, stood frowning fiercely on each other. Now it spread out into a broad lake, and quickly forgot its ill-temper as it peacefully smiled and gently laved the shores of many a quiet bay where the storm-king never comes.

On it proudly rolled, gathering volume as it went, bearing on its bosom the plashing steamer, the rakish brig, the tall square-rigged bark, the

beautifully modelled merchant-ship, the unattractive tug-boat, the clumsy punt, and dark, dismal-looking coal-traders which slunk quickly by, as if they were the ghosts of Captain Kidd's pirate ships. It bore them all alike, toying with each and tossing each with perfect impartiality.

Man may, to a certain extent, utilize the elements, but he can never control them. Down the rushing river the commerce of our great, though young, Dominion flows to reach the far-off Atlantic, thence to be borne east and west, north and south, proclaiming our resources and our skill.

But at times the great stream rebels and rages with such fury that the stoutest stand appalled and shrink back from its foam-covered face. It was calm, however, and docile as Morgan and Eleanor gazed adown its course.

Gentle slopes of well-tilled country were interspersed with rough, bald hills which rose sharply out from the river. Far away on every side could be discerned little villages dotting with the mark of man each hillside. The small spires of many a country church rose gently heavenward, bearing aloft the glory of Calvary, and silently preaching hope and penance from their gilded crosses. In the background of the green fields waved the virgin forest. The light autumn frost had changed the hue of the leaves from green to the most gorgeous colorings. The white birch had leaves of bright gold; the maple, purple, scarlet, and Tyrian red; the beech, a deep grayish white; while the pine and fir retained their emerald hues.

Fancy these and many other kinds of trees growing side by side, every leaf of each being of a different shade, and all rich in coloring and glinting in the rays of a setting sun, and you have an autumn scene by the St. Lawrence, and one of untold loveliness.

Morgan Leahy was a young man of six and twenty, his sister two years his junior. Their parents were natives of the Emerald Isle; but Morgan and Eleanor had been born in Canada.

The young man was not handsome, perhaps, but he had a clear, frank expression pleasing to behold; and he bore the unmistakable impress of thoughtful intellectuality. It could be traced on his broad, full brow, from which his dark hair was carelessly brushed; it gleamed from the depths of dark eyes which had that appearance of latent strength noticeable in a deep and placid stream. His eyebrows were strong and well-arched; his chin fine, and the lips close-set. Every feature was strongly marked, giving thus an individuality to his expression.

At college he had borne off many honors. Endowed naturally with good talents he had cultivated them by assiduous study. He had that patient endurance which will overcome scientific difficulties, and without which no solid success can be attained. The peaceful though exciting contests of college examinations used to call forth all his energy; it was not that he had a childish weakness to appear first on the list, but because he had a strong sense of duty and a noble ambition. He would cordially assist a classmate up to the very moment of begin-

ning an examination; he would supply him with hints gathered by his industry in reading: but once the examination had begun he would strive to distance all competitors; and he generally succeeded. He had completed a brilliant academical and philosophic course at Laval University, and had serious thoughts of studying for the church.

Eleanor resembled her brother both in personal appearance and in the endowments of mind. She had just graduated with honor at "Villa Marie."

She was, one might say, decidedly attractive; not a beautiful simpleton, but a generous, high-souled girl of refined taste, and consequently of a distinguished appearance. For a person of refined taste may be poor and ill-clad, still the air and carriage of such a one will ever arrest attention. The dust and mould of a garret cannot hide the beauties of one of Raphael's paintings, neither can the rags of a beggar conceal the manifestations of interior refinement.

Eleanor Leahy had a loftier idea of a woman's business in life, than is usually had by the modern miss. She did not think that her object was to dress as extravagantly and as ridiculously as possible; nor to sit whole hours devouring sentimental love-stories; neither did she think that she ought to step out on the platform to champion the cause of woman.

She knew that the sphere of domestic life was her orbit; in it she ought to be a sun brightening and cheering her home; if married, shedding light and gladness on the path of her husband; if a

mother, engrossed in rearing her children in virtue, thus fitting them for life and for heaven. She saw how the ancient pagan world had debased woman, and how modern pagans sought to degrade her, by drawing her from the position in which the Church had placed her, and around which the Faith of Christ had shed a halo of sanctity.

As already said, the parents of these two charming characters were natives of Ireland. Thirty years previously they had settled by the great St. Lawrence, on a spot well adapted for farming purposes.

How seldom do we think of the debt we owe the hardy pioneers of our Dominion! To me those brave old settlers who, axe in hand, pitched their lonely log cabins in the midst of a howling wilderness, and, with nought but their strong arm and brave heart, cut down the immense trees and cleared the tangled underwood, and made smiling corn-fields take the place of waving forests, are greater heroes than a Napoleon or an Alexander. How strong and deep must have been that domestic love which nerved their weary arms to strike again, and yet again, for wife and family! And consider how pure they kept their simple lives; how bright their sterling honesty ever shone!

No; when we think of these men; when we see the few last surviving ones of them tottering feebly through our streets; when we say the last prayers by their humble graves; and then consider the wild licentiousness of our day, the shameless frauds, the small account in which life is held by many, we

can never admit that ignorance of reading and writing is dangerous to society. We rather believe that one of the natural causes which will be at work in bringing about the final doom of nations will be that which is now called public education.

John Leahy was a pure type of that race of pioneers which is fast dying out. He was a strong, bold man, pleasant in appearance and kind in manner. He was too proud to do a mean action, and too good a Christian to do a sinful one. He loved the old faith of Erin for which his fathers had suffered; and his greatest hardship in the early days of his settlement was that he was far from a Catholic church. But he, like many others of his countrymen, became in his humble way an apostle. He would travel several miles to bring the priest to "hold a station" at his house; at length, chiefly through his exertions, a beautiful church was built. Now there was a large village around it, and a resident priest.

Mrs. Leahy was a kind-hearted woman who never sent the poor empty-handed away. She had borne her share of the toil and privations of an early settler's life. These were the worthy parents of worthy children. They were contented and happy. God had blessed them, as he always does those who bring his faith into a new place, and they were prosperous in their old days. They saw their two children, whom they had early trained for heaven, growing up in virtue. Their cup of earthly happiness was full.

Morgan and Eleanor remained for some time gaz-

ing on the beautiful prospect, but it was clear to Eleanor that her brother's thoughts were not of the scene on which they were looking. Once or twice she had made some remark on the beauty of the landscape, but he had taken no notice of it. Looking down the river she exclaimed :

"How beautiful those distant ships appear, dwindled away to little boats, with tiny, flapping sails scarcely larger than the wings of a sea-gull! How gracefully they bend and sway! I wonder if Jacques Cartier, when first he sailed up this noble stream, was watched by the Mirages from these hills, and, if so, what their impressions were."

"Probably he was," replied Morgan ; "and, if he was, the poor red man, doubtless, looked upon his ships with the wonder of fear, whilst you look upon those far off with the wonder of delight."

"What bold men, Morgan, those early discoverers must have been! Think of Columbus venturing upon the wild Atlantic with his old-fashioned galley scarce fit for the calm waters of the Mediterranean."

"That was much, Eleanor, but it was not half so daring as the sailing away out into the unknown and mysterious ocean. To go on and on ; farther and farther from known shores, to explore the great and trackless waters must have excited a feeling akin to that experienced by a soul in the last moment of its union with the body. To brave rough waves and high winds requires only physical courage ; but to expose one's-self to an unknown danger needs moral qualities of a high order."

"You always glide into metaphysics, Morgan," laughed Eleanor.

"I like to imagine the sensations of men in the great moments of life, that is all, my sister. What must Jacques Cartier have felt as he sailed up this broad river? Whither was he going? Where or how would he end? Would he come upon a rich city flourishing in these vast solitudes, or would he discover traces of antediluvian man?"

"I see what you mean, my philosophic brother; and I do think that discoverers must have courageous souls."

"Indeed yes, Eleanor. But Columbus had other virtues besides true courage. Think of his years of anguish, the chafings of a noble soul filled with a sublime ardor, conscious of the correctness of its views but thwarted by adverse circumstances. He felt himself entrusted with the heavenly mission of bearing Christ's name and faith to distant and undiscovered shores; he had received the mandate, but could not obtain the means for putting it into execution."

"I have often thought, Morgan, on the troubles endured by Columbus; how patiently he always bore them."

"He had good need of patience," said Morgan. Fancy the long hours he spent sitting by the shore, beneath his humble retreat in the monastery of La Rabida, with his keen, sad eyes ever turned to the west. As he watched the sun sinking beneath the waves, and noted the sparkling trail of light that glittered from mid-ocean to the horizon, he may

have thought it an illuminated pathway over which he was to sail. Or it may have appeared to him as the first shimmering of that glorious light of Catholic Faith, which would, ere long, spread its mild effulgence from the eastern to the western world."

"Rather a poetic picture, Morgan, but perhaps a true one."

"I will add another touch," said her brother with a smile. "How often must not his delicate conscience have dwelt on his actions, half in fear, to discover whether he had done all he could to carry out his mission. How often, after seeing hope upon hope blighted, must he not have sat there refitting in his mind, like the Trojan Æneas did in act, his shattered fleet. But never once did he lose faith in his theory, or doubt his heavenly mandate. He drank with resignation the bitter chalice of humiliation which has to be drunk by generous souls called to execute an eternal decree."

"How do you reconcile your picture of Columbus with some of his lives which have an extensive circulation?" asked Eleanor.

"Why, Columbus had his enemies, and he had unwary friends. Between them a blight was cast on his good name for a time; but fuller historic researches have shown the unblemished purity of his private life. His second marriage is placed beyond a doubt, and he stands forth unsullied among the purest and noblest of mankind."

"I am glad of that," said Eleanor. "It is a great thing to have a great name vindicated. Great persons seem more nearly related to us than the un-

famed man, and somehow we cherish their names as family ones."

"An effect, possibly, of our vanity, my dear sister. Yet consider that although America may honor the name of her discoverer, and cherish it as a family one, many of her children seek to make the faith of Columbus an alien plant. Himself, his best friend a humble monk, superior of La Rabida, his munificent protector Isabelle the Catholic, the cross he set up on first landing, and the names of saints which, in his piety, he gave to each river and headland, stamped this continent with the indelible mark of our Church. Notwithstanding this, scheming politicians and ignorant parsons will prate about this being a 'Protestant country.' We know of no lands which Protestantism has discovered; it came into the world too late for that."

"And we, Morgan, will be too late in returning if we remain here much longer musing on the actions of the mighty dead," said Eleanor as she arose.

Lightly down the hillside they went, at a pace half run half walk, until they reached a narrow path which wound along the river's course. Morgan appeared absorbed in thought; at length he spoke:

"You said that a discoverer must have a great soul; what have you to say about the soul of a soldier?"

Eleanor cast a swift, astonished glance at her brother. He was walking quietly at her side with downcast eyes, striking, in an absent manner, at a tall reed or bristling thistle with his stout walking-cane. She slowly replied:

"Do you mean a soldier of the Cross or a warrior?"

"Perhaps either or both; each has, at times, fierce battles to fight; each can gain an earthly victory and a heavenly crown."

"Well," returned Eleanor, "a soldier fighting in a just cause may certainly claim our admiration. I shudder at the thought of the shedding of human blood, but I suppose it may sometimes be a duty to do it."

"Certainly, Eleanor. If a fierce foe should endeavor to invade our happy Dominion, to lay waste our fields and to overturn our institutions, ought we not to applaud the gallant hearts who would go forth to drive them back? Ought we not to assist them? The women of Limerick who fought and fell in the breach when Sarsfield's brave troops drove back the Orange William have taught us, their descendants, a noble lesson; and were our peaceful cities attacked by a ruthless foe, I trust that no coward drop might be found to have adulterated the loyal blood of my ancestors."

While speaking thus, a flush of pardonable patriotism and determination lit up the young man's face, and showed him to be a worthy descendant of the women of Limerick. Eleanor quietly asked:

"Do you, then, love our Dominion so very much?"

"Certainly I do; is it not my country, my home? We are as free, perhaps freer than any other people, except the subjects of the Pope. He rules his people as a Father, not as a sovereign. But apart from them, who are so secure in their property, or their

lives, as we? We have a glorious country, and when all British America shall have been welded into one grand Dominion we will have all the elements of a mighty nation."

"Dear me, Morgan!" laughed Eleanor, "you are quite enthusiastic in your love of country. But I, too, dearly love this sweet motherland, Canada, and am glad that it is not in any danger of invasion."

"No; there is no danger of that sort threatening us; but do you not know that the States of the Church are menaced in the near future?" Ere long the French soldiers will withdraw from Rome, and it is thought an uprising will be fomented by paid emissaries from the secret societies. I have been thinking of this, and that is why I asked your opinion of a soldier's soul. Nay, nay; do not say that I intended studying for the Church," continued Morgan, as his sister was about to speak. "I did intend that, and I may yet be a soldier of the Cross; but I am resolved to gird on first the sword of the flesh to fight for Rome. The States of the Church are the patrimony of all true Catholics; our young Dominion must send some of her children to guard our rights. I mentioned the women of Limerick; do you not think that these heroines, gladly as they shed their blood for their Queen City, would much more gladly have shed it for Rome?"

They were silent for a short time. Morgan watched his sister, who was apparently struggling with some deep emotion. It was only for a moment; with one rapid glance to heaven, and one convulsive stamp of the foot, she stood on the path,

and, laying her hand on her brother's arm, softly said :

"You know how I love you, Morgan ; you know how lonely I am when you are away ; you know that to save you from pain or trouble I would gladly bear any suffering. Notwithstanding all this, I could see even you die in the cause of our Holy Father, with sorrow it is true, but without a murmur. If heaven calls you to be a soldier of Pius IX., I could buckle on your sword for battle with fingers that would not tremble. God and my faith before any earthly object !"

"Bravely spoken, my dear sister," said Morgan ; "you have lightened my task wonderfully. Father will readily grant permission. It would not require much to induce himself, old as he is, to go with me. Mother's love of Holy Church will, I am certain, overcome her natural love for me. I shall see about it at once, and start as soon as possible."

"Would that I might accompany you," sighed Eleanor. "I would not seek to keep you from battle in such a cause. The one who could refuse his life's blood to defend the centre of Christianity is but half a man, and nothing of a Christian."

"Why, Eleanor, you ought to be a soldier's wife."

"*Perhaps I may be,*" she thoughtfully replied.

CHAPTER III.

A SAD ANNIVERSARY.

THE brother and sister had now reached their comfortable home, and had agreed to say nothing of Morgan's project until the next day. During the evening, while Morgan was engaged with his books, Eleanor went quietly out, and ran across the road to a neat little cottage not far distant. A trim bed of autumn flowers bloomed beneath the windows on each side of the front-door. A small bat, and a striped rubber ball, such as is commonly used by children, lay on the doorstep. Not far off a kite which had once been of many hues, but was now faded to a dull yellow, was lying as if hastily dropped.

Just within the doorway was seated an elderly woman whose appearance was most attractive. She was pensive, almost sad, and would have appeared gloomy were it not for a calm expression of heavenly peace and trustfulness which beamed from her dreamy eyes. She was neatly and simply dressed, and held with one hand, on her knee, a boy's cap of blue cloth with a glazed peak.

It was easy to see that a mighty torrent of grief had swept over her soul, and had been succeeded by the rainbow of a patient hope. Absorbed in deep thought, she had not noticed the quiet ap-

proach of Eleanor, until in a tone of gentle sympathy she said :

“Keeping, as usual, your sad anniversary, Mrs. Barton.” With a pleased look Mrs. Barton took Eleanor’s hand and quietly replied :

“Yes; keeping it as usual; but I do not think that I shall have to keep it many more years.”

“Do you still hope, then, to meet him on earth?”

“Ah! my girl,” softly began Mrs. Barton, “you know nothing of the hope of a mother’s soul. Will not the mother whose son has gone on a ‘forlorn hope’ hope for his return? Will not the mother of the greatest criminal hope for his reformation? All others may pronounce him a second impenitent thief, but she will have some ray of hope. It seems to be a part of God’s merey towards parents, for without it, loving as they do their children, their lives would be miserable indeed. Yes, I still hope to meet my darling boy on earth.”

Eleanor quietly drew a chair alongside of Mrs. Barton’s, and sat pondering on these words.

How beautiful and pure is the love of a mother! how unselfish and indestructible it is! it is a reflection on earth of God’s love in heaven. How often, and how carelessly, are both slighted, but what dread remorse will one day surely follow such conduct! Perhaps it will not be until the damp earth has been heaped upon thy mother’s tomb, O thoughtless child, that thou wilt value—all too late—that which thou hast lost. Then wilt thou think of the toils through weary days, and the loving watches through weary nights, the deep interest in thy wel-

fare, and the tender care of thy youth, that she, the mother now cold and wasting in the clammy depths of the grave, patiently bore for thee. Then will every act of disobedience and disrespect, every ungracious word which thou hast uttered to her, stand out in terrible distinctness, and fly like barbed arrows to pierce thy guilty heart.

Ye who have yet your mother alive, be kind to her, cherish her while you may. A very little is all she exacts; a small return of love satisfies her for the rich store which she lavished on you. If she be old and whimsical, try to remember how patiently she bore the caprices of your childhood, and patiently bear with her.

Some such thoughts as these passed through Eleanor's mind as she sat silently by Mrs. Barton, while the golden fringe of day slowly faded out from the western skies. After a pause Mrs. Barton resumed :

"It was just such a day as this has been, twenty years ago, that my laughing boy disappeared. He had laid down yonder his kite, and was playing with his ball and bat. I was sitting here watching him with all a fond mother's love. Suddenly he stopped, laid down his ball and bat on the doorstep, and without withdrawing his eyes from the direction of the river, gave me his little cap to hold—this identical one," she said, holding up the blue cloth cap with the glazed peak.

"'I will be back in a few minutes, dear mamma,' he said, and ran quickly down the path to the river. I have never seen him since."

A slight sigh escaped her lips; a tear, pure as a dewdrop on a mountain lily, sparkled for an instant in her trustful eyes.

Eleanor gently took her disengaged hand between her own in silent sympathy.

The pall of night enveloped the heavens, and the gleaming stars flashed out from their aerial hiding-places, as if exulting in the death of the King of Day.

It was a beautiful and touching sight to see the fair young girl, whose life had known no sorrow for loss of her own, sitting side by side in a faint lane of moonlight with the elderly woman whose earthly joys had been early embittered, soothing by silent companionship—often the most welcome—the stirred waters of her great grief.

After a time Eleanor remarked :

“But why on this day bring thus before you the relics of your lost boy? I should think that they would only increase your sorrow.”

“No, Eleanor,” replied Mrs. Barton, “they do not. Every year, as you know, I place on this day these little mementos of my darling Denis on the spot on which he threw them down, and sit thus holding his little cap. It is like his legacy to me, and I try to be faithful to his trust. Besides, there is a soothing influence in gazing on what belonged to those we loved. It recalls, it is true, our loss, but it likewise recalls the blessing we once enjoyed in having had the object of our love. If that love has been what it ought to have been, to be reminded of it will more than compensate us for our subse-

quent sorrow. The sight of these little remembrances of my boy wrings my soul with a passing pang, but it is like pressing the spikenard, which will not yield its odor until thus pressed."

Mrs. Barton and her husband, dead some years ago, had been friends and neighbors of the Leahys ever since they settled together on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Indeed, they had been acquainted in the "old country." Mrs. Barton had but one child, Denis, who was a year older than Eleanor. Morgan, Eleanor, and Denis had been playmates in infancy, and the fond parents had often thought how happy they would be to see in future years Denis and Eleanor man and wife, and Morgan a priest. But earthly happiness, like human calculations, is often destroyed when it promises most. Denis, as related above by his mother, disappeared when he was five years old.

Every search had been made that love and generous sympathy could suggest, but all in vain. No trace of Denis had ever been found. All except his mother came to the conclusion that he had fallen into the river and been carried far out by the tide. Mrs. Barton never believed he was dead. It was not with her a diseased whim, but a profound conviction that he was alive.

Was it only that Heaven implanted hope so strong in a mother's heart, of which she has just spoken, that thus mercifully assuaged her mighty grief? or was it some real though inexplicable action of her son's soul acting on her own as he pined for her? After weary years we shall see.

The streak of mellowed light gradually receded from the two figures which sat within the cottage door, as the moon rose higher 'mid the lesser fires of heaven. Mrs. Barton, noticing the passing of the hours, turned to Eleanor and said :

“ You know how much I love you, my dear girl ; you have often heard how we used to wish that you and Denis might grow up to love one another. Your own beautiful character would of itself make you very dear to me ; but that hoped-for relationship to my dear boy has made you almost sacred in my eyes. I am going to ask something—perhaps it is too much ; perhaps it is too late. If so, do not hesitate to refuse plainly ; you will not offend me, neither will you lessen my love for you.”

Eleanor wonderingly promised to obey her injunctions.

“ It is,” said Mrs. Barton, “ that you will not plight your troth to any one before next Christmas three years. If Denis be indeed alive we shall surely know it ere that time.”

Eleanor had long known this former, foolish, perhaps, but common and fond notion of her parents and those of Denis. She just remembered the bright, laughing child, with dreamy eyes like his mother's. Though there had been none, still the idea of some undefinable bond haunted her, and endeared Mrs. Barton to her. Smilingly she replied :

“ You are not too late, dear Mrs. Barton, neither do you ask too much. I readily give the desired promise. But now I must return home. Good-night, my dear, dear mother !”

She often called her mother, especially on these anniversaries, for she knew it pleased Mrs. Barton.

“Good-night, dear ; you will yet be my daughter,” said Mrs. Barton, as she imprinted a kiss on Eleanor’s forehead.

She stood for a moment watching the young girl hurrying along the moon-lit path. Silently praying a blessing on her head, she stepped out, and gathering up the kite, ball, and bat, brought them in and laid them, together with the cap, on the little bed of her lost son until the next sad anniversary.

CHAPTER IV.

OVER THE ATLANTIC, AND ACROSS THE ALPS.

ON the morning following the events just narrated, Morgan Leahy made known to his parents his resolution of starting for Rome to join the Pontifical army. In an impassioned manner he spoke of the impious attempts which were being made to wrest from the Pope his temporal kingdom. He dwelt upon the injustice and mockery of talking about an “United Italy,” when such a union could only be effected by crime and force.

“Were Italy,” he said, “destitute of legitimate rulers—were her various peoples bound together by traditions of the past—were she in a state of anarchy on account of lawless factions, it would be a

ruly grand and patriotic idea to strive to bind her strongly together, and to secure for her a seat at the council-board of nations. In such a case there would be justice and patriotism in the cry of an United Italy. Now it is only a specious motto to grace the flag of the secret societies, and to draw off attention from their real object, the overthrow, if that were possible, of the Church. Italy has ever been divided into various political states, materially differing from each other; they do not want to be united. Each has its past, from which it does not seek to cut itself adrift."

With such remarks as these Morgan laid bare the schemes of revolutionary agitators, and impressed upon his parents the duty of defending the rights of the Pope. Not that there was any need of this; for this old couple, who were not great scholars, whose hands were hardened by toil, and whose shoulders were bent more by labor than years, had a keener sense of justice and a finer feeling of honor than many a polished statesman. True faith more than supplies the want of diplomatic training, and gives a refinement of feeling and of sentiment as unknown as it is unappreciated by a godless civilization.

When Morgan ceased speaking he turned towards his father and saw the old man's eyes sparkling, he knew not whether with tears or with the awakened fire of martial ardor in the cause of the Pope; perhaps from a combination of both. For John Leahy was no degenerate descendant of the heroes who fought for faith and fatherland under the great

Brian Boru on Clontarf's plains ; or of those who later on saved Ireland's honor, if not her independence, by their gallant stand against that brutal savage, that scourge of Ireland, and that scourge and disgrace of England who submitted to him, the odious tyrant Cromwell. He loved also, with a father's proud love, his gentle though enthusiastic son. A natural feeling of sorrow might cause the tear to well up and to glisten in his eye, while supernatural faith might make his soul shine out through the drop like a ray of light shot off from a topaz.

This would seem to be the case, for he leaped up from his seat, caught Morgan in his arms, and while straining him to his heart devoutly raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed :

"Glory be to God! The old faith and the old spirit still animate our race. The chill winds of a Canadian winter freeze not the warm blood which has flowed through a line of Christian heroes. Yes, Morgan, yes : God bless you, my boy,—go and fight for the Pope!"

When this first outburst of generous enthusiasm and love of religion had subsided, the old man shed a few tears as he thought of his son's danger, and his own lonely life without him. But his childlike confidence in God and in the protection of the Blessed Virgin soon calmed his troubled spirit.

"He is going to fight for the cause of God ; and God knows how to protect his faithful servants," were his softly spoken words.

Mrs. Leahy made more objection than her worthy husband. She was a good, pious soul ; but like many

easy-going good people she had not learned the great lesson of Christian perfection, the prompt and cheerful annihilation of self for the love of God. She detested the impiety of an attack on Rome quite as heartily as any one, but she would prefer to see it repelled by other arms than those of her son.

When the time comes for striking a blow for the deliverance of Rome from its present usurpers, we trust that mothers will not think that it is enough for them to pray for success, and to keep their sons at home. Let them, when that time shall come, which come it certainly will, be like the mother whose glory is recorded in the book of Macehaves; let them exhort their sons, from the eldest to the youngest, to look up to heaven, and to die for the cause of Rome.

The objections of Mrs. Leahy were, however, overcome by the arguments of Morgan and Eleanor, and by her own sense of duty.

It was arranged that Morgan should sail from Quebec early in November. As it was now past the middle of October only a short time intervened. In company with Eleanor he repaired to Montreal to communicate with a society there founded for the purpose of procuring recruits for the Pope's army. But this was not his principal motive: he desired to make a quiet pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Good Help (*Bonsecours*), and to place himself under her protection.

It is the fashion with empty-headed writers who ape stupid infidels to sneer at religious observances, and to laugh at men of prayer. This ignorant flip-

paney is palatable to a world grown old in sin, and to men who make a God of their passions. Many an unwary youth has his mind poisoned by reading such scoffs, and perhaps thinks the soldier who prays a coward.

Courage, to be praiseworthy, must be a reasonable act. The bull which insanely rushes to attack a steam-engine is just as worthy of praise as the besotted ruffian who plunges, unthinkingly, into the midst of a fight. True courage foresees and calculates danger from which human nature naturally shrinks, but fired by a sense of duty, and trusting in God, it disregards the danger in order to discharge its obligations.

The prayer of the Christian soldier is not an effect of cowardice; it is an index of true bravery, because it proves the man who utters it to be conscious of danger, but still to be resolved, through a sense of duty, to meet it with calmness. The prayer uttered by the sailors on board the Christian fleet, just before their encounter with the Turks at Lepanto, did not unman their hearts nor unnerve their arms: it rather added a supernatural element to their motive of action, and shed an aureole of merit around their bravery. The prayer of King John of Poland, when about to face the Moslem hordes beneath the beleaguered walls of Vienna, did not make him less courageous in the terrible onslaught. It is time that writers would recognize that true bravery is a virtue, and, like every other virtue, has its root in religion and is nourished by prayer.

Morgan paid his visit to our Lady's shrine, and hung up, as a votive offering, a beautiful silver lamp. Fervently did he and Eleanor pray for grace and assistance in time of danger. God filled their hearts with his holy peace, and they returned calmly happy.

The day for his departure arrived, and Morgan bade a fond adieu to his parents and friends. He embarked at Quebec, and was soon gliding swiftly down the St. Lawrence. On the third evening they had rounded the last headland in the Gulf, and were fairly in the ocean.

Towards nightfall the land had begun to fade from view; the vessel rolled considerably, obliging many of the passengers to seek their state-rooms.

Morgan went on deck, and stood for a time gazing on the crescent moon sparkling faintly on the expanse of waters. He turned his eyes to the fast-receding shores of his native land, and pondered seriously on his past life and speculated on his future prospects. Although, when leaving home, he had beheld with dry eyes a mother's tears, and seen an aged father's quivering lip, and felt his affectionate grasp tightening on the hand which he fondly retained, he now experienced pangs of sharp regret; bitterly did he reproach himself for any trouble he had given.

In moments such as these the fountains of the heart are opened; the buried affections of the soul are disinterred; our past life rises out of the darkness of oblivion, and confronts us in solemnity. Happy those who have no reason to dread such phantoms!

In various colors were painted before Morgan's mental vision the scenes of the past. Some were pure and fair, telling of boyhood's happy days ere yet the soul had lost its childish innocence; telling of those blissful days when the sweet prayer learned in infancy from a gentle mother's lips was, night and morning, wafted like grateful incense to the God-head's throne. Others were more bright and golden, brilliant with hope, and tinged with the rosy hue of the lofty aspirations of youth. But alas! earthly brightness is as fleeting as earthly happiness. A murky cloud obscured the fair picture; the golden fringe grew dark; the rosy tint faded gradually away, and silently, like the light visions which sport through the sleeper's brain, the whole sank in darkness. * * * *

At length the cloud passed away; the scene once more emerged into light, but changed was its aspect. More subdued, more peaceful, more trusting was its appearance. The golden color was no longer there, and the rosy hue was chastened, and serene, and calm. A youth knelt in humble prayer to the Virgin Immaculate, and that prayer was heard. The picture still told of hope and of lofty aspirations,—but of hope beyond the grave, where alone true joy is to be found, and of lofty aspirations for God's glory.

There are persons who are never tired of praising the delights of a sea-voyage. Possibly they never made a lengthy one. A short trip in pleasant weather may be very delightful; the variegated prospects of deep blue sea and distant green knolls

arising like giant Tritons from their watery domain, may be quite enchanting. But to be tossed about for weeks on the Atlantic billows, with an unending monotony of sky and sea, is not—one may be pardoned for thinking—the most enjoyable situation in life. Glimpses of sea and sky are charming in a picture, but they are by far too predominant when crossing the ocean. Add to this sameness of view a giddiness of head, an obstinate disposition on the part of the legs to carry you “across decks” instead of straight forward, an abhorrence of food, and a general feeling of indifference to the problem whether the good ship may sink or swim, and it may be doubted if even Byron, under such circumstances, would go into raptures about the sea.

Morgan did not suffer much from sea-sickness. He went on deck every day, and used to experience a strange feeling of solemnity as he felt the ship ploughing, with a subdued, rushing sound, through the water. How isolated and helpless one feels on the deep! The ship is but a speck on the immense waste of waters which sport with her weakness. A few inches of wood that may be riven by the straining of the vessel, or consumed by fire, is all that intervenes between you and death.

There is sublimity and danger in a squall on the Atlantic. A fitful wind is abroad on a “squally” day. For an hour or more the sky will be clear and the sea smooth. Anon, in the distance, a dark spot will be seen which rapidly grows in size, and quickly develops into a cloud of dark mist. On it will come, seeming to glide phantom-like over the

agitated bosom of the waters, and gradually hiding the bright rays of the mid-day sun. Jets of spray, and huge billows flecked with a creamy foam, come dashing madly forward, like savage heralds of the advancing storm-king. The broken waves wash over the decks; the mist envelops the ship, and the winds roar hoarsely through the rigging. But the sailors had seen the danger; the sails had been lowered and furled ere the squall struck, and the vessel kept before the wind. Disaster is thus usually averted; but persons unused to such scenes are filled with awe, and feel for Æneas when relentless Juno obtained from Æolus the release of the winds from their rocky prison-house.

Morgan had witnessed one of these squalls, and wished that Virgil could have seen it, in order that his description of the Trojan hero's perils might have been yet more vivid. But worse was to come. During the day the wind veered round all the points of the compass, and settled at the northwest. This caused a heavy swell of sea, and when after nightfall the gale increased to a hurricane, the gallant ship was tossed about as aimlessly as a bubble disporting in a zephyr. Towards midnight the storm reached its height; it was impossible to keep before the wind, for the waves were washing over the deck and drenching the cabin. Sail was furled, and the ship was "hove to."

Poor Morgan felt slightly sick and somewhat unnerved. He thought it would be a dismal fate to sink, on that wild night, beneath the surging sea, amidst the crash of timbers, the hissing of the

waters, and the screams of the passengers; to have all the aspirations of youth rudely buried in the seething waves: to perish on the pitiless ocean, so far from home, while loved ones were perhaps wondering where he might be, or perchance offering up a prayer to the Almighty for his safety; to think, as life was departing, that no one would be left to tell the story of his fate, or to give to sorrowing friends the mournful satisfaction of knowing how he had died.

These thoughts coursed quickly through his mind, and awoke all the tender affections of his soul. It is in such moments as these that one becomes aware of the real nature of one's love for friends.

Morgan was resolved not to die in his stateroom, but to go on deck and be prepared to battle for life, or at least to be able to look up to the sky when sinking. But soon an unaccountable something dispelled all gloomy thoughts; he felt his time had not yet come; he felt that the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, under whose patronage he had placed himself, was not withdrawn.

All night the storm raged, but gradually decreased towards dawn. The sight presented by the sea at daylight was terrific. No one who has not witnessed an Atlantic storm can imagine its untamed fury. At one moment the ship would rise on the crest of a towering wave, hundreds of feet above the natural level; next moment it would descend with a giddy whirl into the trough of the sea, while mighty billows rose far above its masts

on each side. One would fancy escape impossible; but in a moment the swell of a wave from behind would rise under the vessel's keel, and quickly shoot her aloft on its advancing tide. The water no longer appeared liquid, but seemed to be pressed into a firm substance, and to surge to and fro in solid masses, like great bodies of snow, emitting a hissing sound not unlike the noise of a snowdrift on a wild day in February.

After the storm had subsided, a favoring breeze soon wafted the ship into the magnificent harbor of Liverpool. Without delay Morgan started by train to London, and quickly passed on to Brussels. Thence he went on to Cologne, and up the banks of the Rhine by railway.

Arrived at Bâle he resolved to pass into Italy by Mount St. Gothard, one of the Alpine range. He crossed the beautiful Lake of Lucerne, which quietly nestles in the bosom of snow-capped Alps, like a lovely child asleep in the arms of a hoary grandparent. At Altorf, a small village, he took the stage-coach, which conveys passengers who desire to ride over these rugged heights up the frowning mountain.

The road is, in great part, cut out of the rock along the edge of the ascent, and runs zig-zag up its almost perpendicular sides. As you ascend it becomes more steep; the path is quite narrow, the outer wheel of the carriage being only a few inches from the brink. The mountain falls down with alarming steepness. Far below rushes a wild torrent, plunging and hissing through its rocky gorge.

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Jagged rocks and stunted trees offer, here and there, a precarious footing for a daring climber. One slight push over the edge of the road, and all would be over in this world. The torrent, thundering so far below, would receive the shattered fragments of what had once been a human body, and would bear them to the Rhine, and thence to the German Ocean.

The drivers of these conveyances have a startling bit of professional playfulness, not always appreciated by travellers. It is this: when a timid passenger remarks that the wheel is dangerously near the brink, the driver says, "Look here!" and jerks the horses until the wheel grazes the extreme edge. Your only consolation is the certainty that an upset would involve the death of the coachman and horses, as well as your own.

Along this mountain track traces of human habitations are to be seen. A rude shed, supported by a jutting rock, serves the hardy mountaineer for a dwelling; scanty patches of clay 'mid the clefts of the stone, and table-rocks covered with soil carried up from far below, afford a little space on which to grow a sparse crop of vegetables. The wild goat, which, by some process known only to itself, ekes out a livelihood on these barren heights, supplies meat and clothing. Blasted trees are good fuel; what more is wanting to those who desire no better?

The free air of heaven blows coldly, at times, over their exposed brows; the sharp frost pinches their gloveless hands; the wild goat may elude their pursuit,—but what of that? Is there no misery in towns and cities?

The mountaineer is not haunted by the tax gatherer; he is not dunned by the baker; he is not bullied by the butcher. Freely he climbs his rugged patrimony; sweetly he sleeps in his rude hut; fervently he prays in the little oratory or before a picture of the Madonna set in some rocky recess. If contentment of mind be a true measure of happiness, the mountaineer is more blest, in this regard, than the millionaire.

When Morgan and his companions had arrived on the summit of Mount St. Gothard, a wild and rugged panorama was presented to view. They were thousands of feet above the level of the sea. The mists were thickened and congealed in the cold upper air. Snow was on the ground; snow was in the air; snow was drifting in eddying whirls down the gorges of the mountain.

The various bald peaks of the Alpine hills looked as cold and cheerless as the broken shafts and draped funeral urns which, unrelieved by the Cross or any emblem of hope, may be seen in many cemeteries. The sublime savagery of unreclaimed nature stood forth in all its massive strength and beauty.

What a puny being man appears when considered side by side with one of these dark, frowning mountains! yet what a noble superiority is his which enables him to triumphantly scale these giddy heights, or to pierce a track through their rocky bowels along which screeching engines may rattle and labor, a fitting heart for such enduring hills.

But even these savage wilds have been warmed and brightened by Catholic charity. Ages ago, ere

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yet steam and electricity had become the servants of man, and ere an ungrateful world had begun to persecute its benefactors—the religious orders—a community of monks was established on these barren peaks. They employed their time in glorifying God amid these howling solitudes, and in caring for the occasional wayfarer who passed from Switzerland to Italy.

We often hear sneers and gibes against those generous men who, renouncing all worldly comforts, dedicate themselves to the service of God, and to the care of his suffering creatures. Men who have rarely denied themselves a forbidden pleasure, or wrought at any useful trade, or assisted a fellow-being in distress, will prate about “lazy monks” and political economy. Unable to appreciate a noble spirit of sacrifice, they declaim against it as unreal. With long-drawn faces they will deliberately swindle day after day, falsify bank accounts, impoverish and crush without remorse, and then cant and whine at prayer-meetings about the evils of monasteries. Had such as these been ever exhausted in the dreary waste of Alpine snow, and felt the cold shadow of death from frost-bite gradually projected over their bodies, and been roused to consciousness by a huge but gentle dog licking the snow from their face, and by a draught of warm wine and milk proffered by one of these abused monks, perhaps even their devilish malice against God’s holy ones might be softened. Hundreds, aye, thousands of human beings have been saved from death by those devoted men who left cheerful

rooms to wander out into the cold blasts of the Alps in search of lost travellers.

At the old monastery the poor are fed *gratis*, and ordinary travellers can procure an excellent dinner at a small cost. A fresh relay of horses was procured for the descent towards Italy. The road was cut out of the mountain in a manner similar to that already described. Naturally the descent is more expeditious than the ascent, but it is perhaps more trying to weak nerves. The horses are jerked so often and so sharply around the corners of the zig-zag path, that one begins to fear they may grow dizzy and fall.

As the coach in which Morgan rode passed near a small hut, a little girl, with all the wild beauty of a mountain sprite, came out and nimbly ran for a distance at its side, holding up for sale a few flowers which she had just culled. They had none of the rich coloring or luxuriant foliage of the flowers which grew in the plains beneath; they were cold and chaste, and redolent of the mountain's snow.

Towards nightfall Morgan alighted and walked for a short time, whilst the driver was engaged in mending a broken strap. He gazed round on a scene well calculated to inspire awe. Far below him, to the south, stretched the Italian plains, dimly lighted up by the autumn twilight. Lago Maggiore faintly glistened in its beauteous recess; the Ticino hoarsely chafed down its gloomy ravine; little streamlets which, through an open valley, would have babbled peacefully onward, leaped with a sharp, hissing sound from crag to boulder, and frothed

and foamed in their puny strength. High above him the grim peak which he had descended stood frowning and stern, despite the glow on its summit which yet caught the sun's expiring beam. It was not unlike a gloomy misanthrope in a well-lighted drawing-room.

Every object around, the beetling crags, the thundering river, the foaming brooks, the irregular mass of unshaken mountain, spoke of strength and greatness.

O God! how little does man's power seem amid the Alpine heights! how great doth thine appear!

At the foot of the mountain Morgan remained all night, and crossed the isle-dotted Lago Maggiore in the morning. This is, after Lake Como, the most beautiful in Europe. The scenery around its banks and on its fairy aits, is varied and magnificent. From the bold grandeur of the Jura Mountains to the smiling loveliness of the Italian shores, every phase of natural beauty is to be seen.

Morgan landed on the Italian soil, and swiftly sped by train to Milan. The great cathedral was hastily inspected, and on he went to Venice.

The Queen of the Adriatic still attracts the tourist and the lover of art. No adventurous Doge pilots her fleets to distant lands; no martial sailors sweep down the Gulf to bear supplies to an army of Crusaders. The Lion of St. Mark sleeps listlessly at his post; the great square, which once resounded with the tread of heroes, now echoes at times the foot-falls of scheming revolutionists, who plot, in dark lodges, the downfall of that Church to which Italy

owes all its glory. Yet there is a lingering of old-time beauty and majesty around Venice still ; she is a discrowned Queen, but traces of royal greatness remain. The song of the gondolier is still heard on her canals, and the great Church of St. Mark still tells of past glories, and speaks from its every stone a hymn of praise to God.

It was while visiting this cathedral that Morgan met a party who were his fellow-travellers afterwards to Rome. Said party consisted of an elderly man and his wife, together with their two daughters and a son. They were from the United States, and were a good specimen of that class of vulgar persons who acquired money during the late Civil War.

Newspaper scribblers would, probably, call Mr. Drew a "self-made" man. By this phrase you often find designated creatures who are composed, so to speak, of ninety-nine parts beast and one part man. So that the individual has made money, whether by honest business or by defrauding the Government, or by cheating the Indians, or by robbing a credulous multitude, he is frequently styled a "self-made" man. A gushing reporter will give a sketch of his life, and propose it as a model to rational beings. Small wonder that dishonesty is rampant when it is fawned upon instead of being denounced.

Mr. Drew had made his "pile," as he called it, by supplying bad army-shoes at an enormous price. He was shrewd, ignorant, and unprincipled. His wife was vulgar, but good-natured. The daughters had been sent to a boarding-school, where they

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learned to hammer a little on the piano, to forget English and to dabble in French and German, to dress extravagantly, to talk about the "beaux," and to despise all manner of household duties. The son had profited first by the "glorious free schools" to the extent of being able to stammer tolerably well through dime novels, and of acquiring vicious habits. Then he had been sent to a mushroom university, where he chewed tobacco, swore great oaths, frequented low haunts, and otherwise improved his mind for three years. At the expiration of that period he laid down fifty dollars, and picked up a parchment dubbing him an A.M. The "secular schools" of the United States have produced many such families.

The young ladies had been looking at something which they pronounced "awfully nice," and "fearfully pretty." Desiring to know more about it, they endeavored to ask the custodian its history. Evidently their French was not strong: "Vous savoir le history du cette ..." but here the jargon failed. Morgan, seeing their difficulty, kindly came to their rescue.

Mr. Drew, hearing an English voice, at once introduced himself and party. His appreciation of fine arts and of the grandest monuments of human genius was on a par with that of his countryman "Mark Twain." Doubtless there are some with whom Mark's vulgar attempts at wit in "Innocents Abroad" pass for gems of the purest water; but they belong to the class of Mr. Drew.

"What a tarnation fine shoe-factory this would

make! You could put in a couple more lofts; ram your engine in that nook; cram your leather herè; stuff your shoes round there."

Thus spoke Mr. Drew, as he gazed around the noble edifice.

"Lawk, Daniel," said Mrs. Drew, "you are always thinking of shoes. Me and the girls think it would be just the go for a *suree*," probably *soirée*.

"Yes, quite *ow feet*," said the elder; words which Morgan at length supposed to be intended for *au fait*.

"What a nice cool place to keep the *rin vine*," said the younger, German being her strong point.

"How that little chap is *skedaddling*," said the heir of the house of Drew, as he pointed to an angel.

Poor Morgan felt it useless to point out the beauties of St. Mark's to such uncultured minds. With a keen sense of pity for such animal men, of whom the United States can boast thousands, he got out of the church as soon as possible, closely followed by his new-found friends. Next morning they all started for Rome. Mr. Drew, with easy familiarity, asked Morgan his object in going to the Eternal City. When told that it was to fight for the Pope, he "guessed it was *quare* the old fellow could not do his own fighting"; and wished to know how the expected trouble had been brought about. As many of our readers may wish to know the same thing, we will tell them in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE TROUBLE HAD BEEN BROUGHT ABOUT.

THERE is something most exhilarating in the motion and clatter of an express train. To be whirled through a lovely country at the rate of fifty miles an hour; to feel the quick rush of a balmy atmosphere fanning one's brow; to catch fleeting glimpses of ruined towers, bold mountain ridges, and glistening lakes; to know that you are fast drawing near your journey's end,—to experience all this while comfortably seated and under no necessity of driving or guiding, is surely enough to cheer one's spirits. The pulse is quickened, the heart beats in unison with the rattling music of the wheels, and the play of thought keeps time with the rapid change of scene.

If generals were to bring their men to the field of battle on an express train, they would, on alighting, make the most gallant charge ever yet witnessed. This will, doubtless, be part of the tactics of the future.* The roar of cannon will be drowned in the swelling wave of sound created by the fierce rattle of advancing wheels, and the crackling of musketry be elided by the shrill whistle of puffing engines. Krupp cannon will be preserved in museums, as a monument of a clumsy German invention. Englishmen will, like their remote ances-

* It has been done since the above was written, in Egypt, two or three years ago.

tors, go to war in chariots, but no vulnerable horses shall be yoked thereto. The scythes of the early Britons will be succeeded by electric batteries which shall discharge artificial thunderbolts into the midst of a terrified enemy.

In the great battle of the future, by which a Catholic British Empire, comprising, in addition to the United Kingdoms, America North and South, Germany, Russia, and India, shall be firmly consolidated, and the Church receive her greatest worldly triumph, the English strategist will employ tactics similar to these herein foreshadowed. Some may smile at this fancy, but we believe in a mighty future and an almost universal dominion to be attained by England after her return to the faith of her forefathers.

Feelings and thoughts akin to those expressed above were experienced by Morgan, as he sped from Ancona towards Rome.

It was late in November, but the spirit of Summer seemed to be still hovering in the air, and warming it with her gentle breath. Summer never dies in Italy; she sleeps for a season whilst the rains descend; but every glancing sunbeam wakes her from her slumber, and she smiles over the valleys in every warm gleam.

The verdure was fresh and green; wild-flowers were growing by the roadside, and many species of vegetables were flourishing in the gardens. Morgan, accustomed to the cold of a Canadian November, almost fancied that he had fallen asleep somewhere for six months, and that it was now May.

For some time he had sat gazing out at the country through which they were passing so rapidly, when Mr. Drew questioned him as to his reasons for going to Rome. Then he wished to know how the expected trouble had been brought about.

"It is a long story," said Morgan, "and its primary cause is very remote; possibly it might tire you to hear it related."

Mr. Drew protested that he "rayther liked a long-spun, hifalutin sort of o-ration," and would listen with "tarnation pleasure."

Having said this he spat out of window the jellied products of half a "plug" of Virginia, and as Morgan, who was between him and the window, foreseeing the discharge was about to move, he quietly said: "don't *nuve*, I guess I'll clear you," and true to his word shot it fairly over his head and out into the harmless air.

Morgan looked aghast at this novel mode by which Mr. Drew avoided disturbing his fellow-passengers. That gentleman appeared to enjoy his surprise, and Mrs. Drew laughed until big tears coursed down her flabby cheeks. When she recovered the power of speech she said:

"That's nothing, that ain't, to what I see Daniel doing once at a hotel in Nevada. There was three long fellows from the hills smoking in the bar, and a boasting of how truly they could squirt into the spittoon. Daniel he walks in in a kind of careless way and says, 'I aint much in the smoking line myself, but I guess I can spit about as true as any of you.' Then the barkeeper he gets a fly and pins

it to the wall. He marks off three yards and tells them to toe the scratch. The man as spits the widest from the fly the most times out of three pays for the drinks, says the barkeeper. One tall miner spits first and hits the fly twice. The next hits only once. Then comes Daniel's turn; and winking to me (lauk, how I laughed!) he steps up to the mark, and standing with his hands behind his back, he spits three times, quite rapid like, and hits the fly every time."

During the recital of this feat of expectoral prowess, which will show, better than any description of ours, the unadorned vulgarity of the Drews, Mr. Drew had taken a fresh half "plug," put his feet up higher than his head, and drawn a small eap partly over his eyes. Now assuming a shrewd, suspicious look, he said: "I am regularly booked; blaze away at the *injun*."

Taking this for a hint to begin, Morgan said:

"Ever since the sin in Eden there has been a continual fight between good and evil. Like two great armies drawn up in battle array, the hosts of Satan and the soldiers of the Cross confront each other. The fight rages continually; sometimes only a part of the armies are engaged; sometimes the combat is general. Satan leads the onslaught against the good; Christ is the leader of the just. Often the wicked triumph for a time, and the virtuous are oppressed."

"But," interrupted Mr. Drew, "if Christ leads the good, why don't they always win? Ain't he God?"

“Truly he is God,” replied Morgan; “but it does not enter into the present providence of God to make the good always happy and prosperous in this world. There is another life in which the virtuous will reign triumphant; there will be a day of final reckoning, on which it will be made manifest to all how much better it was to be afflicted for Christ in this world, than to be prosperous under Satan.

“Abel, the just, fell by the hand of the impious Cain; the chaste Joseph was sold into slavery; the Divine Saviour himself was cruelly persecuted; his chosen Apostles were whipped and scourged. Christ foretold that his followers would have to suffer much from the world, because they were not of the world, and that many would be put to death for his name’s sake. This foreseen and foretold persecution of the servants of Christ was not limited to any particular age or place. It would be born with the religion in Jerusalem, and spring up side by side with it in other lands. Even as dark shadows are projected by objects in the glorious sunlight and decrease, or grow into giant proportions, so the shadow of persecution ever hovers round the man who stands in the full blaze of the Gospel light. At times the shade is small and scarcely noticed; but suddenly, perhaps, it increases and grows black like a huge storm-cloud. Prisons, as gloomy as the inky vapors about to descend in a torrent of rain, are prepared for the faithful; or swords, bright and keen as the gleaming streaks which quiver in the rift of the thunder-cloud, cleave their dauntless breasts; or wild animals roar-

ing like the angry claps of thunder are let loose against their defenceless persons. For a season the storm rages against the Church: a few, appalled by the horrible din and murky atmosphere, fall away from the valiant ranks; but the vast majority, clothed with the armor of Faith and protected by the helmet of Truth, remain faithful to their standard—the Cross. If cut down in the fight, they fondly clasp the Cross in their dying arms, and press it hopefully to their paling lips. The blood of martyrs, like oil cast on troubled waters, soon calms the tempest, and the Church once more stands out unconquered and unshaken, without a spot or a wrinkle on her virgin face.

“This has ever been the history of the Church. Founded by the blood of Christ,—watered by the blood of his Apostles,—spread by the blood of missionaries,—its supernatural beauty is never more fully manifested than during fierce persecutions. In the second century of its existence Tertullian said: ‘The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians’; and the same holds good in our own day.”

“I opinionate from this,” remarked Mr. Drew, “that you rayther like a good tall fight; it is the steam engine of your great overland train.”

“We do not fear that persecution will destroy the Church,” said Morgan; “we even believe that it will eventually increase her sway; still we do not court it,—we pray God to avert it. The reason is, that many are weak, and may give way in time of trial. God will draw good out of the malice of persecu-

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tors ; but it is no doctrine of the Church to do evil that good may thence follow."

Mr. Drew, who paid that concentrated attention to Morgan's words which is characteristic of the real American, said :

" We hitch up our teams here pretty close. But tell us how the Pope got to be king. Did he flare up a war of Independence? If so, who was his George Washington?"

Morgan could scarcely restrain a smile ; still, since Mr. Drew was attentive and desirous of information, he thought it well to proceed.

" The temporal Power of the Popes," said he, " was not obtained by rebellion, nor by a war of conquest. The Prince of the Apostles fixed his seat in Rome ; it was then the capital of a vast Empire. From this central spot the rays of Divine Faith were more easily diffused over the various parts of the State than they could have been from any other place.

" For three centuries the blood of innumerable martyrs was shed ; the crimes and enormities of pagan Rome were cleansed by this stream of gore. Christianity began to permeate all classes of society ; the city became ripe for a Christian Prince. God disposes everything firmly, but sweetly. Constantine was hailed with delight. There were still very many pagans in Rome, but they had grown accustomed to the Christians. Just as educated Protestants in England no longer believe absurdities about Catholics, even so educated pagans in the time of Constantine did not believe that the Christians were impious sorcerers or witches.

“Constantine felt that a Pope and an Emperor would not be suitable in Rome. The glory of the Pontifical court would eclipse that of the Imperial. Hence he moved his seat of government to the banks of the Bosphorus.

“Gradually the colossal Empire, like every preceding kingdom, began to decay. Human institutions have not the property of immortality; they are the offsprings of mortal parents, and are themselves mortal. Inursions of fierce barbarians shook rudely the tottering State. The grand march of events went quickly onward, and numerous changes were effected. Even as many kingdoms had sprung from the ashes of the Macedonian Empire, so many States began to rise from the dust of the Roman. Constantinople became powerless at length to defend its Italian subjects from the devastating attacks of the Northern hordes. It tacitly relinquished its right to rule Rome, and left it to consult its own safety. Now in every community, as in every man, there is the right of defence against unjust aggression; and in every community there is, independent of the will of man, by Divine ordination, a civil power which is to provide for the temporal good of that community.”

“But I opine,” said Mr. Drew, “that the people give the power to rule. No darned monarchy for me; our eagle flies over a free people, and sticks its claws into all despots. Is not the power of our President from the people?”

“Certainly not,” replied Morgan. “All power is from God. Man cannot give to another what he

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has not got himself. But no man has, from himself, the right of governing himself or others; hence he cannot give it. Where no one has a pre-existing right to rule, men may choose by vote one who is to become the organ of civil power. But this is not conferring authority; it is only designating the subject that is to exercise a Divinely given power for the common good. You may choose the seed which you plant; you may select it from a thousand, still you do not confer on it the power of germinating. It is God who does that."

"That's Gospel, choke me!" ejaculated Mr. Drew. "Then you think a president is the same as a king?"

"As regards the power which they exercise, certainly; the authority of each is from God. They were made the subjects of that power by different means, and they hold their positions under different conditions, but in their quality of supreme civil rulers they are on an equal footing. Perhaps you think it an advantage to delude yourselves into the belief that you are a very free people because you are supposed to elect your rulers; for my part I would prefer the chance of having a suitable man born and educated to the position. You do not always get the best man for President," rather maliciously added Morgan.

"Gospel again, by jemimy! but go on about the Pope."

"The Romans," pursued Morgan, "being left without a ruler, turned their eyes towards the Pope. In him they saw all the qualities requisite for a

noble prince. Already he had, as the spiritual head of the Church, great power and influence. He had learning, and a knowledge of affairs. He had no faction to serve, for he was the father of all; he would be just, because virtuous; he would be mild, because the Vicar of Him who was meek and humble of heart. On more than one occasion previously the Pope had saved the city by interceding with the invaders. Moved by all these reasons, and more still by the secret dispensations of Providence, the Romans besought the Pope to be their civil ruler. He accepted the post, and thus peacefully and legitimately became a temporal king.'

"Well, that explanation rather knocks over the apple-cart of some of our editors. Is all this true?"

"It is," answered Morgan, "and any conscientious student of history will admit it.

"But see the beautiful designs of Providence. Before there were any Christian kingdoms the Popes did not require a temporal power. So soon, however, as Christian States should arise, mutual jealousy might be engendered in princes if the Pontiff, who had to rule all in spiritual matters, were the subject of any earthly ruler. He was to be the arbiter of disputes in the Christian commonwealth; but to be above the suspicion of partisanship, he must be independent. To fearlessly reprove the vices of kings and emperors, to freely exercise the duties of his exalted office, a territorial independence would greatly conduce. Hence, although God could in other ways provide for the good government of His Church, still this way is

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most suitable, and it is the one which He has chosen. The temporal power of the Popes is a dispensation of Providence for the benefit of the Christian commonwealth."

"If all our ministers and editors say about the tyranny and ignorance of the Popes be true, I rather guess the Romans got done up brown pretty tall by getting them for kings," quietly remarked Mr. Drew.

For a moment Morgan's face flushed with a glow of contempt; but quickly checking this feeling he smiled half sadly, and made answer:

"Your observation is but the echo of the old false cry. It moves to sadness to find in many generous natures this fossil prejudice against Rome; it gives a shock like the digging up of a petrified toad from a beautiful stalagmite. The City of the Popes did not send forth mailed warriors to subjugate the world to its civil rule; but it sent forth learned and holy men—heroes of Christian virtue—to announce to all the glad tidings of salvation. The heavenly message of 'peace on earth to men of good will' was proclaimed from purified temples and fanes, and wafted on the wings of Catholic zeal to the four corners of the earth.

"When you arrive in Rome you can wend your way to the foot of the Cælian hill and see the monastery whence issued St. Augustine and his brethren bearing light and civilization to England. From the tomb of St. Peter went forth missionaries to all the nations of Europe; and not only to all parts of Europe, but also to Asia and Africa. And when

that noble pioneer of faith and true progress, Columbus, had discovered a new world, apostles received from the successor of St. Peter commission and power to bear over the waters of the Atlantic a slip from God's living vine, and to implant it on Columbia's shores. The candid admission of Guizot that Europe owes all her culture, all her art, and the best of her laws to Rome, is but the simple truth.

“Whilst the arts and sciences were driven before the Goth, Vandal, and Hun—whilst Europe was fighting for life and could not attend to them—they found a quiet home and magnificent patronage near the Popes. Look at the churches and buildings of Rome; examine its repositories of art; read the long roll of eminent men who received almost kingly honor from the Pontifical Court, and then say whether I exaggerate. Call to your mind the colleges, universities, and academies founded and endowed by the Popes; think on the numberless volumes copied and preserved at their instigation; glance at the catalogue of great writers who flourished under the fostering care of the Church, and then ask yourself what are the spasmodic efforts of British associations and of infidel professors compared with Rome's unceasing work?

“Or if you look for that grand distinctive mark which was to characterize the followers of Christ, Charity, where will you see it so conspicuously as in the hospitals of the Eternal City, and at the doors of its monasteries? In the fever wards, by the bedside of those smitten with small-pox or by the fearful

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cholera, you will see in attendance, by day and night, persons of both sexes delicately reared, who have consecrated their lives to God for the nursing of those sick ones. Go to the door of a monastery and you will find men of great parts, men highly cultured and refined, serving out a substantial repast to the halt, the blind, and the infirm. Knowing these things, is it any wonder that we should be deeply pained at hearing the stale trash of smirking hypocrites and bigots about Rome's ignorance and cruelty?"

"Wal, you can't blame me for what I said; I don't set up for a scholar in them things; but I declare it is too bad to be hoccussed so completely by them as ought to know."

"You are right," said Morgan; "I am well aware that a vast amount of silly prejudice is due to the bigotry of self constituted teachers. You spoke of tyranny. Now look at this historic fact. The Jews were pretty badly used in different States of Europe. Indeed, it is not so long since England admitted them to Parliament. In this respect she was behind my own Catholic Lower Canada. The Popes, whose tyranny wife-beating old women of the male sex bewail, received the Jews kindly, allowed them their synagogue in Rome, and permitted them to have a magistrate of their own for deciding civil suits. This was done in what those who are ignorant of history call the 'Dark Ages,' and this disposition remains yet.

"Again, whenever a king or an emperor encroached on the liberties of his people, or violated

the constitution of his State, the Pope, when invoked, always threw his great power on the side of the people. In the many struggles between the Church and temporal rulers we never find the subjects of these rulers against the Pope. It is never a league of Pope and king against the people; it is always Pope and people against a licentious or tyrannical king. This clearly proves that the Popes always sought to uphold the rights of individuals and nations against the aggressions of tyranny."

"Your story looks pretty straight, but you have not come down to the cause of the present danger."

"I told you," said Morgan smiling, "that the story was long. I wished you to have a true idea of the origin of the Pope's temporal power, and also of the benefits conferred by Rome on Europe, so that you might fully see the ingratitude of the plotters and the justice of the cause of those who are going to enlist under the banner of Pius IX.

"The Pope is the head and centre of Catholic Unity; he is, likewise, the corner-stone of the social state. Every intelligent man, be he Catholic, Protestant, or infidel, fully understands that the Roman Pontiff could not disappear (were such a contingency possible) from the world without bringing about a total upheaving of society. This social cataclysm is exactly what some wish to effect. A wild growth of humanity, unsoftened by religion and unawed by law, has sprung up in the dark lanes of every large city. Formerly, owing to the comparative isolation of kingdoms and towns, these lawless bands were kept in check by the law-abiding citizens. Now,

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however, that godless education is being propagated and the means of communication multiplied, a bond of impious fraternity has been established between the criminal classes of every nation. All that they know of civil laws is that they will be punished by them; their knowledge of religion is limited to the certainty that it would impose restraints on the gratification of their passions. Hence they look upon law and religion as their enemies, and band together to crush them. They see that the Catholic Church is the great bulwark of both; they know that the Pope is head of the Church. If they could smite the head they fancy that their end would be gained. Not recognizing that the Church is a Divine institution they fondly hope to succeed.

“It must be borne in mind that Satan has a share in this work. Even as he stirred the pagan emperors up to persecution, so he now stirs up these corrupted masses. Seeing that unity gives a great power of resistance to the Church, he seeks to make an infernal travesty of it among the secret societies.

“The revolutions throughout Europe in 1848 were the outcome of secret machinations. The Pope had to leave Rome for a time, but France, with all her faults, had not lost her love for Christ’s Vicar.

“Her arms restored him. Since that time she has kept some soldiers in his territories; but the secret societies have not been idle. They set themselves the task of corrupting the youth of Italy. Members of the impious fraternity wormed themselves into the councils of princes, into chairs in the universities, and into the ranks of the clergy. In all

these positions they began disseminating their principles; they corrupted the sources of knowledge and ensnared the unwary. Through all these artifices they have succeeded in making some proselytes; the only wonder is that they have not made more. When we hear of the many Italians (few, however, in comparison with the virtuous) who are leagued with foreign Communists to assault Rome, we ought to bear in mind the long years of artful and patient labor of the emissaries of corruption.

“Napoleon is about to withdraw his troops; the infidel revolutionists are jubilant; they hope to stir up a revolt in Rome, and to force the Pope to flee again. To frustrate this plot Catholics are flocking to enroll under the banner of St. Peter. To do my share of the glorious duty I am here.”

Having now arrived at Foligno the passengers for Rome changed cars, and in the hurry Morgan was separated from his new-found friend Mr. Drew. He was not sorry for this. Although not of a morose disposition, still at times he preferred to be left to his own musings. On no occasion could Mr. Drew be a companion, in the proper sense of the word. They had little in common: Morgan had kindly endeavored to dissipate the cloud of prejudice and ignorance which overshadowed him. It was a good seed sown which might fructify hereafter.

The train sped on, and soon issued from the defiles of the hills, and rattled merrily along the undulating Campagna. Now, as it swept gracefully round the jutting base of the last mountain hill, Morgan fancied

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he caught sight of a grove in which, here and there, some loftier tree raised proudly heavenward its nodding head.

The sun was nearing its shimmering bed, and shot bright gleams around the towering crests in the visionary forest. As Morgan gazed intently towards them, they seemed to end in a glittering cross. The sun was directly in front of the advancing train and rendered it difficult to distinguish objects.

Gradually it sank; darkness fell upon the lower part of the prospect; a golden beam still tipped each lofty height. One by one these sparks of light went out, until only one glowing shaft was left. So high up rose this sunlit trunk that Morgan wondered how one tree could be so very much taller than the rest.

At this moment a traveller looking out exclaimed: "Roma, Roma! ecco San Pietro."

With a strange, wild thrill the words fell on Morgan's ear. He was gazing on the majestic dome of St. Peter's, still brightly glittering long after everything around had been sunk in darkness.

Thus, thought he, will the Church of Christ shine in the sunset of the world's allotted span, when the institutions of men and the vain efforts of the impious shall have been long buried in the murky past.

Thus, O Rome, City of the Soul, will the failing sun form an aureole of glory around thy brow, making thy old age as beautiful as thy youth!

CHAPTER VI.

THE FEAST OF ST. AGNES.

THE pleasure-seeking tourist who, on a bright winter's morning, canters gaily along the Nomentana Way, to enjoy the pure mountain air which comes cool but soft from the snow-clad Sabine hills, and to feast his eyes on the rich and variegated scenery of undulating plains, gently sloping hills dying imperceptibly away into sunny valleys, and stern mountain-peaks coldly frowning like grim sentinels posted there by nature—or the dreaming poet who escapes from the confined air of the Eternal City, and seeks inspiration for his epic poem by contemplating the classic scenes of ancient Rome, might pass unheeding by the spot to which we will soon introduce our readers. Still, what a subject for sober reflection, what a noble argument for the Christian muse would not this place supply! The duties which as rational beings we owe to our Creator, the ennobling use of time and talents, the most heroic examples of praiseworthy devotion, love, and sublime fortitude,—these are the lessons which might be learned from the story of the broken and weed-covered walls of the ancient Roman villa to which our story leads us. Fain would we linger over the details of its history; fain would we desire to give some adequate account of the short life and

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glorious death of the last mistress of that villa. It is equally beyond our present scope and the power of our pen to do this ; still, a few words are necessary.

Every one who has read the acts of the martyrs must experience a thrill of deep emotion whenever he hears the name of St. Agnes. So young, so beautiful, so filled with generous love for God, she seems more like unto a happy spirit that had been sent on a heavenly mission to this world, than a being of mortal mould. The daughter of wealthy and Christian parents, she disengaged her young heart from earthly things, and gave to her Saviour all her love. Flattered by man, she despised the soft jargon, and only thought how she could best please, in every action, the Almighty. Surrounded by an atmosphere of pagan corruption, she remained spotless ; her soul, like a sweet lily growing in a marshy soil, hemmed itself round with the fragrance of its own purity. Thus she showed how virtue can be practised, no matter what unsought temptations may assail us. Asked in marriage by a powerful personage, she refused, for already she had given herself as the spouse of Christ. She did not consider, of course, that marriage was wrong ; she knew it was the state of life intended for most persons ; she knew that Christ had raised it in his Church to the dignity of a sacrament : but she likewise knew from the example of the Blessed Virgin, and from the teachings of St. Paul, that celibacy was a much more perfect state. She felt that to her it had been given to lead in the flesh the life of an angel ; and she thanked God that he had

chosen her to be one of that white-robed choir who will follow, for all eternity, the "Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Hence she looked upon her suitor as the "food of corruption," and told him that she was betrothed to "Him whom angels serve; whose beauty the sun and moon admire; loving Him I am chaste; embracing Him I am pure; espousing Him I am a virgin." This sublime language will fall strangely on the ears of very many; by some it will be turned into ridicule, by others it will be called contrary to the order of nature (as if celibacy were not highly eulogized in the Holy Scriptures, and recommended to those who had the grace of continence). Modern young ladies whose sense of womanly delicacy is not startled by being frequently, and for long hours, alone with that most useless and uninteresting of the human species, a moon-struck lover,—young ladies who have had day-dreams of matrimony while yet in short clothes, and carried, perhaps, their school-books in a coquettish manner, will be unable to realize the ennobling feelings of St. Agnes. Let the reader bear well in mind that the Saints were of the same frail mould as ourselves; they were not, as a general rule, exempt from fierce temptation; their human passions were not extinct, but smouldered hotly, and were only kept from bursting forth into a flame by unceasing prayer, mortification, and watchfulness. God requires rude tests of our love, just as he gave rude tests of His love for us. If we wish to reign triumphant with Him in his glory, we must first partake of the ignominy and suffering of the Cross.

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When St. Agnes spurned the love of a worldly suitor he became enraged, and, being a pagan, accused her to the judges of being a Christian. A good deal of meanness and pride was mixed up with the professed love of this suitor; perhaps he has his counterpart often in our own days. Ye who may be disposed to make light of the words of St. Agnes to her would-be lover, and ye also who can suffer nothing for the religion of Christ, attend to the closing scenes of the life of this lovely girl. Calmly she stood before the judges, and firmly, though mildly, she professed her faith. Promises and threats were alike unable to shake her constancy. Borne by force to the altars of the false gods, she refused to do them homage; but even there, standing by the flames that consumed the sacrifices, surrounded by angry crowds that thirsted for her blood, the noble girl stretched forth her arms in the form of a cross, and spoke aloud her faith in God. The malice of Satan suggested to the judge the most fearful threat that could be made to such a one as St. Agnes: he threatened to send her to a house of infamy. Great God! the blood curdles at the thought of the impious threat, and in the first moment of indignation we are tempted to cry out: "Why not, O God, strike dead the inhuman monster, and free thy handmaiden?" But the Almighty intended to be still further glorified in his beloved Agnes. At the sound of this threat a flush, like the reflection of a rosebud cast on a lily, overspread her face, but the next moment she quietly said: "I have with me an Angel of the Lord who

guards my body." Carried to the den of iniquity, her pure presence changed it into a place of prayer; even as a burning grain of frankincense dissipates the noxious vapors of a sick-room, so did the heavenly odor of her purity cleanse the public brothel. Hearts long dead to every sense of shame were melted, lips that never uttered aught save curses sought to form a prayer. In that very spot there has for long centuries stood a beautiful church, a monumental proof of this glorious triumph.

Back to the judge was, at length, brought the innocent girl. No need for her to hang her head, or to blush. To use her own beautiful words, by God's grace she "had escaped the threats of the sacrilegious tyrant, and with an unpolluted heel had trampled on the filth of the flesh." She was condemned to be beheaded, and was manacled preparatory to being led forth. But the slight, girlish hands were too small for the cruel bracelets, and she playfully shook them off. More joyfully did she proceed to the place of torture than did ever a victorious general tread the Triumphant Way. It was the road to heaven; it was but a few steps, and then she would see face to face her eternal Spouse. The cruel spectators were softened at the sight of her, in the first flush and glow of life so ready to lay it down. They wept; she alone rejoiced. The headsman, whose eyes had long been as arid at the sight of human suffering as a dried and broken fountain, shed tears of compassion, and vainly endeavored to induce her to do the bidding of the judge, —viz: to sacrifice to the idols. Her outer garments

were removed, and then her long golden hair streamed down around her body, enveloping her as with a glistening cloud. One moment she stood in silent prayer, while an oppressive stillness reigned among the crowd; then saying, "Perish the body that can be loved by eyes that I wish not," she bent her slender neck to receive the death-stroke. The headsman trembled; many a cheek grew pale that blanched not in battle, and a suppressed murmur of agony ran through the multitude. The golden hair parted slightly, and fell on each side of her bent neck, which whitely gleamed like a moonbeam through the rift of a yellow cloud. As she knelt thus the executioner raised his axe; it glittered for an instant in the air, and ere it had reached the earth the soul of Agnes was with her God. In a beautiful church in her own suburban villa her saintly bones are resting, awaiting the angel's trumpet; her shrine claims the respect and devotion of every generous soul, and her example will shine to the end of all centuries.

It is to this pleasing relic of early Christian Rome that we will take our readers. It is the 21st January, 1867; this is the day on which the Church celebrates the Feast of St. Agnes. It is always, at least so far as observation during many years can prove, a clear, cheerful day. Although about the middle of the short Roman winter, it is mild and genial. A slight hoar-frost has made the ground crisp and the air bracing. The sun has risen in unclouded splendor, and a bright tranquillity reigns around, as if the gentle spirit of Agnes were hover-

ing in the air and filling it with a balm from heaven. Passing out by the "Porta Pia," we tread the well-paved Nomentana Way; her by lawns and grassy mounds are checkered in the sunlight. Shepherd boys, picturesquely clad in sheepskin jackets, red flannel vests, dark trousers and strong leggings, tend their bleating flocks, much after the same fashion as did their far-off ancestor Romulus. Light-hearted peasants in parti-colored dresses are upturning the mellow soil of the vineyards, or hilling the *cavoli* and *broccoli* which are now flourishing. The sinuous Tiber, just increased by the waters of the Anio, flows swiftly through the outstretched plain, bearing from its mountain sources old-fashioned barges laden with elm-wood; from this is made the charcoal so much used in Rome.

Away in the Northeastern horizon lies, in rugged grandeur, the chain of Sabine hills from whose recesses, as legends have it, Romulus and his daring companions bore off their shrieking brides. Perhaps by this very road they re-entered the newly founded city; perhaps at this point they paused to defend themselves against their pursuers. Be this as it may, the traveller now needs have no apprehension of meeting with such a band of club-armed warriors. He will pass a few Capuehin monks, whose coarse garb, shorn heads, and sandalled feet bespeak a total indifference to aught save holy contemplation and the obligations of charity; silently telling their well-thumbed beads they look as happy as innocence of life and duties fulfilled can make one in this world. He will see a number of students

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of every nation, and will hear every language from English to Chinese. He may reflect that the forefathers of these youths were perhaps brought captive to ancient Rome to grace a conqueror's chariot; and that these their descendants, captivated by the intellectual power of Christian Rome, followed, but under happier auspices, the footsteps of their sires. Verily Rome will ever draw to her classic bosom enchained yet free and joyous bands. He may see the rich carriages of the wealthy and creaking ears of rude design, drawn by oxen whose branching horns are often brought in threatening proximity to his person. Ever and anon a gilded coach of some prince of the Church will flash past, and add a new feature to the varied scene.

About a mile and a half from "Porta Pia" stands the Church of St. Agnes: it is to this spot that all are tending. The floor of this sacred edifice, like that of many ancient ones in Rome, is several feet below the level of the ground. By a door near the southern corner you enter, and descend a long and gently sloping flight of marble steps. They land on the floor of the church. You now find yourself in a beautiful little basilica, decorated with that good taste which subdues and renders delightful profuse ornamentation. One false shade of coloring, one inartistic carving, one badly matched panelling, would mar the whole. In our experience Italian churches are the only ones in which profuse decoration is a success. The high altar stands in the centre of the transept, and beneath it rest the relics of the gentle Agnes. A beautiful gilt figure of her

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stands on the altar; numerous lights in rose-tinted glasses burn constantly near, giving a chastened ray like the glow of her virtues. Cut in a marble slab less than a century after her death, are the following verses by Pope Damasus :

“Fama refert sanctos dudum retulisse parentes
 Agnen, cum lugubres cantus tuba concrepuiisset,
 Nutricis gremium subito liquisse puellam,
 Sponte trucis calcasse minas rabiemque tyranni.
 Urere cum flammis voluisset nobile corpus
 Viribus immensum parvis superasse timorem;
 Nudaque profusum crinem per membra dedisse
 Ne Domini templum facies peritura videret.
 O Veneranda mihi, sanctum decus, alma pudoris
 Ut Damasi precibus faveas, precor, inclyta martyr.”

For the benefit of those who are not Latin scholars, the following translation is offered: “It is said that once on a time, when the pious parents of Agnes were bringing her home, and whilst the trumpets were giving forth mournful strains, the young girl quickly left her nurse’s arms, and of her own accord braved the threats and the rage of the cruel tyrant. When he wished to burn her noble person, she overcame by her childish courage the immense fear of *this threat*; and that her flowing hair fell profusely around her form, so that mortal eyes might not gaze upon the temple of the Lord. O holy beauty! O soul of purity so venerated by me! I pray thee O glorious martyr, that thou mayest be favorable to the prayers of Damasus.”

We can learn from this inscription how the glory of the lovely Agnes shone in the early Church, and

also how the first Christians invoked the prayers of the saints. If we judge the power of a cause by the effects it produces, we must, when contemplating this beautiful soul, form an exalted idea of the living power of grace and faith which vivifies the Holy Roman Church. Christian maidens! keep the image of St. Agnes ever before you; she is a noble type of womankind, the noblest after the Blessed Virgin. She is not the ideal creation of some novelist's clever brain; she is the real work of Divine faith and grace. That faith still glows as brightly as ever in Holy Church, and that grace still flows as strongly as ever through its Divinely constituted channels, the Sacraments. What is to prevent you from trampling "with unpolluted heel the filth of the flesh"?

The Church of St. Agnes was soon crowded with persons of all ranks and stations: there is no aristocracy of faith. The feast of a saint is a family one common to all the faithful, for are we not the "fellow-citizens of the saints, and the domestics of God." The tiller of the soil, the shepherd, the merchant, the nobleman—aye, and princes too, are kneeling in the same line, and addressing their prayers to the same God. Clad in gorgeous vestments a cardinal is celebrating mass at the shrine of Agnes. The altar and sanctuary glow with innumerable lights from silver lamps and glittering chandeliers. Choice flowers in rare old Etruscan vases scent the atmosphere with a delicious balm. Subdued strains of solemn music come floating gently down, like the whisperings of angels, from

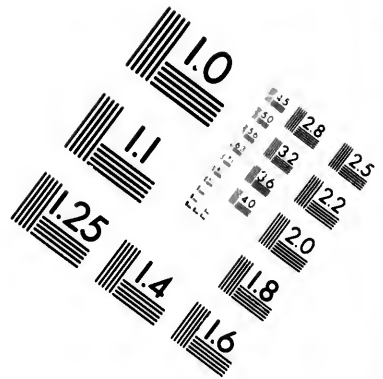
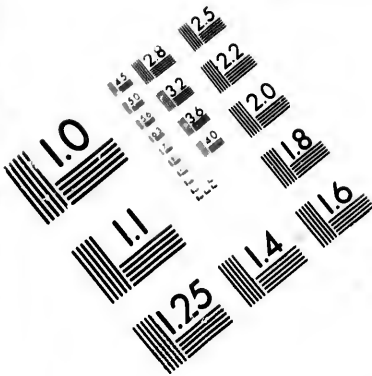
the distant choir. "Jesus, Crown of Virgins," is the burden of the song. Rays of sunlight steal softly in through stained-glass windows; they sparkle brightly on gilded crosses, silver reliquaries and crystal sconces; they play with dancing motion around the graceful pillars of the nave, and laughingly hide in the recesses of the fretted vaults. As the solemn moment of consecration approaches every sound is hushed; one can scarcely realize how so many thousand persons can be so still. The one absorbing thought that Jesus is about to descend on the altar—that the sacrifice of Calvary is about to be repeated in an unbloody manner, holds all hearts entranced. There is a vivid reality of devotion pictured on every downcast face; many, perhaps, of them may be careless or sinful livers; still the teachings of faith speak to their hearts now, and stir up within them many a good resolution. How often may the blessing of a holy death be traced to the sweet influence of grace falling on the heart at such a moment as this. Now it can be felt that religion is not a mere sentiment of mandlin affection; but that it is a supernatural element engrafted on the soul. The cold forms of worship of those outside the Church can never bring about such a picture of real adoration. Love is the electric current which circulates through every fibre of the prostrate multitude as the sacred Host is elevated; love, which is kindled into a blaze by the Real Presence of its heavenly source. Such an air of heaven hangs over the adoring congregation that one forgets for the time all meaner thoughts; the cares and

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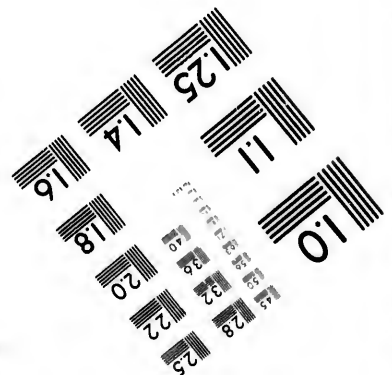
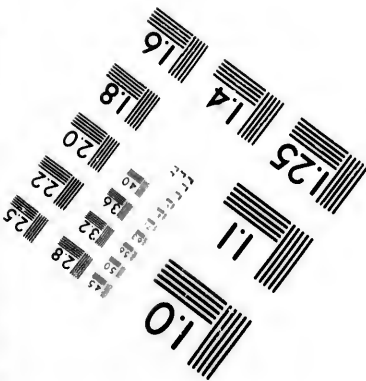
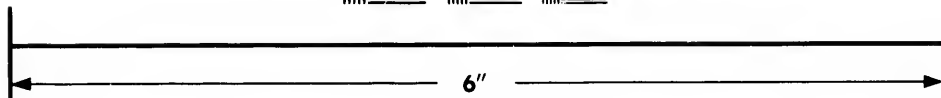
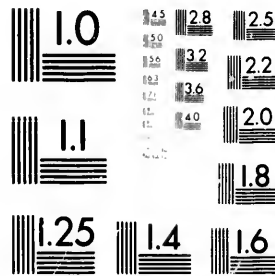
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trials of life vanish before the gentle influence of the place, like the shadow of night chased by a sunbeam. Happy those souls who carry out with them to their every-day duties some few drops of the heavenly dew which falls at such times so abundantly on their hearts.

Morgan Leahy had often assisted at solemn function in the imposing church of Notre Dame in Montreal, but never before had he been so much touched. He was present, dressed in a military uniform. Often had he read of St. Agnes, and often had he shed sweet tears over Cardinal Wiseman's almost inspired description of her in "Fabiola." To be now praying before her shrine, to be kneeling on the spot over which, in the innocent sport of her childhood, she had often gambolled; to be reverently looking on the sacred relics, while all the surroundings were so gorgeous, was of itself enough to stir up his deepest emotions. But he had another motive to move him; he had come to Rome to unsheath the sword in defence of the rights of Holy Church; for love of the faith Agnes had died, and for love of the faith he was ready to risk his life. Every good deed generously performed brings an inward pleasure unattainable in any other way; do any small action of charity purely for the love of God and see what a soothing feeling will take possession of your soul. The remembrance of one such moment is enough to cheer a heart 'mid many a dreary sorrow. Morgan was now enjoying this spiritual luxury of feeling in reward for his bravery in having left his pleasant Canadian home to battle



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for the Pontifical cause. Devoutly he prayed during mass, and with fervor he chose St. Agnes for his patroness.

After mass two young lambs were blessed on the altar. Morgan was at first at a loss to know why this was done, but soon learned that it was an ancient custom, and that after these lambs grew up their wool would be used to make the palliums given by the Pope to Archbishops. At length the sacred ceremonies were brought to a close; the congregation dwindled rapidly away. A few devout worshippers still lingered to say a last prayer and to ask a last favor. The waxen tapers were extinguished, and the strains of music were hushed. Outside the church many wandered round the monastery attached to the church, and strayed musically over the enclosure of the ancient villa. There is not that sadness and desolation hovering around these broken walls such as one feels so acutely when visiting other ruins. Here is bright hope; here the calm assurance of being still united by the holy bond of Communion of Saints with the fair young mistress of the place. She is indeed dead, and the once magnificent patrician palace of her ancestors has crumbled away; but her spirit lives with God and is joined to us by a link of charity; and over the ruins of pagan work Christian art has raised a beautiful temple to the living God. Not far from the church stands an oratory of circular form raised by Constantia, the daughter of Constantine. This princess had come to pray at the tomb of Agnes, and to ask a restoration to health. St. Agnes ob-

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tained the grace from God, and in pious thanksgiving Constantia built this oratory.

When Morgan emerged from the church he was joined by a young man, dressed like himself in a military uniform. It was Lorenzo Aldini, whom three months previously we saw gathering grapes on the banks of Lake Albano. He had been in the army only about a month when Morgan arrived in Rome. They were both in the same company, and a close friendship quickly sprang up between them. They were both enthusiastic, but Morgan was more grave and less easily moved to anger. Lorenzo admired the deep and delicate sentiments of lofty piety which he soon detected in Morgan; he was delighted with his refined culture and well-stored mind. On the other hand, Morgan was charmed with the frank disposition and cheerful manner of Lorenzo. The latter seemed to prevent Morgan from growing too austere, and Morgan was a useful check on Lorenzo's excitable temperament. Lorenzo spoke both French and English as well as Italian, and with him as a master and a constant companion Morgan was fast acquiring a knowledge of Italia's musical tongue.

Walking arm in arm through the courtyard of the monastery Lorenzo drew his friend up to a large glass door, and told him to look in. Morgan did as he was bidden, and saw a large square room with lofty ceilings, and a fresco painting on one wall representing many persons apparently falling in great confusion. He recognized amongst them Pius IX., but could not understand what it meant. Turning to Lorenzo he asked an explanation.

“It is soon given,” said his cheerful companion. “That picture, although not a work of great art, is not, as some English writers flippantly term it, a daub. The features of the various persons are exact, the positions in keeping with the story, and were it only three hundred years old, I dare say some of your great English critics would be in raptures over it. However, we have nothing to do with the merits of the picture as a work of art. It represents one of the many wonderful scenes in the life of our great Pontiff. On the 12th April, 1855, the anniversary of his return from Gaeta, Pius IX., attended by a brilliant suite, amongst others the generals of the French and Austrian armies of occupation, went out to visit the then lately discovered ruins of the Church of St. Alexander. About seven miles farther out this road the College of Propaganda has an extensive estate, and on it were unearthed the interesting relics of that early Christian basilica. Returning from the visit, his Holiness called at this monastery, and in a large room above this one he received the homage of the monks and of the students of the Propaganda. When about eighty of the students had been presented, a sudden crackling sound was heard. Immediately after, those in the room, to the number of one hundred and twenty, felt the floor giving way, and the next instant were hurled pell-mell down to the floor of this apartment, a distance of nearly twenty roman palms. The centre beam directly beneath the Pope’s chair had given way and caused the disaster. Four or five persons standing

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near the door remained on the brink of the broken pavement, and gazed horror-stricken down into the abyss. On the floor of this room were several rude benches, pieces of iron, a cart-wheel, and some old tables. On to these, from such a height, one hundred and twenty persons, old and young, fell in a confused heap, together with five large lounges and a heavy table. Moreover, four persons—namely, the two generals, and Marquis Serlupi and Marquis Sacchetti—had swords at their sides; and, more terrible than all, a huge block of travertino was detached from the window-sill, and fell crashing down after the rest. The furniture that fell from above was smashed, but neither from this nor from the swords, nor from the huge rock did any one receive a serious injury. When the floor gave way, the noise and dust struck terror into the hearts of the few above. The lime-dust choked those who fell, and after the noise of falling material had died away no sound was heard from those below. It seemed as if all were swallowed up in a common death. Soon, however, the dust subsided; a door below was opened, and through it every one was soon extricated. A few were slightly hurt, but not a bone was broken. The Holy Father did not receive a single scratch. Imagine the joy and thanksgiving of all when, assembled in the garden, they could congratulate one another on their happy escape! The Pope entered the church and intoned a solemn "Te Deum," which was devoutly sung by all. In commemoration of that wonderful escape, this fresco was painted. The bars of iron above mark

the height of the ceiling which broke and fell. The names of all are painted down each side. Above, the artist has represented St. Agnes kneeling to the Virgin, as if asking her to obtain the safety of those who are falling. Every year since the 12th of April is a civic holiday; on it, the students of Propaganda make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the shrine of Agnes. At night all Rome is splendidly illuminated. This is the story of yon picture."

"A most interesting one it is," said Morgan; "but was no one really hurt?"

"Six days after the event every one was as well as ever, except one student of Propaganda, who was still slightly ailing. But he soon completely recovered."

"Well," said Morgan reflectively, "the hand of God was evidently in the work; otherwise bones must have been broken as well as tables and lounges."

"So all who were present at the time believed," answered Lorenzo; "but just as similar events are derided at the present time, so was that slighted by a couple of journalists in Turin."

"The old story," said Morgan, as they turned away. "Seeing they will not see; the Jews were witnesses of the miracles of Christ, still they did not believe."

"Did it ever strike you as a strange psychologic phenomenon, Morgan," resumed Lorenzo, "that our modern unbelievers in the miraculous intervention of God are, of all others, the most superstitious?"

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Look at the foolish credulity of your Americans regarding spirit-rapping, witches, and fortune-telling. If all I read be true, a clever impostor who professes to be in the mysteries of the invisible world can make a rapid fortune in the United States. A century or two ago, such impostors would have been burned by the grim old Puritans. How astonishingly stupid in their rigor were these uncongenial Pilgrims! Still," laughed Lorenzo, "it is a question if they did not manifest more sense by burning the supposed witches, than do their descendants by believing in mediums. At least the former were more consistent; what say you, Morgan?"

"Why, Lorenzo, as usual, you have touched upon so many different subjects in a few words that I scarcely know which I must answer."

"Take the last one first, Morgan."

"All right; I think both the burners of the witches and their descendants, who believe in every table-rapper or medium, display very little common-sense. Both are the victims of a false religious belief: the early Puritans, having rejected the teaching of the Divinely appointed expounder of God's Word, were left to their own vagaries. Straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, they made religion an oppressive burden. Outward observance took the place of inward sanctity; a mechanical routine of sighing, lengthening their faces, and drawling out doleful strains of psalms, were substituted for such cheerful, confiding devotion as we witnessed just now in the church. Actually, Lorenzo, when travelling through Maine I shudder as

some old woman of the true Puritan type steps into the train. So grim, bony, and cheerless is the look of her face that it reminds me of a wild Atlantic rock sprinkled with snow. I doubt if even you could laugh in her presence. The descendants of the "Mayflower pilgrims" retain the cheerless expression of their ancestors, but have cast off the ceremonial yoke. They know but little about spiritual matters, and little of æsthetics. They are shrewd in business matters, and ingenious as mechanics. Of course, that natural conviction of the existence of an unseen world remains; but, untaught by a religion which alone can satisfy the intellect of man, they grasp eagerly at the marvellous. They will not laugh at miracles if the theory and facts of a particular one be laid clearly before them. Ignorance is the parent of their spiritual desolation."

"After all, Morgan, they are not nearly so much to be blamed as some of my countrymen. Why, even here in Rome, in the mid-day rays of truth, there are persons plotting against us. It reminds one of Lucifer sinning in heaven."

"You don't mean," said Morgan with surprise, "that there such persons in Rome!"

"Altro!" laughed Lorenzo, "in Rome but not of Rome; we shall see them at work."

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CHAPTER VII.

THE PLOTTERS AT WORK.

A DARK rainy night! a thick mist on the river; a thick mist enshrouding Castle St. Angelo; a thick mist clinging to the dome of St. Peter's. A cold, creeping mist, biting the exposed hands and stealing up to the elbows; a cowardly mist in its coldness, for it did not attack you manfully like a keen Canadian frost, but settled gently down on you at first, and then pinched you unmercifully. It was not a part of the rain; it was an independent agent that went forth on a mission of annoyance quite distinct from that of the rain. It penetrated into the nose, eyes, and ears of the pedestrian; it sneakingly stole in by the carriage-window of the aristocrat and tweaked his Roman nose; it rose mysteriously from the brick floor and plastered wall of the student's room, and sent many a twinge from his toes to his throbbing temple. It stuck fast to the half-finished statue in the sculptor's studio, and caused his chisel to slip aside; it soaked the canvas on the artist's easel, and made painting an impossibility. It rushed viciously into the throat of the vender of *cialduni* (rings of pastry carried on a long pole) in his nightly round, and prevented him from announcing, in his stentorian voice, that four could be had for a cent.

Few persons were abroad; now and then a figure

muffled in a huge cloak would dart quickly along, and would soon be enveloped, like Æneas, in an impenetrable mist. Occasionally some pious old woman would be dimly distinguished by the dull glow of a few coals burning in an earthen basket; this portable stove is frequently carried by old people in Rome, particularly when going to pray in a church.

The rain pattered with a mournful monotony on the roofs, and dripped with a sound like the foot-falls of disturbed spirits on the sidewalks. The nervous watcher by the bed of death might easily imagine that the inmates of the graveyard were coming to bear off their unburied companions. The rays of light from the gas-lamps were cut short in their flight, and hopelessly died a few yards from their source.

Such was the night in Rome shortly after the Feast of St. Agnes.

The whole region of the Aventine Hill is nearly covered with dank weeds and shapeless ruins. The night-owl dismally shrieks through the deserted halls of the Baths of Caracalla, and the jackdaw caws loudly from its broken arches. Even in mid-day it is almost like a solitude, although close to the inhabited parts of the city; on such a night as we have described it is as gloomy as the descent to *Avernus*. The pickpocket fleeing from the police, or the ruffian pursued by the soldiery, finds a quiet asylum 'mid its tumbling walls of masonry.

At the back of the ruins of the Baths a narrow passage runs between two converging walls. At first sight it appears to be a blind alley, and to have

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no connection with the interior. But if you follow it for a few yards you will come into a dark room, and turning to your left you can descend a flight of stone steps to a damp cell. From this another passage leads by various windings to an upper apartment, apparently the tiring-room of the Baths in the days of the Empire. Traces of fresco still adorn the wall; the floor is of mosaic-work, and squares of tin coated with mercury, used for mirrors, are let into the walls. A laughing Bacchus clinging to a clustering vine looks roguishly down from the ceiling. Owing to the fall of the brickwork above and around this apartment there is no outlet save by the dark passage already mentioned; it is, moreover, for the same reason completely isolated. No one can approach nearer than a hundred yards to it. It is not very damp, for it is too well protected from the rain, and is ventilated by currents of air which circulate through various crevices. It is, on the whole, a secure and comfortable hiding-place.

On this night it is not unoccupied. Seated on a rude bench in one corner, near a pan of glowing coals, is a human figure. He has a scowling and hunted appearance, like a tiger brought to bay. His long hair is unkempt, his beard grizzly and matted, and his large cloak greasy and worn. His forehead falls quickly back, as if seeking, by an instinct of nature, to hide the word *villain*, which any one may read on it. His hook-nose is pointed like the beak of a hawk, and has such a savage look that one might fancy that it was about to make a grasp at his twitching upper-lip. But it is chiefly

in his eyes that one can read the man's iniquity. They are small, close together, and brilliantly black. You can almost imagine that you see a dancing demon in each of those malicious-looking orbs. We never saw such eyes but once; it was when walking the Roman Corso during the days of the Garibaldian raids in 1867. Had we been a Roman police officer, their owner would have had to show good cause why he should not be shot for a consummate villain.

The solitary occupant of what we shall call the Den was restless; ever and anon he started into a listening attitude, like a person who apprehends danger, or is anxiously awaiting some one. Green lizards run playfully down the walls near him, and hurry away so soon as he glances towards them. Even a black scorpion, that carries poison enough to give death to half a dozen queens, darts quickly off when freed from the magnetic influence of his wicked eyes. At length an indistinct rumbling sound is heard; he starts to his feet, seizes a large revolver from a stone bench, and pulls a stiletto from beneath his cloak. He then stealthily shrinks back behind a broken statue near the entrance to the Den. A peculiar cry, half snarl, half growl, resounds through the outer hall. Stepping out from his lurking-place, he answers with a similar noise, and soon five persons enter. Four of them are dressed in checkered trousers, brown velvet vests, and dark cloth coats; on their heads they have broad-brimmed, low-crowned felt hats, indented, apparently of a set purpose, over the left

ear. They have finger-rings, and large gold chains, ornamented with a profusion of seals imitative of deer's horns, and small cameos. The fifth person was a young man of slightly dissipated appearance, and with a drooping jaw which gave a weak look to his face.

The four new-comers, who were dressed alike, bowed low to the occupant of the Den, whilst the fifth one stood awkwardly by.

"Whom have you here?" said, or rather jerked out of himself, he of the evil eyes.

"One who wishes to join our ranks," replied the foremost.

"It is well so; it is a wish worthy of a patriot; ours is a noble cause. Do you know what it is?" said he, turning to the fifth one.

"Why, partly," stammered the latter.

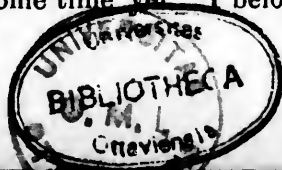
"Listen; I will tell you. It is to make Italy one and undivided from the Alps to the Lilibæo. Do you know me?"

"No," was the faltering answer.

"Well, I am Capodiavolo; you have heard of him?"

The young man started back with a wild look of terror, as he heard the dread name of Capodiavolo, or Head Devil. That name was connected with secret murders, and all the mysterious disappearances of many unfortunate young men.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Capodiavolo; "you have heard my name before. My namesake is down there," said he, stamping on the floor; "but he will not get me for some time yet. I belong to Young



Italy for many years to come. I am a child of fate, and must work out my allotted task. But don't fear me, my brave young volunteer; it is only traitors who feel my wrath. Do you know my friends here?" Saying this he laid his hands on the young man's shoulders, and brought his demon-lighted eyes to bear on those of his "brave young volunteer." The latter did not at all enjoy his position. He was visibly afraid of Capodiavolo, as well he might be. At length he answered that he did not know the other persons.

"This is Mars, this Bacchus, this Cupid, this Minos," said Capodiavolo, rapidly indicating each one. He always appeared to jerk forth his words, much after the manner one might suppose an animated forcing-pump would speak, if it could.

"They are my council," continued Capodiavolo. "Mars will be the leader of the troops; Bacchus is the social companion who meets young men in wine-shops, and whispers to them over their cups about Italy, one and undivided; Cupid enlists the sympathy of the fair sex in our cause; and Minos—but what do you think Minos does, my bold volunteer? You don't know," he went on, seeing the other's vacant look. "I'll tell you—he passes the death sentence on traitors!"

As he hissed these last words, like a choking forcing-pump, the dancing demons almost leaped from his eyes.

"So you are going to be one of us, my fine fellow," went on Capodiavolo; "you are burning to be a patriot. The blood of the ancient Romans

runs hot in your veins." (To all appearance the "fine fellow's" blood was pretty cold just then.) "We will make you a patriot to-night. Our club-room is not properly fitted up, nor are all our officers here. We cannot, consequently, have a grand imposing ceremony; but we can bind you all the same. We can enroll you on our list; we can tell you what you have to do; and we can show you the punishment meted out to traitors."

Again his evil eyes glowed with the concentrated malignity of a dozen enraged serpents; as their baleful light fell on the young man all thought of ever being able to free himself vanished. He became a passive instrument in the hands of Capodiavolo.

During all this time the other four had not spoken a word. Mars was fiercely standing, with his hand on his sword-hilt; Bacchus was looking carelessly up at his namesake on the ceiling; Cupid was arranging his cravat before one of the pieces of glittering tin; and Minos was seated on a fragment of a broken Faun, looking profoundly judicial.

When Capodiavolo had become assured that the young man was thoroughly subdued and brought to a sufficient sense of dread, he turned to his Council and said: "To business; enroll a new patriot."

When the words were uttered, Bacchus drew up a small table from one corner and placed it in front of the "new patriot"; Minos brought from a dark nook a skull, and an old stiletto rusted with blood, and Cupid began to light a Bengal candle, which

shed a bluish-green ray over the Den. The rusty stiletto was placed in the unresisting hand of the "new patriot"; Capodiavolo stood opposite him; Mars drew a revolver and aimed at an imaginary foe; Bacchus looked encouragingly at the novice so as to keep up his spirits; Cupid held the light, and Minos read a summary of the object of the society. Its aim was to make a "free and undivided Italy," and to prepare the way for the Universal Republic. "Italians," it said, "were the descendants of a conquering race; they had fallen, but the day was fast approaching when Young Italy, rising like a beauteous nymph from the mists of a valley, would soar aloft to the mountain-peak of earthly glory. The patriots were a band of brothers; Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, was their motto; a united Italy their watchword. To achieve their aims every art was to be employed; at present the Sardinian Monarchy was to be used as a tool, for the people were not prepared for a republic; but once their aim of making Rome the capital of Italy had been accomplished, they would begin to concert measures for the proclamation of a republic from the halls of the Capitol. The enemies of their society were to be got rid of by any and every means, and false brethren were to be pursued to the farthest corner of the earth."

A vast lot of such bombastic and visionary nonsense was read aloud by Minos. During its recital Capodiavolo kept the young man transfixed with his glittering eyes. At the conclusion of the reading, the "new patriot" was told to thrust the rusty

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stiletto into the eyeless socket of the skull, and to swear fealty to the constitution of the society and unquestioning obedience to the commands of its heads; to perform faithfully every task assigned him, even were it the killing of his own brother, and to never betray by sign or word the members and doings of the society. Were he to fail in any of these he invoked on himself most horrible curses, and the piercing of his brain in the same way as he now drove the stiletto, rusty with the blood of false brethren, through this rattling skull.

It was an infernal spectacle; the blue-green light flickered weirdly through the Den, casting on the repulsive features of Capodiavolo such a leering look of malice as would sit well on his satanic namesake when receiving into his abode of everlasting horror one who has been his dupe upon earth. The impious oath by which the "new patriot" abdicated his manhood and gave himself up a slave to the will of the leaders of the revolution, was worthy of the surroundings. Only in hell could such a plot for upheaving society and for degrading man by making him the hangman of his own liberty have been hatched. Only those who had never known, or who had fallen away from, the dignity and liberty of the Children of the Church, in which Truth makes men free, could be the dupes of such villany.

When the terrible oath was ended, Minos entered on the rolls of the society the name, age, condition in life, and personal appearance of the new "brother." He was given to understand that this

was done in order to enable them to hunt him out should he ever try to quit their society. Bacchus now produced a flagon of wine and five glasses; the new brother and Capodiavolo were to drink out of the same one for this night, so as to seal their compact. When the glasses had been filled, Capodiavolo drank "Death to traitors," and handing the half-emptied glass to the neophyte told him to drink the same toast. This was another link in the chain of terror by which these unholy societies bind fast their dupes.

"To our banner, emblem of our hopes," drank Mars.

"To the bowl, that helps us to recruits," said Bacchus.

"To the ladies, whose sympathy we seek," spoke Cupid.

"The stiletto, our sharp avenger," growled Minos.

After they had all partaken pretty freely, Capodiavolo turned to the latest volunteer, whom they named Cecco, and proceeded to enlighten him further about their designs. "The Pope must fall," said he. "So long as he remains a temporal sovereign we cannot succeed. He must be overthrown; his office is not required; we have cast off all religion. Italy is our God; the Republic claims our devotion."

Cecco was not a bad man at heart; he had fallen away from the practice of his religious duties, and, as a consequence, had grown lukewarm. He had also been given to frequenting low wine-shops, and

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had fallen in with loose companions. It was at one of these places that he had met Bacchus, and, charmed by his vivacity and excited by the idea of a Young Italy, had partly consented to join them. At that time he did not know their impious designs in full. It is a part of the policy of these societies to veil for a time from their dupes the extent of their impiety. Once that they have got them to take the oath, and have terrified them into obedience, they unfold more fully their plans. Poor Cecco had come to the Den thinking that he would examine for himself, and remain free if he did not approve of their ways. He was, however, so completely overawed by the eyes of Capodiavolo that he could only passively follow his directions. Hence he took the oath. Now when he heard such blasphemies against religion he awoke to a sense of his position. He knew well enough that the Pope was the legitimate King of Rome; he knew his government was the mildest and gave the most real freedom of any in the world; he was certain the Catholic religion was the only true one, and, although he had been careless in fulfilling its precepts, he did not wish to be cut off from its communion.

Something like this he tried to say; but such a diabolical light came into the eyes of Capodiavolo that he shuddered and became silent.

"I tell you," hissed this monster, "that body and soul you are ours; you have sworn; your name is entered down; you have no longer a will of your own; in life and death, for good and evil, we hold you bound to our ranks. Forget as soon as possible

all about your Catechism, and learn the creed of young Italy."

Leaving Cecco to reflect on his condition, and trusting that he would, seeing himself so thoroughly ensnared, quietly accept the situation as he had known many hundreds to do, Capodiavolo turned to his "Council" and asked what news.

"The procuring of munitions of war goes on satisfactorily," said Mars; "we have begun a depot for Orsini bombs, fire-arms, and swords on the premises of Ajani, the cloth manufacturer. Already a good many of these military stores have been safely passed under the very nose of the Papal police. Keen-scented as those fellows undoubtedly are we have outwitted them this time. Once landed on Ajani's premises they are safe; no search will ever be made for arms there."

"Why not?" said Capodiavolo. "Is Ajani a Roman?"

"No," returned Mars, "he came to Rome some few years ago; but he is such a good hypocrite that he has deceived the priests most effectually. Why, he supplies all the cloth to the College of Propaganda for the students. It is a capital piece of acting to see him kissing most reverently the hand of the Rector of Propaganda.* Never fear; on his grounds our stores are quite safe."

* NOTE.—This Ajani is the one at whose place in October 1867, a fight occurred between the Pontifical soldiers and the Garibaldians. Several bombs and other things were discovered at the time. Some of the Garibaldians were killed and several taken prisoners, Ajani amongst the latter. We well remember

"That's good," said Capodiavolo; "men like Ajani are required; what a clever dog he must be! I could never act that way, but it is well to have some of our men who can. For twenty years I have been working for Young Italy, and never once did I succeed in deceiving these Papal guards."

"Because," laughed Mars, "you have an unfortunate face; it is as legible as the alphabet on a child's cardboard."

"Let that be," growled Capodiavolo; "your own is not too handsome. But what further news?"

"I learn from the provinces that we must use great caution," continued Mars; "the people are attached to the Papal government, and will not be moved to a revolt."

"A million curses on the wretches!" came in such muffled accents from Capodiavolo that it almost seemed as if the forcing-pump must surely burst or choke. "Will they not fight for liberty?"

"They say they are quite free and prosperous under the Pope," added Mars.

"The vile slaves, to remain subject to priestly rule when the Universal Republic is calling all to arms," now fiercely shrieked the scowling Capodiavolo. "But what from other parts?"

"In the various cities throughout Italy we are gathering a few munitions; but generally we have to conceal our intended attack on the Pope from the

the incredulous surprise with which the good Rector of Propaganda first received the news. Ajani was condemned to be shot, a fate he richly deserved. Several prominent foreigners had the impudence to intercede for the miscreant.

people. We tell them that it is to free him from the foreign soldiers; we make them believe that he is inviting us to come to rescue him from these troops. It is our only chance; Italy clings, despite all our labors, to the Papacy. By masking our designs, and by getting power in the council of Victor Emanuel's government, we may succeed. A fig for the nation if we hold the purse-strings and the military power!"

Capodiavolo felt the truth of this, so he could only inwardly writhe and vent himself in horrible blasphemies, that curdled the blood of Cecco, who sat shivering in a corner. Bacchus now began his report:

"I frequent the restaurants and wine-shops continually: ever since the departure of the French soldiers the Roman police have been most active. Many of our schemes were nipped in the bud by those prowling blue-coats. I have approached many of the Pope's soldiers, but found them all enthusiastic in his cause. Now and then I pick up some half-witted stripling like Cecco yonder, who listens to my glowing accounts of a United Italy; but I fear the Romans will never join our party. The talk everywhere is about the lightness of their taxes compared with those of other parts, the abundance of food, and the comparative security of life and property. They say, too, that the glory of Rome as the seat of the Pontifical throne is far greater than it could ever be were it merely the capital of Italy. They recall the decay of glory and wealth which ever followed when the Popes had to

quit their city. I try to work against these sentiments, and spend freely the money supplied by the Society. Bacchus, you jolly god, through you I sometimes enlist an odd volunteer. Here's to you, you climbing elf."

Thus the human Bacchus ended his, to Capodiavolo, discouraging report. However, this latter had plotted too long, and had too much determined malice, to think of relinquishing his schemes. Merely telling Bacchus to frequent the places of public resort, to spend freely his money as their treasury was well replenished by contributions and legacies, and to learn all he could concerning the movements of the Roman police, he turned to Cupid for his report. This individual was the exquisite of the party: his duty was to enlist the sympathies of women in behalf of the cause of Young Italy. Many advantages were to be hoped from this source. It brought in money; it brought news of the movements of the Pontifical authorities; it helped to spread the republican idea; and, greatest of all, it gave hope of immense results in the future. The Society knew well that if it could enlist the mothers of Italy under its banner the next generation would be theirs. Every false system of ethics or civilization, every visionary scheme of political adventurers, has sought, and ever will seek, to take woman out of her sphere in the social order. Make woman the slave of man; make her a brazen "lady of fashion"; make her a gadding politician, or a garrulous lawyer; make her a stump orator, or a peripatetic preacher; make her, in short, anything except what

God intended her to be—viz., the companion and helpmate of man, the modest, cheerful household spirit, the high-priestess of the family altar ever presiding in her own place—and all family life will soon be destroyed. Thus will the foundations of society be overthrown, and anarchy will soon reign supreme. Hence the importance attached by secret societies to the securing of the influence of woman.

Cupid, who was a true type of a modern fop—languid, simpering, brainless, and brazen—began his tale.

“I have succeeded pretty well; several ladies of fashion are enthusiastic over our cause. One English lady, very rich, very fashionable, is working night and day for us. *Per Bacco!* it makes me faint with laughing to think of her enthusiasm. These English are so enthusiastic over anything that catches their fancy. Thick-headed and so easily gulled, they are prime chaps for our purpose. See when poor old Garibaldi, whom of course in public we reverence, went to England, what a commotion he excited! Ha, ha, ha! it was great fun to see those great Signori and Signore bowing and scraping to the cunning old fox. Had it not been for those hot-blooded Irishmen, what a time he would have had in England! Well—but I lose the thread of my discourse—this English lady of whom I speak has done well for us. With the Roman matrons I can do but little. They are tooth and nail for the Pope.”

While Cupid was laughingly speaking about the childish excitement of many persons in England

during the visit of the drivelling old revolutionist, Garibaldi, the features of Capodiavolo underwent the nearest approach to a smile that they had ever been known to assume. His evil eyes lost a trifle of their diabolical light; his twitching upper-lip almost touched the beak of his nose, and the faintest indication of a line became traceable on each cheek. The Italian has a keen sense of the ridiculous; much as the revolutionists were delighted at Garibaldi's reception, they could not but laugh privately at the gulled Englishmen. That sensible men should run after a hackneyed revolutionist and a vulgar demagogue could only happen among a people whose intellectual faculties are oppressed by an incubus of prejudice. The Italian rarely allows prejudice to warp his judgment, although he may let it sway his actions. Hence he is peculiarly well adapted either for the high walks of intellectual investigations, or for the dark ways of secret plotting. He does not try to blind himself to the unpopularity of his cause, although he will hide it from his dupes. This is why Capodiavolo and his Council spoke so coolly and with no disguise regarding the sentiments of the Roman people.

During all this time Minos had sat lowering on his favorite seat, the broken Faun. He was not at any time a person of an inviting aspect, but now the dark scowl which corrugated his brow and nose, as if a demon's paw were grasping his face, gave him a most forbidding appearance. Capodiavolo noted it as he turned, and at once suspected that something had gone wrong. "What now, Minos; are

we discovered, or have our brother lodges failed us?"

"Not quite so bad as that," growled Minos; "but a traitor seeks to leave our ranks. He is watched; to-night I expect they will bring him hither: you know what follows."

"Yes: death slow and painful; death prolonged till every nerve and fibre quivers with spasms of untold agony; death that will slowly eat into the marrow of the traitor's bones, and make him suffer a thousand deaths in every inch of his vile frame." The voice and look of Capodiavolo as he jerked forth these words were a grand masterpiece of diabolical acting. The dancing demons shot a shower of sparks from his evil eyes that served to make the picture finished.

"Who is he? and what has he done?" he then demanded.

"Young Marini, who was initiated three months ago; he avoids us in the streets, and he has been seen frequenting the churches. As yet I do not know how much he has disclosed, but after to night his tongue will be still enough."

"Have you taken precautions for his capture?"

"Yes, and I expect my men every minute."

They sat in silence for some time brooding over their fancied wrong. Here were these men traitors to their God, to their religion, to their king; traitors to the young and unwary; traitors to the liberty and dignity of man, growing furious over the fact that one whom they had betrayed into swearing away his manhood, his liberty, his virtue, and his

loyalty, was now endeavoring to free himself from the bond of iniquity by which they hoped to bind him to their cause. And thus it ever is: the men who have sworn away their individual liberty by joining secret societies of any hue whatsoever are the very ones to prate most about freedom, they themselves being held in a viler bondage than ever was a Russian serf.

After a short time the rumbling noise and peculiar sound which had preceded the entrance of Mars and his companions were again heard, and three ruffianly looking persons entered, dragging a fourth. This latter was handcuffed and gagged. He was a young man of about twenty-seven, well formed, and respectably dressed. There was an appearance of quiet courage and latent strength in his lustrous eyes that gave a noble expression to his face. The gag was removed from his mouth, and his hands were set free; in the Den he was completely in their power.

Capodiavolo glared fiercely on him, and Marini met his gaze without any sign of fear. Cecco was called from his dark corner, and Capodiavolo, addressing him, said:

“ You see that man; he is a traitor. Like you he swore to obey us, and to remain true to our Society. He has broken his oath, and tried to escape. But the arms of our Society are long; our means of reaching traitors many. Here he is now in our power, just as any other false brother will surely be. Take a warning by his example: you shall see how we can punish.”

Poor Cecco trembled ; he saw the suppressed fury of Capodiavolo glaring in his eyes ; he felt that nought but the blood of the unfortunate Marini could sate his vengeance. Fear held him powerless. Marini appeared calm, and manifested no fears. His breath came and went quickly ; his nostrils slightly quivered, his lips were firm-set, and his eyes rested on Minos and Capodiavolo with an unflinching gaze. " Why have I been dragged hither ? " he at length said :

" To be tortured, to be pained, to be put to death by inches," snarled Capodiavolo. " You are a traitor, and you know a traitor's doom. You invoked it on yourself in this very spot, and soon you will find it settling around you."

" I was a traitor once," began Marini, " and that was when deceived by the fine words of you fellow," pointing to Bacehus, " I joined your cursed Society. I did not then know its real object ; still, I knew enough to have prevented me from taking a secret oath. In that I sinned, and if in atonement for my offence God requires my life, I am ready to lay it down."

" Fool !" sneered Capodiavolo, " fool, to talk thus. You have been, I suppose, to confession lately."

" Thank God, I have," quietly replied Marini ; " had I always attended as I should have done, I would not have taken the infamous oath. But that is past, and has been pardoned, I hope."

" What a preacher, to be sure ! Perhaps you have come here to try to convert us ! Would you like

us to go to confession, Friar Marini?" tauntingly said Capodiavolo.

Although I know my words will not produce any effect on your sin-seared soul, I will say this much to you," solemnly said Marini, "that a day will come when you will wish that you had gone to confession regularly. A day will come when you will know that you are about to be plunged into the everlasting punishment of hell, but on which your hapless soul will still cling to the demon that guided it so long, and which will soon bear it off to eternal woe. An outraged God may bear patiently for a time with sinners, for He is eternal and can wait, but His day of stern retribution will surely come."

"Idiot!" roared Capodiavolo, who began to tremble, as bad men often do—aye, even as the devils, who "believe and tremble"; "but I will give you one chance for your worthless life. Here, trample upon that cross, and curse the Pope and Church!" saying this, he threw down at the feet of Marini a small crucifix which he had taken out of a drawer.

Marini stooped reverently, picked up the crucifix and, pressing it to his lips, said: "O Jesus, my God and my Saviour, pardon my sins; have mercy on me."

"Will you do as I ask?" questioned Capodiavolo. "Never, never! not for a thousand lives," answered Marini. Now the object of Capodiavolo was not to spare under any circumstances the life of Marini; but a diabolical hate suggested to him this scheme, so that he might make him lose his soul as well as

his body. Capodiavolo believed in an avenging God, although he outraged him; he knew that one mortal sin was sufficient to send a soul to hell, if it died guilty of it. Hence, he had hoped to induce Marini to blaspheme Christ and his Church, and then to cut him off laden with these crimes. Seeing himself frustrated in this, he turned to Minos, saying: "Do your duty, Judge."

Minos then said that Marini, "being convicted of being a traitor to the society, was condemned to a slow and lingering death by the hand of their noble master, Capodiavolo." Here Minos handed the rusty stiletto to Capodiavolo, and told Cecco to watch the proceedings.

Capodiavolo, flourishing the stiletto, began: "Once more, Marini, I ask you to curse the Pope and the Church, and you may yet be saved."

"Once more I tell you, monsters," retorted Marini, "that I shall never try to save my life by committing a sin. God is my witness that I die for love of Him."

A noble look of enthusiastic devotion lit up his countenance; he stood calmly amongst the angry crowd. Minos and Mars seized him, one on each side, and Capodiavolo advanced to his infernal work. Many a one had he killed with his own hand in this same place. He knew how and where to stab, so as to prolong the death-agony; he fairly gloated over his work. He gave one sharp thrust at Marini's elbow. Either the pain, or an instinct of self-defence, caused the latter to start. With one quick twist of the body he freed himself from the grasp

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of Minos and Mars. Putting hurriedly into his mouth the crucifix, which he had hitherto kept in his hands, he seized from the ground an arm of the broken Faun, and with one well-directed blow at Minos, who was rushing on him, he stretched him on the floor. With a bitter curse, such as a demon bestows on a priest when chased by him from the dying bed of one who had long been his slave, Capodiavolo sprang forward and made a lunge at Marini's heart. But the marble arm was already poised in the air, and it fell on the murderer's wrist, causing the rusty stiletto to drop on the ground. A loud shout was now heard at the door of the den; torches gleamed, and swords glittered. Three Zouaves and two Gensd'armes rushed quickly in. Capodiavolo took in the position at glance. Resistance was out of the question; nothing for it but to escape. Giving the word to his companions, they easily in the confusion slipped out, while the soldiers were binding the three who had brought Marini, and poor Ceceo, who was almost dead with fear. Minos had been able to rise and to escape with the rest of the "Council." Marini, seeing himself safe, threw down the marble arm, and, taking the crucifix from his mouth, kissed the thorn-crowned head of the Saviour. Having tied the prisoners together, the soldiers with drawn swords and pistols in hand quickly left the plotters' den.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE BARRACKS.

THE streets of Rome, if properly studied at an early hour in the morning, will afford much quiet enjoyment. It is not that they present the trim aspect of the Parisian boulevards, along which shady trees stretch out fantastic shadows, and down whose gutters a bubbling rill runs quickly off, an expressive image of the stream of human beings who daily roll on to the great ocean of eternity,—but it is on account of the people we may meet thereon. It is an April morning; the sun is mounting slowly over the house-tops and peering gleefully down on the well-paved streets. Already his beams are laden with a genial warmth that causes buds to burst open, leaves to expand, and spring flowers to bloom in their fresh loveliness. Scavengers, around whose persons tattered garments hang with the grace of a toga on Mark Antony's statue, sweep the streets with a bundle of twigs bound to the end of a long pole. Poetry and art are in their every posture; grace and beauty in their every movement. It is a great thing when even the lowest stratum of society can appreciate and enjoy art and beauty. What a refining effect the grand old churches of Rome have on its inhabitants! They breathe continually an atmosphere of art over the whole city, and throw an

ennobling influence around the cradles of the lowliest workman. Watch those scavengers: they do not use their brooms with that dull, inartistic sweep of their London fellow-craftsmen, nor with the excited, irregular wave of their Dublin brethren: no, but as they hum an air from *Il Trovatore* they make it gently describe lines of beauty and grace, such as many an artist fair would copy. Doubtless they are slower at their work than most other people; but what of that? Is not the refining influence of their manner more desirable than gold? If Raphael, or Michel-Angelo, or Bramante or any one of their great countrymen had been in a hurry, where would be our art treasures in oil, or stone, or towering dome?

Creaking dust-carts, drawn by a degraded-looking species of oxen known as *buffali*, lumber along. It would be an interesting study for a veterinarian to watch the habits of these hopeless-looking cattle. Domestic economy might be greatly benefited by his investigations. We give it as our opinion, founded on a fair experience, that these creatures never eat: we have seen them at early morn, beneath the mid-day sun, and when the shades of night were stealing over the earth like the shadow of death entering a sick-room, and never did we find the smallest trace of food near them. They will haul great blocks of marble; then, while the drivers are at meals, they will stand yoked together, with that patient, hopeless look sometimes seen on the faces of an ill-assorted couple. Once we saw a tough old fellow licking up some marble-dust near the ruins of the Temple

of Peace; unless they live on that, they do not eat at all.

Bakers are hurrying along, carrying on their shoulders great baskets of bread. Stern amazons, brown and battered as the stones of the Colosseum, saunter past, bearing pails filled with living snails, which they announce for sale in a cracked voice, not unlike the sound emitted by a broken reed instrument. The frog merchant, bluff and burly, calls forth his wares in a deep bass voice. A clear tenor announces that the vendor of *Aqua Acetosa*, a mineral water procurable not far from Rome, is passing. At every corner one meets a drove of goats kept in order by a goatherd. At first sight it puzzles one somewhat to account for this phenomenon. That one should meet droves of goats on the hillsides around Rome would be quite natural, and eminently fitting; but to meet them in the centre of a city, where not a blade of grass is to be seen, is, to say the least, puzzling. But this phenomenon has its explanation, and a satisfactory one it is. It argues ingenuity in two classes of persons, viz.: the buyers and sellers of milk. Watch this goatherd whom you have just met: arriving in front of you house he gives the word to halt, and the obedient herd comes to a stand-still; giving his well-known pull to the bell-handle he walks leisurely back to the nearest goat and begins to milk her just as the servant answers the ring; in a minute he hands over the pint or quart of foaming milk, receives his money, and starts on his goats to the door of his next customer. What a simple and effectual plan for securing pure milk!

What an easy method of carrying it around! Seller and buyer are alike benefited by this system. Milk companies in London and elsewhere that aim at guaranteeing unadulterated milk might take a hint from the Romans.

On this April morning Peppe, whom we left on the road to Rome last October with his young master Lorenzo, was quietly threading his way from Piazza Navona to Castel San Angelo. He had insisted on joining the Zouaves, but reluctantly exchanged his old flint-lock gun for a Remington rifle. Now, however, he was every inch a soldier, and could use his rifle with great effect; he was the life of a company in barracks; his love of fun, faculty of imitation, and good nature made him beloved by all. No danger of a company's being out of spirits when he was present; he could play all games, teach all tricks, sing serious or comic songs. When taking his daily measure of common wine at a restaurant, he made himself agreeable to all present by his running fire of jokes. At one of these places he overheard Minos giving directions to his three followers to seize young Marini, and to bring him to the Den.

Suspecting from the appearance of the parties that all was not right, he at once informed Lorenzo and Morgan. They, taking with them Peppe and two police officers, followed the ruffians who were kidnapping Marini, and rushed into the Den to his rescue. Since that time Marini had joined the Zouaves, and had become a fast friend of his deliverers. His captors were condemned to the galleys; Cecco, against whom there was no charge, was set free, and

cautioned to avoid the members of the secret society. As we shall see, his soul was too craven to disregard the threats of Capodiavolo, although he loathed the impious object of his designs.

Peppe walked briskly along when he neared the bridge of San Angelo, and, saluting the sentinel at the gate of the Castel, entered the enclosure. He walked towards two persons who were seated on a grassy knoll, having just finished polishing their accoutrements. "Well, Peppe," said the voice of Lorenzo, "you were out early this morning; perhaps you were shut out all night."

"Oibò! much fear of that," laughed Peppe; "this is not the place, my young master, where one can roam at liberty. When we were out on the hills of Marino, I could pick up my old gun, call my dog, and go my ways without asking permission of any one. No fear, then, of a court-martial even if I remained away all night. But here one must wait until such an hour, and return at such another hour, that it makes one feel like a slave."

This last sentence contains the reason of an Italian's dislike to a soldier's life: it is not cowardice; it is not a dread of fatigue, but it is an unwillingness to be restricted and hampered by rules of unbending severity.

"I don't pity you, Peppe," said Lorenzo; "I wanted you to remain at home and to take care of father. Had you taken my advice, you could still snap your old gun every hour of the day. Do you often weep for the loss of your gun, Peppe?"

"Ah! Master Lorenzo, you may laugh at my

fondness for it, but one naturally loves that which has helped to save a loved life. It saved your life once."

"Well, I must say that this is news, Peppe: do you hear that, Morgan," said he, turning to his companion. "I have told you of Peppe's attempts at shooting birds, and gave it as my opinion that his gun never once struck fire; but it seems I was mistaken. It shot something that threatened my life."

"I did not say that, Master Lorenzo; but once when you were small an angry dog rushed at you. I was near; I snapped the gun, but somehow it missed fire; then I ran at the dog, and knocked him over with a blow struck with its butt."

"That was just as good," began Morgan, "as if you had sent a thousand shot through his brains; but what news did you hear?"

"Not much, Mr. Morgan; it is pretty certain that Capodiavolo is still in Rome, but the sectaries keep very quiet. On account of the great number of foreign bishops and others who will be here next June to celebrate the eighteenth century of St. Peter, it is not likely that they will make any movement until after that time. This much I have picked up."

"Why will they keep quiet until after that celebration?" questioned Morgan. "Is it out of respect to St. Peter?"

"Oibò! (a favorite exclamation with Peppe, having the force of our English—the mischief, no) —Oibò, Mr. Morgan, not likely; those fellows respect the devil more than any one else; at least,

they obey him better. But, from what I can learn, they fear to make any disturbance during that time, lest foreign governments should interfere."

Peppe, being dismissed, trilled off, and soon might be heard imitating, for the benefit of his comrades, the conversations he heard in the restaurants. Now, he assumed the deep bass voice of a burly butcher; now, the soft tenor of a low comedian; now, the harsh tones of a wealthy drover, and now the shrill treble of a scolding snail-woman. So quickly and naturally did he pass from one character to another that any one standing outside of the room would never suspect that there was but one actor. He was in no sense of the word a spy; but in his daily rounds he did not scruple to find out as much as he could concerning the doings of the revolutionists. He never feigned to belong to them; but his pleasing manners and ready wit made him popular everywhere, and a few well-timed questions generally gained him more or less information.

When left to themselves Morgan and Lorenzo resumed their interrupted conversation. They were seated on a grassy mound that overlooked the bastion of the fort towards the river. Castel San Angelo was then the chief fort in or around Rome. It is the huge mausoleum which the Emperor Hadrian built to hold his mortal clay after death. The lower part is formed of immense blocks of stone, with a lining of cemented brick. The shape is circular; the upper part is more modern, having been built during the Middle Ages. Beneath are

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strong vaults for the storage of munitions of war. Aloft, on a high pedestal rising from the centre of the building, is a bronze statue of St. Michael sheathing a sword: hence the name of Castel San Angelo. It is related in history that, during a plague in Rome, Pope St. Gregory the Great was heading a solemn procession from St. John Lateran to St. Peter's. All were imploring God, with tears and penitential cries, to stay the workings of His wrath. When opposite this spot, St. Michael appeared in the air, sheathing a sword, and the joyous words of the *Regina Cali* floated through the atmosphere. Immediately the plague ceased, and in commemoration of this event the bronze figure of St. Michael has long surmounted the once pagan sepulchre.

The Castel, or fort, is situated on the right bank of the Tiber, not far from the foot of the Vatican hill. A covered way leads from it to the Vatican Palace. Before the invention of the murderous war instruments of recent years, the Castel could offer a stubborn resistance, and during some of the troubles in the Middle Ages it afforded a safe asylum to the Popes. The enclosure around about it is fortified with walls and bastions, forming a series of outer forts, well mounted with cannon. Commanding as it does the bridge of San Angelo and the river, it would be a strong point during a civic outbreak.

As the two friends sat on this historic ground gazing dreamily on the yellow Tiber that ran swiftly past, they spoke of many things. Lorenzo, who was

more fully acquainted with Italian history and popular legends than Morgan, had been giving him some details about the Castel and its past story.

"Now," said Morgan, "tell me just how the present army organization began. I know in a general way, of course, but I want more particulars."

"They are easily given, Morgan. When the Pope had to leave Rome in 1848 everything was turned upside down. These revolutionists are great fellows at pulling to pieces; they beat the rag-pickers in that respect. In a very short time they managed to disorganize everything. Antonelli and Rossi could build up, and would have built up, a great and progressive government, if those red-handed villains had remained quiet."

"True, Lorenzo; but the object of the revolutionists was not, I suppose, the good of the people?"

"Of that you may be quite sure; what they wanted was to dethrone the Pope, to overthrow religion, and to rule over the masses. They caused Rossi to be assassinated on the steps of the Cancelleria, and besieged the Pope in the Quirinal. This is enough to show what their designs were. Well, the army of France scattered the revolutionary hordes, and Pius IX. returned. He found everything unhinged and an enormous debt, but not of his own contracting. Antonelli, whose name will go down to all time in Church history as the most able and heroic of statesmen, set to work to bring order out of the chaos. The different departments

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of the public service were organized, the debt paid off, and the taxes lightened."

"How different from other countries!" interrupted Morgan; "taxes are generally increased, and public debts rarely diminish. Yet people cry out against the government of the Pope. What do they mean? Is not that government the best under which a people, for the smallest amount of taxes, enjoy the largest share of temporal blessings happily subordinated to eternal felicity? We boast, and with some show of reason, too, that under the British Empire we are free. Our young Dominion secures many advantages to its citizens, but often British freedom is more theoretic than practical. Under the Pope, however, there is liberty in its fullest and most legitimate sense, with light taxes and an extinguished public debt."

"Do not get excited, Morgan; you will scarcely convert the prejudiced against our holy religion by any arguments. They will cry out against the government of the Pope, let it be what it will, simply because it *is* the government of the Pope. Why, some of your bigoted dunderpates have only one principle of arguing—viz., to oppose whatever Rome does."

"You are always hard, Lorenzo, on these people. Many of them do not merit your reproaches; they are blinded by the atmosphere of prejudice that was thrown round their cradles. Living in Italy, you cannot understand how much these people have to contend against. I have personal friends who, before they became acquainted with me, had the most

absurd notions about Catholics. As for a Catholic priest, they almost expected to see his brow adorned with horns."

"Well, let them use their reason a little. After they became acquainted with you they learned that your religion was quite different from what it had been represented; they thus learned, too, that their own could only be justified in the supposition that yours was what they had been taught. If revelation is to be accepted, it must have remained pure always; hence, our religion could never have been corrupt; it must, therefore, be true. Theirs, being opposed to what is true, must be false."

"Yes, yes, Lorenzo, you are, like all Italians, logical; an Italian will never be a Protestant. If he falls from the Church he will become an infidel; he is quick enough to see that if there be any true religion it must be ours; but Englishmen are duller. They are imposed upon by an easily discovered sham. As for the Scotch, the Calvinistic principle has given such a twist to their intellect that it has left an impress on their faces—a dark, gloomy, dreary look. But continue about the army organization."

"After the departments of the civil service had been put in working order," resumed Lorenzo, "attention was turned to the military. At the Congress in Paris in 1856, at the end of the Crimean war, a cowardly attack was made on the Pope's government. Cavour, as wily a knave as ever breathed Italian air, was planning a scheme for a United Italy. It was sought to discredit the Pontifical government in the eyes of Europe. Antonelli

divined the plots of the revolutionists, and sought to form a force sufficient to keep order within the Roman States. Lamoriciere, a man who had distinguished himself in Algiers, a true soldier and a Christian, placed his honorable sword at the service of the Holy See. He at once set about forming a corps of soldiers on the plan of the Algerian Zouaves, and hence our regiment. He and Pimodan were the fathers of the present Pontifical army. You know how persons from all countries flocked to range themselves under the Pope's standard in 1859. Ireland sent her brigade, and slashing fellows they were. France, Belgium, and other countries did the same. In 1860 the Pope's territories were invaded. Around Spoleto and Castelfidardo our soldiers saved their honor, though they could not save the integrity of the Pontifical States. Pimodan lost his life on the field; Lamoriciere is since dead, but their work lives. Our present Colonel Allet, and his able lieutenant, De Charette, are, as you know, consolidating and increasing the Pope's army. Ere long, Morgan, we will be called on to draw in defence of Holy Church's cause." A gleam of enthusiasm lighted up Lorenzo's face as he said these last words. It was easy to see that, if he did ever draw, it would not be in vain.

"I am not," slowly began Morgan, "the first Canadian who has taken up arms for the Pope; Murray—you have seen him—and Laroque have been here some years; but when the hour of battle comes I shall not be the last to charge."

"I know it, Morgan; I can see it in the glow of

that bright eye of yours: but now let us stroll round the enclosure." Arm in arm they sauntered around; everything was clean and bright. The corps of Zouaves, which at this time numbered about 4000 men, comprised persons of every country and condition of life. It was a miniature of the Church. Nobles and peasants stood side by side in the ranks, and even princes marched in the same line with those of humble birth. It was not an uncommon sight to meet a captain and a private arm in arm; this would be a seven days' wonder in England, but here it never excited surprise. Perhaps the private was, in civic life, higher in the social scale than his captain; perhaps they were brothers, or intimate friends who had left a pleasant home to serve the cause of the Holy See. De Charette, the popular lieutenant, was the ideal of a noble soldier. Handsome and strongly built, the blue-gray Zouave trousers, close-fitting round jacket, and small cap lent an air of strength and lightness to his whole person. He was a worthy descendant of the gallant Charette, whose name is linked with the mournful glory of the Vendean War. A lion in the fight, he was a meek and devout worshipper in the Church. Some Catholic young men who are ashamed to be seen performing an act of piety should have seen, as we have often seen, this gallant soldier making a visit to the most Holy Sacrament, and then clanking along to the Altar of the Blessed Virgin, before which he knelt in humble prayer for a short time. He knew well that true courage and piety should adorn the Christian soldier.

As Lorenzo and Morgan came to a spot which looked directly down into the Tiber, the former spoke :

“Is your great St. Lawrence much larger than old Tiber?”

“Oh dear, yes! in one of its waves there is as much water as there is in this whole river. In many places it is miles in width. I used to read so much about the Tiber in the classics that I imagined it must be larger than the St. Lawrence. Actually I was disgusted when I first looked upon it—it was so narrow and yellow. Still, it has great memories.”

“When I stand gazing on a river,” half-soliloquized Lorenzo, “I always seem to be trying to catch something that flees from my mind. It seems to me that I used once, long ago, to gaze upon a great, wide river, but I can recall nothing distinctly. Perhaps it was only some mountain torrent that appeared mighty to my young mind.”

“That may be, Lorenzo, for size is but relative: however, I trust you will one day look on our noble St. Lawrence. What a consolation you would be to that poor Mrs. Barton about whom I told you! I am sure she would love you very much.”

“Well, I think it would be mutual; even now I almost look upon her as a mother. Since you first told me about her I have often pictured her to myself, sitting near her door holding the cap of her lost son. What a sad lot hers must have been? the only marks in her quiet life are those sorrowful anniversaries. Her grief has grown into her existence, and will never depart.”

"Unless her son returns," said Morgan.

"Ah! it is scarcely possible after so many years; but she still hopes, you say."

"Yes, and it seems to me, at times, that she must be right."

There was but one reservation between these two friends: Lorenzo had never told Morgan about the photograph given him by his father, of a fair young child. Often he was on the point of doing it, but Morgan's grave manner made him half-ashamed to speak of what appeared so trifling. He was on the point of speaking now, but the drum called them to their quarters.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DREW FAMILY IN ROME.

"Now, girls, hurry up there; it is nearly nine o'clock. Me and Daniel were ready long ago. Where's Washy? Out chewing tobacco, or guzzling wine, I'll bet. If we are going to see all them wonders as we were told about, it's about time we began. Are you ready yet?"

"Oh, la! ma, don't make such an uproar. They will think us horribly vulgar; do be quiet for a little."

"Yes, ma, don't arouse all the house; it is not the polite thing to be getting ready to go out at this awfully early hour."

"Oh, bother politeness now! What on earth do Italians know about that? Didn't our deacon say

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that the Romans are ignorant and barbarous! Why do they put figures of them old heathen gods around their pumps, leastwise fountains I mean, if they are not barbarous? Perhaps they are heathens likewise. I wish Mrs. Hezekiah Flintwood, the president of our Bible Society, was here. Me and her would distribute a few Bibles among the benighted barbarians. Instead of the fandango we heard last night at them vespers, as you call them, we'd learn them to sing, 'Send down sal—send down sal—send down salvation from the skies,' with 'Glory hallelujah' at the end.' But make ready at once."

"I always did say, ma, that you would be better at home; it bores one so dreadfully to be thought vulgar."

"Yes, ma, and only vulgar people now call the Italians barbarous. Do remember that we are making the grand tour, and must show ourselves equal to our position."

"That's the way you always try to put me down with them boarding-school notions of yours. Don't everybody know that the United States can whip creation? Isn't any of our citizens better than any king in Europe? But I wont say no more. Now then, just you two hurry along."

The above conversation took place in the Hotel d'Amerique at Rome early in January 1867. The speakers were Mrs. Drew and her two daughters; the former was shaking the door of a bedroom while she spoke, and the voices of her daughters came from within. Poor Mrs. Drew meant well; she only reflected, perhaps slightly exaggerated, the

tone and sentiments of many a newspaper in the United States. It is impossible to make a European understand the huge national delusion under which our Republican neighbors labor. Devoid of all the ennobling influences of the fine arts, devoid, with the exception of a very few works, of a respectable literature, flooded with trashy novels, the sickly product of a vicious school system, and with newspapers in which one may look in vain for a sentence of parsable English, with little security for life, and too often with purchasable justice presiding over criminal tribunals, this people imagine themselves lords of creation, and chatter about the "effete despotisms of Europe." It is little wonder, then, that Mrs. Drew had not as yet cast her national coat; for her the Italians were the "ignorant barbarians" whom she had so often heard despised by rural deacons.

Mr. Drew, being naturally shrewd and observant, had not failed to detect some symptoms of life and greatness in the various countries through which he had travelled. He was not quite prepared to rank them in the same line with the United States; still, his ideas regarding "effete despotisms of Europe" had undergone a great change. He was now walking around the court-yard of the hotel closely watching the actions of three or four persons of the lower class who were standing inside the archway, and who appeared to be greatly excited. Two of them were standing facing each other about a yard apart. Each had his right foot considerably in advance and his body bent forward. They were looking intently

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in each others' eyes, and jerking rapidly forward their right hands, calling out at the same time some number such as "five—nine—seven." Sometimes they would cease for a moment the jerking of their hands, and one would give a cent to the other; at other times the hand-jerking would stop, but a loud angry clatter of tongues would ensue: after a general hubbub they would begin again, glaring more fiercely than ever into each others' eyes. Mr. Drew was at a loss to understand what they meant; evidently they followed some settled plan and were in earnest. Inquiring of one of the waiters, he learned that they were engaged in a game of *Morra*, a game which divides the affections of the lower class with *Bocce*. The former is said to have been invented by Fabius Maximus, to divert his soldiers during their long period of inaction, when by his policy of delay he conquered. Each one as he jerks out his right hand extends one or more of his fingers, and calls out some number from two to ten inclusive. If the number of fingers extended by both parties should agree with the number called out by either one of the players, that one wins the game. Should neither guess correctly or should both guess aright, it is a drawn game and the jerking goes on. Such quickness of action and eye do the players acquire that their motion is as rapid as the flapping of the wings of a sparrow; and so passionately fond of it do some become that they are like confirmed gamblers. At the time of our story it was not allowed to be played inside the walls of Rome; hence the lovers of the game were obliged to play it surrep-

ticiously, after the manner of boys in our cities who have a weakness for coasting.

Master Drew, who rejoiced in the name of Washington when given his full title, but who was treated only to Washy by his mother and sisters, was, as his mother had predicted, "guzzling" wine at the bar. Had his family prefixed Wishy to his pet name and made it Wishy-washy, it would have eminently expressed, in vulgar phraseology, his attributes.

After a good deal of running up and down stairs on the part of Mrs. Drew, banging at doors and telling the "girls to hurry up," the whole family assembled at the door of the hotel. The young ladies were dressed in a costly style; in this age that style seems to hold the place of a becoming one. Mosaic sets from the most fashionable jeweller in that most fashionable jewel-mart, the *Via dei Condotti*, elongated the lobes of their ears, and sparkled in their dresses. Washy had procured a pin at the same establishment, and an enormous seal for his watch-chain. Mrs. Drew had the weakness of her sex for gaudy apparel, and glistened in the sunlight like an embodied rainbow. The Hotel d'Amerique is close by the "Piazza del Popolo," the most imposing square of any city in the world. It is elliptical in form and has a magnificent Egyptian obelisk in the centre; around the base of this column four lions of Egyptian mould rest on lofty couches of marble, giving forth from their mouths a continual stream of water. There is a beautiful symmetry of design and an elegance of finish observed in the buildings that front on this piazza. A noble gateway, beneath

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which passes out the Flaminian Way, stands in one end of the ellipse, and from the other end three spacious, well-paved streets lead to the very heart of Rome.

There is in every large city a certain class of useful, though at times annoying, citizens. They are abroad in all weathers and at every hour of the twenty-four. To them the heat and dust of summer are as much trifles of no consequence as the chill rains of winter. They have never been seen eating, but they are always ready for a drink. If ever they close their eyes it must be while at work, for you never catch them sleeping when idle. They are never sick; they never grow older; such as you have first remarked them such they remain. Were it not for the certainty we have of the universality of death, we would maintain that they never die. They have a keen relish for a joke and no great love for a police officer. They are usually armed with a whip, and are known as cabmen, cabbies, or jehus. Generally their horses partake of the characteristics of their masters. In fact, it is difficult to have a right conception of a representative cabman without, at the same time, including an idea of his horse. That one could recognize a cabman from having seen his horse, and *vice versa*, is pretty certain. Who can explain this strange fact?

No sooner had the Drew family appeared at the door of the hotel than with a clatter of hoofs, a cracking of whips, a rumbling of wheels, and loud yells, a dozen cabmen charged wildly down on the devoted group. It reminded Mr. Drew of the

stampede at Bull Run, an event which he had witnessed from a friendly height. The horses entered into the spirit of the thing, and stretched their foundered legs with surprising agility. The loud shouts and excited looks of the cabmen would make a stranger believe that it was a Roman Jugger-naut sent forth to crush the hapless Drews. Their intentions, however, were quite pacific; it was only a friendly race to secure a goodly fare. When Mr. Drew called from the ranks a two-horse coach the others evinced no show of ill-humor, but, with a professional jest, quietly subsided into the sedate and philosophic state so characteristic of the cabman on a stand.

“Here, girls, get up in haste; me and Daniel will take the back-seat; you two in front. Washy can mount the box with the driver.”

Thus spoke Mrs. Drew, and thus she hoped to easily provide for the convenience of all. But though cabs may have a great capacity of stowage, there is to it, as to all finite things, a limit. If any one doubts this, let such a one attempt to pack into a cab a long angular man, a big fat woman, two large and fashionably dressed young ladies, three shawls, four camp-stools, two reticules, a waterproof, an overcoat, and two bouquets of winter flowers, and scepticism will dissolve in a noonday flood of evidence. At length, by dint of sitting on the shawls, holding the reticules and bouquets, putting on the overcoat and waterproof, and packing the stools on the perch under the cabman's feet, the party started bravely for the Coliseum.

In a short time they arrived at this monument of ancient Rome's greatness. The grandeur of its design and its graceful proportions claim our reverence for the genius that presided over its erection, but the remembrance of the cruelties enacted within its enclosure causes us to shudder, and to thank God that its day has passed away forever.

"What are we going to do now, girls?" said Mrs. Drew, as they dismounted. "I don't see much use in staying here long to gape at a pile of tumble-down stone and brick."

"But, Ma, this is the great Coliseum, the Flavian amphitheatre, where the emperors and all the great people used to come to see the gladiators fight, and all that,"—thus Miss Drew.

"And the place where they use^d to let lions and tigers loose on the Christians, Ma,"—thus Miss Lucilla Drew.

"It's hoky old-looking, at any rate," was the classic remark of Master Washington Drew.

"I rayther carlkerate that if it were well white-washed and roofed in, it might make a respectable factory. Pity there was not a little more American enterprise in Rome,"—thus the practical Mr. Drew.

They now entered by a lofty archway to the enclosed space in the centre. This was the spot on which the athletes strove for victory; the spot on which gladiators fought and died to "make a Roman holiday"; the spot on which thousands of our forefathers in the faith were torn by wild beasts, or suffered cruel torments in testimony to Christ. Purified and consecrated by the blood of so many mar-

tyrs, it is a sacred spot to Catholics, and one which no true Christian can tread without a feeling of holy awe. After Calvary's blood-stained heights it moves most the lofty heroism of great souls. As you stand on that love-dyed ground, picture to yourself a fair young girl, or a graceful boy, standing in the centre, where now stands yon cross, about to offer to God, for God, the life he gave. Tens of thousands of savage eyes glare down un pityingly from the packed seats that rise above one another in a dizzy circle. Of all that panting crowd no heart is softened with pity, no soul is stirred with generous emotion. The debasing influence of paganism has seared every heart; only the gallant young martyr standing below, with outstretched hands, looks up to heaven. Already he can hear the approaching harmony of the celestial choirs; as the savage lion bounds quickly towards him, he can hear the turning of the sapphire hinges of heaven's gate; as the beast springs on him he feels the flutter of angels' wings, and closing his eyes on a gloating multitude, he opens them in the bosom of his God. This is the picture which hallows the Coliseum, and surrounds it with an atmosphere of holiness.

Around the inner wall the "Stations of the Cross" have been erected—a fitting spot for this devotional memorial. In the centre a large cross is planted, symbolizing the triumph of meek endurance over raging hate. A Cardinal was just finishing his prayers at the foot of that cross as the Drew family came forward. He was attended by a secretary and a footman in livery. The gaily-braided attire of

the latter at once caught the attention of Mrs. Drew. She thought him some nobleman of high rank, and the Cardinal and secretary his servants. Full of this discovery she said excitedly :

“Look, girls, look! that’s a Roman prince as sure as eggs. What a splendid dress, and how he carries his military hat !”

“I do declare, Ma, he’s coming this way ; what a *distingué* air he has ! such a love of a Roman nose, and all that,” said Miss Drew.

“Just the picture of the German hero Arminius ; I have half a mind to hum ‘Kennst du das Land’ ; they say,” blushingly continued Miss Lucilla, “that these Roman princes prefer foreign wives.”

The liveried footman, unconscious of the admiration he had excited, came towards them in advance of the Cardinal, to call round the coachman, who was some distance off. As he passed by the Drew family its respected head took off his cap ; Mrs. Drew made a duck forward, achieving a motion between a pronounced courtesy of the old style and a modified modern bow ; as a gymnastic performance for strengthening the action of the lungs it was a complete success. The Misses Drew gracefully effected a most polite bow, languishingly gazing on the stolid features of the footman ; Washy pulled the knob of his cane from his mouth, and gave that most irritating and abominable of nods, which consists in putting the head out of plumb by an eighth part of an inch. This species of salutation is much in vogue among independent young gentlemen, and is brought about by a slightly convulsive twitch of

the muscles on the right shoulder and jaw. The result is a momentary kink in the neck, which one is tempted to make permanent by giving the fellow's head a good strong twist. This homage having been paid to the supposed prince, the party stared impolitely enough at the Cardinal and his secretary. It was Cardinal Barnabo, a man well acquainted with persons from every country. A quiet smile played roguishly over his good-natured features as he divined the mistake of the Drews. "I must braid my coat after this," he remarked to his secretary.

There was another witness to the above scene. It was a person dressed in the costume of a Zouave; he was leaning carelessly against a broken buttress when the Drews entered, but watched the subsequent proceedings with interest. Evidently he enjoyed the situation, and laughed to himself as he muttered, "It's the Drews; I'll have some fun with them." Now Peppe, for it was none other than Lorenzo's faithful attendant, had heard Morgan speaking about his encounter with the Drews, and, recognizing them by the description, was resolved to have a little quiet amusement at their expense. He could speak English tolerably, having passed some years in England while Lorenzo was in college there. Seeing, seemingly without any design, he threw himself in their way, and politely begged pardon, as he almost stumbled against Mr. Drew. Hearing his native tongue, Mr. Drew was delighted, and at once began a conversation :

"I always said that you can never find a spot

where English is not spoken. I would lay a thousand dollars 'gin an X, that when the first man gets to the North Pole, he'll find some one there as speaks English. Be you an American?"

"No, mister," answered Peppe; "my race took its rise in the East. My history is a strange one, and my fate a mystery; but can I be of any service to you? You came, I suppose, to visit these ruins?"

"That's just whereabouts it is; we have come to Rome to see the elephants; can you tell us something about this brick-and-mortar pile?"

Peppe intended to be truthful regarding the monuments, but to put in some legends of his own afterwards, so he began:

"This was built as a place for public games; it covers four acres of ground. As you can see, there were three walls built in almost a circular form, a few feet apart. The space enclosed by this inside one is about, as you see, two acres; this was the arena for the games. A few feet farther out arose the second wall, which was built higher than the inside one, and was connected with it by arches. The third wall was some distance outside of the second, and rose higher than it, and was likewise joined by arches to the second one. In this way there was a long slope from the top of the outside wall to the top of the inside one. On this slope tiers of seats were ranged all around, one above the other, and thus each person could see everything that was going on below in the arena."

"It must have held a tarnation lot of people," remarked Mr. Drew.

"Yes, about eighty thousand," answered Peppe; "there was also a canal to the Tiber, and this field could be turned into a lake."

"But how could such a lot of people ever get in and out without tramping one another to death?"

"Quite easily," said Peppe. "Look at all those archways in each wall; you could enter by any of them, and wide flights of steps led up to the benches. There were more than a hundred ways of entering."

"But is any of the wall standing to the full height?"

"Yes, part of that outside wall is complete; you see the Popes have built a strong buttress of brick to support that outside wall."

During this explanation, Mrs. Drew and her daughters were attentive listeners. The frank bearing and military uniform of Peppe made him at once a favorite with the young ladies. Like many of their sex when abroad, they saw a distinguished foreigner in every smart-looking man; and like their sex, whether at home or abroad, they imagined that every man who spoke and smiled in their presence was seeking to win their affections. Pleasing delusion of young girls! It fosters wonderfully their self-esteem, and makes them see perpetually numberless enchained slaves lying at their feet. But, like many a delusion of youth, it passes away with increase of years, and too often "leaves them at eve on the bleak shore alone."

"Oh, how I should love to mount up yonder, where the sun is dancing on the grassy ruins! It

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would be like assisting at one of the ancient games. Washy, can you find any way up?"

This speech of Miss Drew's, though ostensibly addressed to her moping brother, was intended for Peppe. With the native politeness of his race, he answered:

"There is a way up, Signora. I will ask the custodian to admit us all to the ascent, if you wish to go."

Mr. Drew "opined it would be a pesky good chance to git a view of the city." Washington "thought it would be jolly fine to smoke a cigar up there." Mrs. Drew was "afraid, girls, lest it might seem too vulgar to be going away up on them pagan benches." To this half-hearted objection Miss Drew put an end by saying, "Honey's sweet ki mal e pence," a sentence which some readers may not recognize as the well known royal motto, "Honi soit que mal y pense," but then it must be remembered boarding-school French is so awfully polite.

Peppe then led the way up one of the old stone stairs to the slope on which the seats for spectators used to be arranged. In many places the arches between the different walls are still solid, and, by using a little caution, you can mount higher and higher until you reach to the top of the outside wall. It is when seated aloft on these crumbling bricks and stone that one can form something like an adequate idea of the vastness of this amphitheatre. To a spectator seated on the highest row, a lion bounding in the arena must have appeared

little larger than a spaniel, and a wiry athlete scarce bigger than a boy of ten.

Nature everywhere teems with life. Even up in the crevices between the stones weeds and plants are growing in profusion. Were their seeds brought hither by birds? or were they wafted hither by the breeze? or were their constituent parts in the brick, stone, and mortar, and brought into proper relation to one another by the action of light, heat, and electricity during past ages. There is here growing a beautiful little flower unknown in other parts. Botanists call it the "Flower of the Coliseum." Peppe gave his own version of the cause of its presence in this place. He said:

"Egeria, the devotional nymph who is said to have given directions concerning religious rites to Numa Pompilius, was a lover of botany. Her grotto, in which she gave law and religion to the good old king, was filled with beautiful flowers. She cultivated them with her own hand, and watched their budding forth with loving tenderness. They spoke to her of the power and glory of the Supreme Cause; and she hoped to make their mute language appeal to the hearts of all, and to soften their fierceness. After the course of many centuries this amphitheatre was built, and thousands shed in its arena their blood for Christ. Egeria, fearing that the march of events would trample down her grotto and destroy her flowers, was sadly troubled. Night after night she roamed around her grotto singing a wild lament, and bewailing her expected loss. Crossing over that place which is

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now the Botanical Gardens, she wandered listlessly around the Coliseum. Beneath one of its arches sat the sprite who had been the Genius of the place. She too was pensive, but not sad. Addressing Egeria she demanded the cause of her grief; it was soon told. For a moment the sprite of the Coliseum was silent; then she began: 'Egeria, our days on earth are drawing to a close; the faith revealed by Christ will soon stamp out that religion which has become fearfully degenerate since the days of Numa. Every drop of Christian blood shed in your arena is a fruitful seed of life. The Coliseum will stand as long as Rome stands, and Rome will stand until the end of time. If, then, you wish your flowers to survive and to speak of the Great Cause of all, go bring hither a few seeds, and dip them in the blood of that lovely young Agnes, which is yet moist on the ground. Then scatter them in the crevices of these stones, and fear not; for the Flower of the Coliseum, blending in one the natural beauty of a plant and the symbol of Christian purity, will speak to every generous heart for all time.' Egeria, reassured by these words, ceased her lament, and, having done as directed, died out of the world in a gentle zephyr."

"Lor! how pretty!" ejaculated simultaneously both the young ladies.

"Wal, I declare," solemnly began Mr. Drew, "that knocks spirit-rapping higher than a kite. But what became of Egeria's shebang?"

Peppe was at a loss to understand what shebang meant, and like many better scholars, not wishing

to be thought ignorant, answered with a non-committal "I don't know."

"Perhaps it burst up," suggested Mr. Drew.

"Perhaps so," echoed Peppe.

"Or perhaps it was destroyed by the farmers," continued the former.

"Quite likely," assented the latter.

Here both paused and looked profoundly wise, as people generally do when they imagine that they have successfully disentangled the threads of some complicated historical knot.

Miss Drew, who was fast receiving in her susceptible heart shots from the bow of Cupid, each shaft being winged with threads from Peppe's military uniform, proposed to mount still higher, so as to be able to overlook the broken wall. Now, taken by itself this proposition was quite natural, and did not necessarily include any idea of a matrimonial project. It might easily appear the instinctive longing of a youthful mind for adventure and fun. But viewed in the light of Miss Drew's mellow glances, and taken in conjunction with the fact that it necessitated many gallant attentions on the part of Peppe to conduct her safely over broken arches, weed-tangled stairs, and crumbling masonry, a misogynist might argue that a deep scheme was artfully cloaked under an innocent proposition. Be this as it may, they ascended higher, and Peppe pointed out the triumphal arch of Constantine spanning the "Triumphal Way." He also called their attention to the Arch of Titus, built after his victory over Jerusalem. On the inside of this arch is sculp-

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tured a representation of the "seven-branch candlestick" that adorned the temple. These public monuments serve a purpose unthought of by those who raised them. They give testimony, in their own silent way, in this sceptical age, to historic and Biblical truth.'

When all had descended again into the arena, the Drew family were desirous that Peppe should accompany them to other objects of interest or curiosity. Accordingly he took them to the ruins of the Forum, and called their attention to the groups of marble pillars standing in their ruined glory as proudly erect as Columbus in his unmerited chains. The treasures of art, both in sculpture and painting, contained in the Museum of the Capitol, were next visited, but Peppe himself was the only one of the party who had taste enough to enjoy the visit. Finding it tiresome to be pointing out masterpieces of art to those who could only gape and yawn, Peppe brought the party in presence of the busts of Nero, Caligula, and other emperors of ancient Rome. He told them whom they represented, and said, "Ah! so like them, so like them, the old rascals."

"Does history or tradition say that these are good likenesses?" questioned Miss Drew.

"I do not know what history, or tradition, may say on that point, Signora," said Peppe; "but I know from personal experience that they are faithful representations of the originals."

"But you don't mean to say you ever saw the originals?" persisted Miss Drew.

"I do, Signora," solemnly replied Peppe.

"Lawk bless me, Daniel! does the stranger mean as what he lived with them old pagans?"

"I told you," said Peppe, "that my history was a strange one, and my fate a mystery. If you should like to hear how I came to see the originals of these busts, I will tell you. The story is not long, and it is interesting."

All crowded around him in a listening attitude when he began.

PEPPE'S ADVENTURES WITH GOBLINS.

"Some ten years ago, the brig Don Giovanni, Antonio Tanburini commander, sailed down from Rome to Ostia with a precious freight. I was on board. The evening was clear and beautiful. We skimmed gaily along the winding Tiber, now rising almost to a level with the the surrounding country, now sinking beneath a cliff-bound shore. By night we neared a beetling rock, beneath which yawns a gloomy cave. Far in a clammy recess of that cave, borne thither by some ghostly Fury, rest the bodies of many of Rome's Emperors. The shades of these tyrants infest the stream by night, and, to wreak vengeance on the sons of those over whom they once tyrannized, raise storms by infernal art. Woe to the 'nighted ship that meets these goblins on the lonely waters! When we neared the cliff, we turned our prow to the opposite shore, so as to give the cave a wide berth. But all at once the moon obscured; a whirlwind struck the sails; we were

careened over. The stream, that had been erst so smooth, boiled in seething madness, and rising waves swept furiously over the deck. Many a cheek was blanched, and many a heart frozen with fear. A horrid discord of demon yells smote on the appalled ear, as if the earth were turned to one vast pandemonium. With a crash and a swoop the masts fell by the board; the furious water rushed through the gaping chinks; no human skill could save our ship. A hurried prayer to open the crystal gates of heaven to the freed soul was breathed by all; calling thus on our God, the whirling water drew us 'neath its foam. One lurid glare, shot from a demon's lantern, illumed the sinking ship and hapless crew. Long did I battle for life, but at length grown weak I would have sunk, but that mocking goblins caught me up in a boat formed of four human skulls, and bore me to the tyrants' cave. Here feasting sat that monster Heliogabalus, who filled up in four years an age of crimes. Here Nero and Decius fed on the blood of martyred Christians; here the ghastly shades of Caligula and Diocletian, and a host of tyrant ghouls sat around the satanic board. Words of mine would fail to unfold properly the devilish scenes of that night's revelry. I, as beseemeth a stout soldier, was unappalled, and after having quaffed a few draughts of the wine forgot the shipwreck and the storm. But ere the coming dawn had advanced its sparkling aureole above the horizon, the maddened goblins stood round me in a ring; each shrivelled hand grasped a flagon of witching wine. Thrice the reeling spec-

tres waved their goblets, and then screeching sang this diabolical chorus :

' Drink to the soul of Peppe so brave,
 Who trembled not in the tyrants' cave;
 Drink to the hero in mortal form,
 Who dared with ghosts to revel 'till morn;
 Drink, ere cock-crow to hell drives us back;
 Drink, ere we feel the torturing rack,—
 Drink, drink, drink !'

Slowly 'mid a cloud of sulphureous smoke the spectres vanished. Methought I sank to sleep, while gentle hands bore me from the haunted spot. I woke surrounded by rude shepherds, who had found me at the mouth of the cave, and had borne me to a quiet hut."

The expressions of wonder, fear, admiration, and various other emotions which followed the recital of this adventure can only be equalled by a scene caused by half a dozen young "ladies of fashion," when criticising the first appearance of a beauteous young heiress. Miss Drew admired the noble courage of Peppe. Miss Lucilla Drew thought it "awfully romantic, and horridly exciting." Mrs. Drew would like to take the sense of Mrs. Flintwood, the President of their Bible Society, on the matter, before venturing an opinion. Washy wanted to know if the "wine was doosed good," and if so, "How the old plugs managed to get it?" Mr. Drew, being of a practical turn of mind, suggested a visit to the spot as the preliminary to other investigations. Peppe rather dissented from this

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idea; he acted on the principle that ghost stories are generally of the nature of frescos—they show best at a distance. Fearing lest he might be pressed for further particulars, he gracefully took his leave, carrying away, quite unconsciously, the heart of Miss Drew.

It being now late in the day, the Drew family returned to their hotel, more than satisfied with their first day of “lionizing” Rome.

CHAPTER X.

EASTER SUNDAY.

BANG!—bang!—bang! roared the cannon from Castel San Angelo, shaking the grim old walls of the fort, creating a series of concentric ripples in the tawny waters of the Tiber, and re-echoing from every lofty tower. Bang!—bang!—bang! they roared again, and yet again, and the dark-blue smoke curled slowly up from the brazen guns, leaving a clear tranquillity behind, as if the spirit of War had been borne from earth on the ascending cloud. Bang!—bang!—bang! and now they seemed to exult in their power, defying man, and grandly booming out their hymn of praise to the risen Saviour.

Rat-ta-rat-ta-rum-bum-bum, beat the drums from a hundred quarters, calling the soldiers to hasten to their posts. Rat-ta-rat-ta-rum-bum-bum, they joy-

ously sang, taking up the chorus of the cannons' grand hymn to the risen Saviour.

Clang,—clang,—clang, burst from hundreds of belfries, filling the air with a soft metallic music that made a tenor for the cannon and the drums. Clang,—clang,—clang, they merrily chimed out in harmony with the solemn and measured ding-dong of the great bell of the Capitol. Clang,—clang,—clang,—and now they peal faster, as if filled with a greater joy as they continue alone the refrain of the glad hymn to the risen Saviour.

Thus was ushered in the morn of Easter Sunday in Rome.

Trumpets and cymbals, chord-instruments and organs, war's cruel cannon and the bells of peace, all, all were pressed into the service of the Lord. King David's psalm became, as it were, an embodied reality, and praised the Lord with a thousand voices. No grim faces should appear on this day; hope and joy should light up every countenance. Death has been swallowed up in victory; the handwriting of death which was against us was affixed to the cross by the Saviour and by Him blotted out; and he who in Eden had triumphed through a tree was vanquished through a tree on Calvary's heights.

The Saviour has risen; let the tidings be spread over the four corners of the earth; the sting of death has been plucked out; the horror of the tomb has been dispelled. The mortal body may indeed be consigned to its clammy recesses, but only for a time; out from its gloom will come forth, in

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similitude to that of the Saviour's, the glorified bodies of the just.

Let the cannon boom with notes of praise; let the drums beat with joyous accents; let the bells peal in glad refrain! It is meet and just that it should be so on such a day as this. It is meet and just that Rome should assume her most festal dress, and deck her thousand altars with their costliest ornaments. It is meet and just that she be prepared as a bride, for the Eternal Spouse of the Church is to be hailed in His triumph.

To-day is a figure of that last awful moment, when through the silent regions of the dead the blast of the Angel's trumpet shall sound, and shall summon each sleeper from his narrow bed.

The greasy dust and mouldering bones will obey the call; again will each one be clad with the veil of the flesh, and be brought before the Judgment Seat. Easter Sunday speaks to us of our own resurrection, while calling on us to rejoice at that of the Saviour. It is a serious thought, that about the resurrection: "We shall all indeed rise, but we shall not all be changed"; some shall rise "in glory" and others "in ignominy."

Thus speaketh the Divine message. Ah, foolish heart! as thou hearest the glad chimes of the Easter bells, recall thy wandering thoughts from vain and sinful objects; disengage thy affections from the perishable things of the world, and give at length to God that love which He claims as His due. Mayhap, when next these Easter bells peal forth, wild-flowers will be blossoming over thy grave, and

sad friends may be fearing lest there be nought in their sound which tells of hope for thee. Even as these beautiful sounds are wafted joyously for a time on the trembling air and then die out, so thou art borne quickly along by the waves of time to inevitable death.

The cannon had been crashing, the drums resounding, and the bells pealing for some time on the morning of 21st April, 1867, before their mingled noise aroused a certain sleeper in the Hotel d'Europe. When at length he awoke with a start, he fancied that the city was assaulted by an enemy. Collecting his sleep-bedewed wits, he remembered that it was Easter Sunday, and rightly guessed that the noise was in honor of the day. Having dressed quickly, he threw open the window which looked into the Piazza di Spagna, and sat listening to the deep-toned voices of the inanimate things which were singing the praises of the Lord. At first he smiled almost contemptuously, but soon the influence of the resounding atmosphere filled him with a strange feeling of awe. If every creature and thing be commanded to praise the Lord, why not employ these cannon and drums and bells for that purpose? This was the reflection that put to flight his expression of scorn, and gave a thoughtful look to his well-cut features.

George Marchbank, for this was the name of our new friend, was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and, without being strictly handsome, was most engaging. There was a pensive cast on his well-defined face, and a dreamy light in his deep-

blue eye, which proclaimed the artist. A short time previously he had left his Canadian fatherland to seek instruction and inspiration in the home of the arts, Rome. He had only arrived on the previous evening, and now looked for the first time on the city of his dreams by daylight. Brought up in the Protestant persuasion, he was drawn to Rome as an artist, not as a spiritual child. He cannot be said to have any very definite ideas of religion; like numbers outside of the Church, he was honest and honorable in his actions, an agreeable companion and a true friend; but his notions of religion were vague and contradictory. He believed in the divinity of Christ and in the mission given to His Apostles; yet he remained separated from that Church which has an unbroken succession from the Apostles. Hearing in his youth much wild declamation against the Catholic faith, he could not as yet pierce the mist of prejudice which surrounded him; and while he had many valued friends who professed that faith, he did not seek to investigate its claims to his subjection. We who are brought up in the truth, and who see so clearly the divine origin of our Church and its prerogative of infallibility, are unable to understand how persons like George Marchbank remain away from us. Yet there are many like him. To us it is so self-evident that there can be but one true Church, and that that one must have been the first one, and that the Catholic Church was undoubtedly first, that we are almost tempted to become severe in our strictures on outsiders. In truth, the reasoning is evident,

and it clearly follows, that no matter how many good principles may be retained in any particular sect, each and every sect, by rejecting some one doctrine of the Church, is in error, and cut off from the living vine. Thoughtlessness and the engrossing pleasures of life keep many a candid soul far away from the saving truth.

As George Marchbank sat listening to the dying echoes of the metal music, and seeing, on reflection, how appropriate it was to honor God in this way, a quick footstep was heard without his room. Answering to a slight knock, both his hands were grasped by a handsome soldier; for an instant he imagined himself a prisoner, but a familiar voice cried: "A thousand welcomes to Rome, George. How are you? How did you get along? I just received your note, and ran here to see you before the ceremonies of the day begin. How well you look!"

"My dear Morgan," began Mr. Marchbank, "I am so delighted to meet you. Where are you staying? How do you like Rome? Are you an officer yet?"

"Oh, I am so glad, George, that you arrived in time for the feast of to-day! When did you leave Montreal? How were all old friends?"

"Well, well, but it is a good augury to meet your friendly face the first this morning. I was looking forward to this meeting during the whole voyage."

Now it may be safely asserted that history contains no example of two friends speaking rationally for the first five minutes when meeting after a long separation, or in a foreign country. Distance takes

the place of length of time. The meeting between a man who has been three months in Rome and his friends in Canada is more enthusiastic than if he had been three years in New York. It was not many months since George Marchbank had said good-bye to Morgan Leahy, when the latter was starting for Rome; yet now, so great was their mutual pleasure that they poured out question on question, and added exclamation to exclamation, for full five minutes, without well knowing what they were saying. After they had recovered their usual quiet, Morgan said:

“So you have acted on my advice, and come to the home of the fine arts. I am glad of it, for now Montreal will have a painter capable of transferring to canvas the glories of our young Dominion. Your first great work must be Canada, personified as a noble matron surrounded by seven lovely children; for in a few years all the British Provinces will be united as one Dominion. Each child will have to express in appearance and dress the characteristics of one of the Provinces. You must make the one representing Prince Edward Island the fairest and most smiling. Throw over its expression a glow of that quiet loveliness which we admired together when gazing on the calm beauty of New Glasgow and Rustico from the top of the hill near Millvale. My word for it, George, but your work will bring renown.”

“As enthusiastic as ever,” laughed George, “about my poor powers. I am only, as yet at least, an artist in desire, and you sketch out for me a work

which would require an artist of the first order. The idea you suggest is certainly a grand one, and I hope some painter of note may embody it on an undying canvas. I agree with you that Prince Edward Island should be the sweetest child of the family. The calm, dreamy beauty of the valley of the Clyde, of Rustico, Wheatly River, and of many other parts of that fair island, is rarely surpassed. Its summer months are so pleasantly fresh and genial that I wonder it is not frequented more by tourists. But of yourself, Morgan; how do you like your soldier's life? I thought you were too pious to be a warrior."

"The most pious man may well be a warrior in a holy cause. I like my life because I am in a position to do some service for my religion. Were the territory of the Pope not in danger, I would not continue in my present mode of life; but so long as my arm can help to defend his sacred rights by being here, so long will I remain."

"Just like your noble self, Morgan. Believe me, I admire your heroism and devotion, although I do not exactly see the necessity of a Pontifical army. Why cannot the Pope quietly resign his temporal power and attend to the spiritual?"

"Why should he do this? His title to his States is most legitimate, his government most beneficent. Moreover, to be fully free in the exercise of his spiritual government of the world, he must be independent of every king. Again, if he had never had his kingdom, where would the arts and sciences have found a home during the dreary struggle of Europe

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for existence against the barbarians of the North? And if he were to lose it now, how long would this city continue to attract such as you?"

"I own, my dear Morgan, that I am not well versed in these matters; let them rest for the present. I am now enjoying the hospitality of Rome, and it would be most ungracious of me to say aught against it. But what a grand morning hymn the bells, drums, and cannon sang to the risen Saviour! At first I was, I am ashamed to confess, inclined to ridicule the idea; but something in the atmosphere, which was filled with music, brought my mind into harmony with Rome on this subject."

"You will find," said Morgan gravely, "that a little reflection will bring your mind into harmony with Rome on more subjects than this. When you observe some of her customs which you do not understand, and at which you may be inclined to laugh, in all fairness find out, before passing sentence, what they mean and why they are observed. Then remember that the Romans *are not Canadians*, and consequently are not to be judged by Canadian standards. If you do this you will arrive at a rational knowledge of our religion and ceremonies. You have already told me that my family were well, but did not Eleanor send me any message?"

It might have been only the reflection of the red curtain, or it might have been fancy, but it appeared to Morgan that George Marchbank's face was slightly flushed as he replied:

"Eleanor sent no message; in fact, when I called to say good-bye I just spoke to her for a moment.

She handed me the letter I sent you this morning along with my note, and that was all."

Morgan was slightly puzzled. He knew Eleanor's fond love for himself, and the friendship which she, in common with all the family, had for George. It was strange that she had not sent some additional message of love, which repeated by word of mouth would seem more vivid and real than the strongest expressions on paper. Had he known, however, that on the evening previous to his departure George Marchbank had, when walking with Eleanor near the majestic St. Lawrence, asked her to be his wife, and that she, with real pain, refused to consent, his perplexity would disappear. But this he did not know, and this George did not tell him. The young artist had long loved Eleanor, and she had always respected him for his manly qualities. She had even, in the unconsciousness of her heart, loved him, and when he asked her to be his wife she was both pleased and pained. Few young women are displeased at having won the esteem of a worthy man, but a true woman is likewise pained when she finds herself compelled to reject his proffered love. This was Eleanor's case. She knew the many noble attributes of George Marchbank, but two considerations forbade her to become his wife. She had promised Mrs. Bartou not to plight her troth yet; but this would only keep her back a short time. But the other consideration was of the highest importance; there was a difference of religious belief. Eleanor well knew that real love requires unanimity of sentiment, a mutual sympathy of views, and,

above all, the sacred bond of a true and living faith between man and wife. Mixed marriages, no matter how pleasing the qualities of the parties, must always lack a mutual sympathy in the highest and holiest concerns of life. At first, while sentimental love lasts, this want will not be so much noticed; but when these days are past, and they pass quickly, if there be not a mutual sympathy in reason and religion, an intellectual and a social level, love will die out, and cold indifference or actual dislike will succeed. Unlike many foolish young girls who allow their sentiment to lead their judgment, Eleanor guided her conduct by religious duty. Kindly, and with honest tears, she refused George Marchbank's love, thanking him for his good opinion and telling him candidly her reasons.

"I am not free to promise," she said; "and if I were—although, as you know, I esteem you highly—I do not love you except as a dear friend. Moreover, our difference of religious belief would forbid our union."

"But, Eleanor," pleaded George, "I would never seek to interfere with your religious observances; as my wife you would be as free to practise them as you are under your father's roof. Surely you do not doubt that."

"Indeed I do not doubt it, Mr. Marchbank; but think what a cold, unsympathetic gulf would ever yawn between us! In the one great affair of life we would have nothing in common; we could assist each other in temporal matters, but in spiritual ones where would be our bond of union?"

Do not, I pray, cause further pain to yourself and me."

George Marchbank was confounded. In his own easy way he had thought little about religion; but now, hearing those earnest words from one whom he loved, he felt, rather than understood, their truth. He reflected a moment and then said:

"If anything could add to my esteem for you, Eleanor, it would be these honest words you have just spoken. I am not, alas! a religious man, but I can respect and admire your faith. Yes, it is quite clear now: if you were false to your duty towards God you would lose, as my wife, that which I have always admired in you—your noble integrity of purpose. My dream, for the present at least, is over; henceforth I will give myself to my art; it will be the only bride I'll seek to win."

This conversation passed on the banks of the St. Lawrence on the night before George's departure. He called next day to say good-bye to Eleanor and her parents. Although he and she had parted the best of friends, a mutual reserve or shyness had succeeded to the candid avowal which each had made to the other. When the laying bare of the heart has caused pain instead of pleasure, an instinctive shrinking is the result. Hence no message had been sent to Morgan.

After some further remarks between Morgan and George the former rose to depart, saying:

"I must take part in the military display in the Square of St. Peter's this forenoon. After dinner I

shall be free, and I will call on you. Of course you will go to witness the blessing from the Loggia?"

"Oh, yes!" replied George; "I have read so much about the Pope giving his blessing on Easter that I shall see it for myself. I will return directly it is over, and await your arrival."

With a hearty hand-shake the friends separated. Morgan walked quickly back to Castel San Angelo, where all was bustle and excitement. George, left to himself, resumed his seat by the window, and spoke half-aloud:

"What magic is there in Rome that attracts such noble spirits as Morgan, and makes them so enthusiastic in her cause? He would joyfully die fighting on the walls of Rome, and I believe Eleanor, despite her great love for him, would not murmur at his fate. What is the secret of Rome's power over generous hearts?"

He mused long over his question, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. There are many who ask themselves the same question and remain unanswered. They do not know what it is to be animated by a living faith; they cannot fathom the depths of God's grace in a soul that is illuminated by true religion, and that endeavors to act according to its teachings. Those outside the Church cannot understand the calm certainty regarding religious truths enjoyed by Catholics. Hence they wonder at our positiveness, or they grow angry at our steadfastness. The secret of Rome's influence does not, and cannot, arise from anything human; it would be a childish weakness to ascribe the enthusiasm of

the great souls of St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Thomas, or that of the hosts of pilgrims in our own day, to any human motive. The magic of Rome lies in the supernatural faith of which she is the visible head and guardian. Perhaps George Marchbank may one day learn this.

But now the streets were alive and noisy. Cabmen rushed furiously along at a pace which seemed inconsistent with the holding together of the framework of their emaciated nags. Staid old gentlemen, guiding despondent curs, wormed slowly their dangerous way between cab-wheels, curbstones, and oxen's horns. Sturdy peasant women, arrayed in parti-colored dresses, and with squares of cloth of bright hues fastened to their knotted hair by means of steel bars, terminated in gilt knobs, strutted along, endangering the eyes of shuffling pedestrians with those formidable hair-pins. These gilt-capped bars of steel are at once an adornment of the head and a weapon of defence, in case of need. In the hands of an enraged virago one of these hair-pins would be equal to any stiletto. The hum of many voices arose from the square in front of the hotel in which George Marchbank sat, and he was surprised to hear nearly every one speaking English. He did not know, at that time, that the vicinity of Piazza di Spagna is the "English quarter," as the Romans term it. During the winter months thousands of Englishmen visit Rome, and they generally reside near this square.

After the usual Roman breakfast of a cup of coffee and a light roll, George Marchbank sallied forth

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to mingle with the moving throng. He had no need to inquire his way to St. Peter's; he was sure that the steady tide of human beings was setting in towards that spot. Floating, as it were, with the current he was carried down the Via dei Condotti, across the Corso, past the ancient "Albergo dell' Orso," the theatre and down to the bridge of San Angelo. At the corner of every intersecting street fresh tributary streams of carriages and persons afoot swelled the main one, and ere he had reached the bridge it was impossible to turn right or left; he could only helplessly float on, and slowly too. Dragoons kept order at the approach to the bridge, and here one's patience is put to a sore test. Any one who may ever be in similar straits will find that the least troublesome, most philosophic, and probably the quickest means of passing over is to keep one's face turned in the direction of the crossing, and with a sublime disregard of a battered hat, a crushed dress, and a torn train, to employ all one's strength in keeping an upright position and a cool temper, and one will find one's-self across without well knowing how it came to pass. There are some ill-regulated minds that torture themselves grievously when crossing this bridge on Easter Sunday. Seeing a momentary gap in the carriage-way they will make a dash to occupy it; but a prancing span just then turns the corner, a shout is heard from the coachman, the warm breath of the foaming steeds is felt on their faces; nothing but ignoble retreat remains. Others again, wishing to save their dresses, or fearing to come in contact with plebeians, daintily

gather up their skirts and stand against the parapet of the bridge "to let the crowd pass." But unemotional police officers tell them to "move on," for no one on such a day is allowed to stand on the sidewalk of the bridge; on they must go, and the chances are a thousand to one that they will lose their temper and inwardly curse the police for doing their duty.

George Marchbank acted on the philosophic principle, and was carried safely across and up the street into the Square of St. Peter's. Here the immense crowd spread itself out over this vast area, and subsided into a peaceful calm, not unlike the St. Lawrence when it widens out into a smiling bay after having foamed through a narrow pass. Here each one inhaled a long and placid breath, and with a self-satisfied smile looked beamingly back at the crush in the narrow defile through which they had passed. Within the mighty church a dense mass filled every available nook. The devout worshipper, the scoffing unbeliever, the respectable sight-seer were all huddled together, and all anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Pope. At the side altars priests were saying mass, and bowed heads and kneeling forms attested that very many were offering up their prayers to the Godhead's throne. The solemn gloom of the great basilica was relieved by thousands of waxen candles, glowing like distant stars in chandeliers suspended a hundred feet from the floor. Beneath each lofty arch, around the corinthian capital of each pilaster, along the architraves, and dangling from the groined ceiling, burned myriad lights that flashed on the costly

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marbles, the delicate mosaic altar-pieces, and the majestic statues of the saints. The grand monuments of the Popes glowed in the unusual light, and lost in their brilliant transformation that awe-inspiring feeling which ever hovers around a tomb. Far up from the door, nearly four hundred feet distant, the majestic high altar stood in simple and imposing grandeur. The church is built in the shape of a Latin cross, and the altar stands in the centre of the intersecting arms. Beneath it is the crypt containing the bones of Sts. Peter and Paul, reached from the floor of the church by a double flight of marble steps; above it rises that vast and wondrous dome "to which Diana's marvel was a cell." From four colossal arches which span the width of the intersecting arms of the cross-formed church, at a height of more than one hundred feet from the ground, begins this mighty dome. At its base it is one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and then rises gradually tapering up for three hundred feet, being thus over four hundred feet high. The ball and cross which surmount this incarnation of architectural skill make the whole height four hundred and thirty-seven feet. The inside of the dome, above the high altar, is beautifully decorated, and the vault is covered with mosaics. Far up, at the very crown of the dome,—so far that the eye can scarce distinguish anything,—a representation of the Eternal Father looks lovingly down on this, the grandest temple ever raised to His glory. A superb canopy of bronze, richly engraved with various designs, and tastefully relieved with streaks of gold supported

on four huge twisted columns of gilt bronze over seventy feet high, forms a magnificent shield above the altar. In the extreme end of the church, beneath an oriel window of glory, the chair of St. Peter, enclosed in a precious case, is supported by four colossal statues of four great doctors of the Church, viz.: Saints Augustine and Jerome, Athanasius and Chrysostom. Around the high altar ninety-nine gilt lamps burn night and day; on this day thousands of other lights are added, creating an effect of light and beauty and illuminating a richness of artistic decoration such as could be seen only in St. Peter's.

George Marchbank was bewildered: he had read of fairy scenes, but here was one richer far than ever the imagination of a romancer could invent; only a deep devotional faith could have ever produced this overpowering combination of strength, grandeur, beauty, and symmetry. No right-minded man could enter St. Peter's without feeling nearer to heaven, and without thinking that he was in the vestibule of the celestial Jerusalem. An unaccustomed calm soothed the jaded feelings of young Marchbank; an unusual light shone on his soul, and his heart was borne gently heavenward as he gazed around with reverential awe.

At ten o'clock the Pope began mass; silence reigned through the vast church. At the consecration a burst of silvery music, far up in the dome, seemed like the grand chorus of ministering angels singing the praises of their Lord. The effect of this outburst of silver trumpets and sweet voices on

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those below is simply overpowering. All grosser thoughts of earth are put to flight; the rage of the would-be murderer is appeased; envy vanishes like the hideous phantom of a dream on awaking; the thoughtless scoffer feels a thrill of awe; and even the doomed reprobate thinks of God for a moment. On the generous soul of George Marchbank the effect was deep and strong. In one swift panoramic glance he viewed his past life, and saw how much it was out of keeping with God's commands; he swept the horizon of the future, and felt how little would riches, fame, and glory avail him, if at death his soul would not be met by rejoicing angels coming to bid him welcome to the Feast of the Lamb. In the subdued glory of light, away up by the oriel window, he saw, or fancied he saw, the figure of Eleanor transformed and purely glowing, beckoning him out from the darkness in which he seemed to be immersed. A great, still soul-cry of anguish went up from his heart; the light was all about him, but not in him: he saw it shining out from the face of a rude peasant by his side, and sparkling in the eye of a kneeling beggar close at hand, but he was immersed in gloom. "Show me the way in which I should walk—show me the way in which I should walk," was all the prayer his lips could form, and from his inmost soul he repeated it again and yet again.

Slowly the lingering echoes of the silvery music receded: fainter and fainter they grew as the waves of sound ebbed gently upward, until they seemed to die in a gentle murmur, up by the image of the

Eternal Father in the crown of the dome. The mass was finished, and the crowd began to pour out of the church.

The solemn benediction of the city and the world was yet to be given by the Pope. This is done from a balcony over the main door of the vestibule; beneath, the gathered faithful fill up the vast square. When George Marchbank got out of the church, his artistic soul could take in and enjoy the imposing spectacle presented to view. The majestic façade of the church, its giant pillars and noble entablatures; its crest of marble statues, and the graceful dome springing heavenward behind them, formed a magnificent background. The semicircular colonnades, which start from each corner of the façade and run half-way round the square, are a fitting approach to the noble temple. Each colonnade has four rows of huge pillars, each row numbering about a hundred; these support an entablature crowned with marble statues. An immense Egyptian obelisk, over ninety feet high, stands in the centre of the square on a grand pedestal of marble. At corresponding distances on each side of this obelisk, magnificent fountains send up with almost a roar a jet of water to the height of seventy feet. Gradually divided and weakened by the resistance of the air, the jet bends gracefully back to earth in a crystal shower, in which rainbows sport at every glance of a sunbeam. Half-way up the lofty flight of steps, marble statues of Saints Peter and Paul, one on each side, guard the entrance to the sacred precincts.

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Packed in this square, close by the towering obelisk and under the mist from the fountains, on the steps and far away to the farthest ends of the square, aloft on the roof of the colonnades, and on distant house-tops, more than 100,000 persons were waiting. Military, horse, foot, and artillery, were drawn out in order; strange costumes met the eye at every glance; strange tongues fell on the ear from every side. It was a miniature of the Day of Judgment, for every nation, and tribe, and state of life were represented. But amidst the hum of voices and the uneasy swaying of this multitude, every eye was continually turning to one spot—to the balcony over the main door of the vestibule. And why? Was some gorgeous pageant to be there presented to view? or was a glimpse of a spirit world to be vouchsafed to mortals? Protestant as well as Catholic, Jew, Infidel, and Turk anxiously gazed towards the same point. And still only a weak old man was expected to appear. Again might George Marchbank ask himself the question, "What is the secret of Rome's influence," and the answer would be the same—because the Pope is Vicar of Christ, visible head of His Church, fountain and centre of unity. It was not merely an old man verging on eighty that they were awaiting, it was a Priest and King, the successor of St. Peter, and the inheritor of his power and dignity. Could aught else explain this scene?

Soon the approach of the Pope was perceived; instantaneously every head was uncovered, every sound hushed. The gentle plashings of the foun-

tains alone broke the absolute silence. Borne aloft on his "*Sedia Gestatoria*" the Pope reached the balcony. In a clear, ringing voice he read some prayers, and then stood up. He was arrayed in full pontificals, and wore the tiara. Stretching out his hands in the form of a cross, he began the solemn words of the Benediction. A thrill passed through every frame, and every knee instinctively bent. Nothing but Moses on the mountain, praying for his battling people, could be compared to the sublime sight of Pius IX. blessing the world. George Marchbank felt this, and began to partly understand the "secret of Rome's influence." As the Pope brought his outstretched hands together, and then made the sign of the cross over the kneeling multitude, the spell of silence was broken, and pent-up feelings found a voice. Cannons boomed from San Angelo; drums beat in the square; bells pealed from every turret. But higher than cannons, drums, or bells, and sweeter to the ear, arose the wild huzzas of the gathered thousands. The Israelites did not greet their great leader, Moses, after the battle gained through his prayers, with half the warmth of loving affection with which Catholics of every clime hailed Pius IX., as he retired, with shouts of "Long live Pius IX., Pope and King."

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CHAPTER XI.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

PEACEFULLY ran the St. Lawrence this warm June morning; gayly sang the birds in the groves along its banks; bright shone the sun on trembling leaves and grass-covered knolls, and the dark-green blades of the rich-growing wheat crop. The chill grasp of winter had been loosened weeks ago; the icy fetters, against which the noble river had chafed in vain, had melted with the advance of spring, and once more the smiling waters of the St. Lawrence bore proudly on their tide the growing commerce of the young Dominion. Down the mighty river it floated this clear June day, down to the distant Atlantic, thence to be wafted to various climes. Far off, the shrill screech of snorting engines started the echoes in many a mountain dell; repeated from hill, and rock, and giant oak, it struck against the cliffs of the St. Lawrence, and joined the chorus of deep-toned whistles given forth by the puffing steamers. Together they careered wildly down the banks of the river, leaping from crag to promontory, clearing the gorges and ravines, and gleefully exulting in the signs of prosperity shown by our fair Dominion.

Brightly the sun shone down on many a beautiful object in the shining river, on its herby banks, and in the leafy holt; but on no fairer sight did its genial rays fall than on Eleanor Leahy as she sat on

the spot where first we beheld her and Morgan. There are many natural beauties which charm the eye and appeal to our sensibility: the moonlight shimmering on a well-trimmed lawn; a broken landscape exhibiting every variety of light and shade; a gently rippling stream, or a moss-covered dale—each has its charms and its ennobling effect. But in visible creation there is no sight so fair to the eye as the speaking lineaments of a noble countenance. In them are blended the chastened beams of the moon, every light and shade of smiling landscape, every playful wake of the running waters, and the quiet repose of the mossy dell; and, more than this, each one of these charms is actuated and illumed with the sparkling light of intelligence. Yes; the face of a noble person is the embodiment of all natural beauty.

As Eleanor sat partly shaded by a leafy beech-tree, her expressive features underwent a variety of change. She was reading a letter from Morgan, in which he gave an animated description of the Easter festivities in Rome. He spoke of George Marchbank, and expressed his delight at meeting him so far away from home. Of his chosen companion, Lorenzo, he had spoken in other letters and now enlarged again on his many noble qualities. In fact, through the letters of Morgan to Eleanor, and his conversations with Lorenzo, the two latter were almost intimately acquainted. Now any one knows that under such circumstances it was quite natural for each of these to take an interest in the other, and to form an idea of each other. Eleanor half wished

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that Lorenzo might bear a resemblance to the bright-faced, dreamy-eyed boy whose picture hung between her own and Morgan's, in Mrs. Barton's quiet home. She fancied what Denis Barton would now be, had he lived, and she wished and thought that Lorenzo was like him. On the other hand, as Lorenzo examined the likeness of the golden-haired child given him by his father, he amused his lively imagination by discovering traces of resemblance between it and what he imagined, from Morgan's conversations, Eleanor must be. Often, too, he thought of his mother, vainly endeavoring to recall her features; his heart went out in a gush of tenderness towards her as he pictured himself sitting on her knee, and amusing, while he worried her, with his childish prattle.

After Eleanor had read and re-read Morgan's letter she came thoughtfully down the hillside and walked towards the cottage of Mrs. Barton. On entering she noticed an excited look on the usually sad and pensive countenance of her elderly friend.

"I have just received a long letter from Morgan, and he sends, as usual, many kind remembrances to you. If you are at leisure I will read it to you. But has anything happened, Mrs. Barton? You do not look quite yourself."

"Nothing to be alarmed about, my dear child," answered the good woman in her usual tone of quiet affection. "I was thinking about you, and many things just now. I am growing old, and my heart is sometimes anxious—anxious to see you here as mistress of this old home. But I trust in God, and

reconcile myself to His will, feeling sure that it will one day come to pass."

"Ah, dear mother!" said the affectionate girl, using that term of endearment as she always did when Mrs. Barton spoke of her lost boy. "Ah, dear mother, who can tell? Try to think less on this subject; if ever it is to happen it will not be brought about more quickly by this anxious thought of yours, and you will be happier yourself."

"Not at all, my child; you are very much mistaken. Remember that by God's grace I have long years ago bowed to his adorable will [she might have said from the first]. My grief is not bitter, the cup was mercifully sweetened. I have also, as you well know, a firm belief that my boy still lives. This being the case, next to the pleasure of actually seeing him here, with you as his wife, is that of picturing it in my mind. Believe me, the artist enjoys a real and consoling joy in contemplating the ideal of his future work; it is not equal in intensity to the thrill he experiences when viewing his finished piece; yet it is real, and nerves him on to his task when difficulties beset his path. The well-regulated mind, even if shut out from all human society, can still enjoy itself with bright imaginings of what yet may be."

"It seems to me, Mrs. Barton, that you have studied the human mind deeply; what you say startles me at first, but I always find that your explanation makes everything clear. Yes; I see now that a mind duly subject to God may think with pleasure on what would be a matter of pain to the

irreligious. But, at least, your thinking of it will not bring it about any sooner."

"I would not have you be too sure of that, either, dear Eleanor. In the first place, by frequently thinking on it, I frequently pray God to hasten, if it be his will, the desired consummation. Again—possibly I shall startle you," she said with a sweetly sad smile, "but I am not superstitious; neither would I wish to hold any theory that might be wrong—may not one mind act in some mysterious way on another during life? If the grosser forces of matter can act on one another, may not the subtle spirit forces do as much, though in a modified manner? To me it seems that they can; if then my darling boy be alive, the longing thoughts, the intense yearnings of a mother's soul may awaken a responsive chord in his, and arouse him to think of and inquire about the mother whom, perhaps, he might otherwise cease to remember."

"I am not," said Eleanor with a smile, "sufficiently clear on the point either to agree with or to contradict your opinion. Your strong mind and long habits of reflection cause you to see these things more clearly, perhaps."

"A mother's heart, Eleanor, catches, perhaps, at vain theories; still this does not appear wild or improbable. Our soul is an image, a faint one indeed, of the Infinite; He can act on our minds; perchance the faint image may be able to exercise a faint action on its fellows. But let me hear Morgan's letter."

Eleanor read aloud the epistle. Mrs. Barton was delighted at the account of the Easter celebration;

she too, like Eleanor, was interested in Morgan's companion Lorenzo.

"What a blessing it is for him, Eleanor, to have met with such an agreeable companion! A true friend is a veritable treasure. I can well imagine that under few circumstances can the value of a friend be so truly gauged, as when one is in a foreign land. Morgan's strong sense of right and duty would be a good safeguard against evil; but even the best may gain in virtue by association with a virtuous friend. The mutual play of mind on mind in their conversations tends to strengthen their purpose; and the incentive of good example is continually before the eye. None can tell how far out into the world, or how far down the pathway of time, the influence of a good man may extend. His very presence is a sermon in itself; and the unconscious glimpses of his inner virtue which he affords by casual remarks are potent incentives to higher and holier purposes. But your thoughts do not appear to be at home, Eleanor."

"In truth, Mrs. Barton, they were far enough away; they were with Morgan and his friends in Rome. He has now Mr. Marchbank as well as Lorenzo, about whom he is as enthusiastic. He thinks Mr. Marchbank will yet be a great painter; I sincerely hope he may."

"I scarcely thought that George Marchbank would have left his home; I almost feared that he might step in between my lost boy and what I know would be the object of his affections. You know he loved you, Eleanor."

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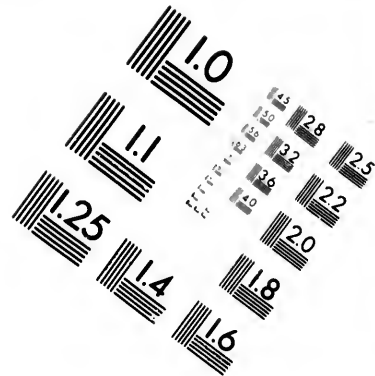
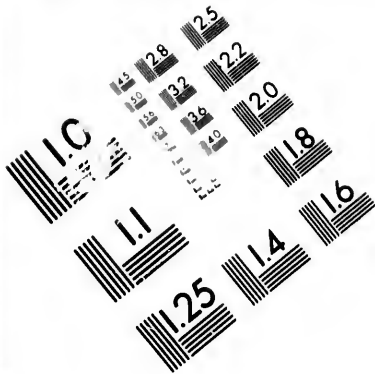
A deep flush of confusion overspread Eleanor's honest face; she did not wish to reveal George Marchbank's declaration,—and she would not tell an untruth. Very softly she replied:

“We were intimate from our youth, and always conversed pleasantly together. This does not necessarily imply love on either side. I was pleased with his manly qualities and generous disposition; I suppose he found me sufficiently entertaining, and thus we kept up a friendly intercourse.”

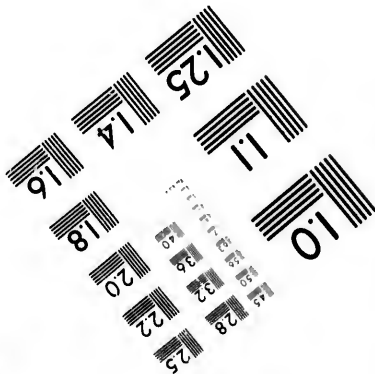
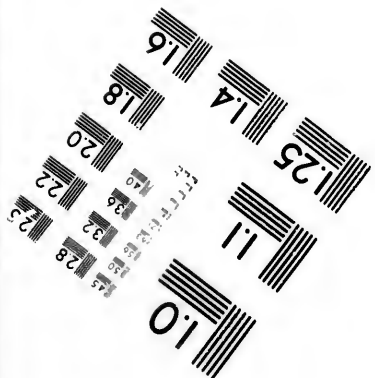
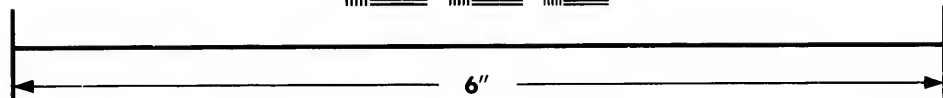
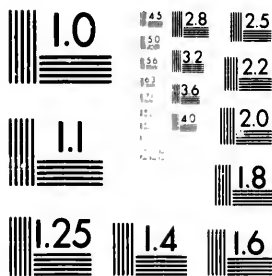
“Eleanor,” said Mrs. Barton, taking the fair girl's hand, “before I tell you the cause of the excited look which you remarked when you came in, answer me one question. It is not prompted, as you will readily know, by any desire to pry into the secrets of your heart; it is merely for your own peace—and, perhaps, the peace of another. Do you know the state of your feelings towards George Marchbank?”

For a moment Eleanor appeared lost in thought; then she answered: “To be candid, I never really analyzed my regard for him; but this much I can safely say, that never would I marry one not of my own faith, no matter how strongly the affections might tempt me. If I cannot have the blessing of our Church on my marriage, and a husband who can sympathize with my religious practices, I will remain forever single. Of this much, with God's grace, I am certain.”

“But suppose that George Marchbank were to be converted? It might easily happen, now he is in Rome.”



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"I do not know how love arises in the soul ; nor do I know what particular quality in a young man might excite my regard for him ; but I think that, even were Mr. Marchbank a Catholic, he would never inspire me with other feelings than those of close friendship."

"What a beautiful soul ! what a beautiful soul ; so pure, God-fearing, and straightforward !" — this was the unspoken soliloquy of Mrs. Barton. And she was right. In these artificial days young hearts are frequently blighted with affectation, and what ought to be the frank disposition of a confiding nature is too often a crooked disingenuousness. It is by many considered a clever piece of romance to hide the affections of the heart from the eyes of all, even from parents, and to sneak into matrimony by night, with the stealth of an expert housebreaker. Eleanor did not belong to this class of simpering girls who seek to throw an effect around a pure affection of the soul. She would never bestow her affections on an unworthy object ; and, if she truly loved a noble man, she did not consider it a something which she ought to hide from her dearest friends.

Mrs. Barton remained silent for a few moments, and then began :

"Last evening I was sitting by the door watching the gathering shades of night. I had just finished my rosary beads, and allowed my mind to amuse itself with fantastic imaginings. As the warm tints of sunset slowly gave place to the gray coloring of twilight, I thought how expressive it was of the

course of a human life. For a brief span we are all aglow with hope and bright anticipations; the little cares of life are gilt with reflected rays from our youthful hopes, and become objects of beauty like the small clouds bathed in the sunset's glory; but soon the advance of old age, creeping nearer and nearer, darkens our bright life-picture, and unmasks the erst gaily veiled cares of earth, showing them stern and cold, just as the approach of night casts a leaden hue over the purple and gold of the sunset, and makes the small clouds stand out frowning and gloomy. But though our course on earth may be brief, and checkered with lines of care, if we be true to our God a glorious resurrection, heralded by an angel, awaits us, even as a lovely rising, ushered in by a beaming aurora, awaits the sun just set.

"This was the nature of my fancies, when I was all at once rudely brought down from my aerial flights by becoming aware of a person standing on the doorstep, but half-concealed by the door-post. It was the figure of a man muffled in a loose cloak. The outlines of his form, as thus seen, bore no resemblance to those of any one whom I can now recall. In a low voice, and with, as I thought, a foreign accent, he asked me if I were not Mrs. Barton. 'I am,' was my only answer.

"Are you the woman whose son disappeared so mysteriously many years ago?"

"Yes; do you know aught of him? or how do you know anything about him?" I faintly articulated.

"Without replying to my question he continued:

“‘Is there a family hereabout named Leahy?’

“‘They are my next neighbors. But what of them?’

“‘There was a son; where is he?’

“‘A soldier in Rome; gone to defend the rights of Holy Church.’

“‘And the daughter, what of her? Is she married? Is she fair and good?’

“‘These are strange questions,’ I said, ‘from a stranger; but Eleanor Leahy is unmarried; and a fairer or more virtuous girl is not in our whole Dominion.’”

“‘Rather strong expressions, Mrs. Barton,’” quietly smiled Eleanor.

“‘Only the truth, my dear; but let that pass. The strange man paused for a moment, and some strong inward struggle was taking place. A nervous twitching, as of keen pain, convulsed his frame; he glanced towards heaven, and then looking at me began:

“‘Did you suffer much? Do you yet suffer? Do you expect to meet your son on earth?’”

“‘Oh! can you ask me that? God knows what I suffered, and he knows that I yet hope to meet my boy on earth.’

“‘How little do we think on the pain we inflict on others by gratifying a whim of our own! If we were only to measure what their affections must suffer by comparing it with what our fancy endures when disappointed, we would be more cautious and thoughtful. But if you think your boy still lives, you must think that some one carried him off.

Surely the curse of a bereaved mother must sit heavily on his soul.'

"As he said this his voice appeared to tremble, and his whole person to shake. I answered:

"'Never has a curse on any one passed my lips; nor has one ever been formed in my mind. I try to remember the meekness of my Saviour, and I pray for my boy, and for his abductor that God may soften his heart.'

"'Say you so, say you so,' he repeated with evident joy; 'then my days may—but time passes. Mark my words, Mrs. Barton: your son lives,—you shall yet see him in life.'

"I think I fainted; when next I remember anything the stranger was moving away from the door. I tried to shout, but I could only faintly gasp, 'Where is my lost Denis?'

"'Where is he doing good. Ask no more, but bless me in your prayers.'

"Quickly he vanished in the gloom. A moment after I heard the rapid whirling of a carriage in the direction of Montreal, and ere I could recover from my astonishment and joy he was miles away."

During this recital Eleanor had been keenly watching Mrs. Barton's countenance, as if she feared that her fancy had conjured up this scene along with her other imaginings. But although there was the least possible trace of excitement in Mrs. Barton's manner, quite natural under the circumstances, her usual calm and sweetly pensive expression was the same. Eleanor felt convinced that Mrs. Barton had not imagined the scene: but was it only some heart-

less hoax of an unthinking wag; or was it the repentant admissions of a guilty conscience? Mrs. Barton was quite persuaded of the latter. The man's whole conversation, tone of voice, and action were such as could not, in her opinion, be reconciled with any other theory.

"This accounts, my dear child, for my excited look, and for my questions concerning your feelings towards young Marchbank. God forbid that I should try to lead you against whatever may be your duty, but I thought it well to know your sentiments."

A puzzled look appeared on Eleanor's face; a look that often shone there when Mrs. Barton used to speak in this strain. The reason of its appearance will be gathered from the following remark which she now made :

"But it seems to me, dear mother, that we assume, or you at least, something for which we have no warrant. You speak as though Denis, even were he to return now, would be desirous of having me for a wife. We do not know that; perhaps he may already be married!"

"Denis," replied Mrs. Barton, "was very much like me, both in appearance and disposition; he would be sure to be attracted by the same objects as I; he would love as a wife the girl I would choose as a daughter. Moreover, it was not at random that the stranger asked if you were married. He has known something of your childish betrothal, and may have wished to ascertain what hopes remain of having it ratified."

It was agreed between them to keep this strange

story a secret for the present. Many might set it down as the vision of a diseased mind; others might be led to make too much talk about it. This being settled, Eleanor returned home and prepared to write to Morgan. .

In the mean time how fares it with our friends in Rome? It is June, but not the soft, genial June of a Canadian summer. The old Tiber runs as proudly, if not as grandly, as the St. Lawrence. It does not bear down to the Mediterranean as many laden ships and puffing steamers as its Canadian brother; but it boasts a history more remote, and a classical immortality not yet bestowed on the St. Lawrence by gifted poets. It may bear on its yellow waters no wonderful signs of material activity, but its every ripple whispers of æsthetic culture, and its every curling wavelet sings the praises of the humanizing arts and sciences which it salutes on its way through the City of the Popes. The eye may be charmed with the broad expanse of St. Lawrence's swelling waters; the ear may be placed with the dashing of its mighty current; but the Tiber overpowers the mind with the vastness of its associations, and stirs the heart with the tale of its glory.

So thought George Marchbank as he wandered along its course. Before settling down to work he had spent some weeks in visiting the chief objects of interest in and around Rome. The museums and art galleries were his favorite places of resort; in these his artist-soul found itself in congenial sur-

roundings. Encompassed by the beautiful he forgot earth and its cares ; he forgot Eleanor, or only remembered her when his eye detected some slight resemblance between her face and some lovely picture.

He visited the great churches to feast his eyes on their gorgeous finish, and to inspire his brush by gazing on their exquisite paintings. The grand canvas by Romanelli representing the presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple, preserved in "St. Mary of the Angels," attracted his heart. The lovely childish beauty of the Virgin, at four years, through which the artist caused a gleam of womanly grace and intelligence to sparkle, marked off from among all others her who had never been stained by sin. When in presence of this or other celebrated paintings of the Blessed Virgin, he could not, coldly as he might reason, sneer at the devotion of those who came to say their prayers before them. He knew they did not pray to the canvas ; he knew that they came to excite and enliven their piety by contemplating the sweet features of the Mother of God, and to ask her to intercede for them. He knew that external aids are great incentives to internal devotion, by reason of our nature. Just as the photograph of a friend will serve to remind us of our promise to him, so will a picture of Christ, or of the Blessed Virgin, remind us of their love for us and of our promises to be virtuous. He felt how good it was to have such an exemplar of virtues before the mind by which to try to mould its actions. In his visits to the churches one thing struck him

very much ; other thoughtful persons had noted it before. He was in various churches at every hour from early morn till sundown. Whenever he entered one he always found some persons praying, two, three, four—ten. This at first sight may not appear worth noticing, but consider a moment : There are over 350 churches in Rome ; in each of these there are, at every moment of the day, some persons praying—at least an average of three. This gives 1050 persons constantly praying in church during the day. Now from observation George Marchbank soon found out that these people did not remain very long ; they said a few prayers before the Blessed Sacrament and then an *Ave Maria* before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. Supposing, he reasoned, that these people are renewed every quarter of an hour,—that will give 4200 persons per hour who pray in the churches ; and for ten hours 42,000. Thus, without taking into account private chapels and oratories, and on a calculation far below the reality, 42,000 persons come daily into the churches of Rome to pray. With a population of less than 200,000, all told, this total of daily devotion was great indeed. Moreover, he found that persons of all classes made these visits of prayer : the beggars, poor hawkers of cigars and matches, artisans, merchants, soldiers, policemen, young men, students, monks, priests, nobles, cardinals. Did every visitor to Rome note these things and make a similar calculation, we would read less ignorant cant about “popery.”

The warm glow of the June day had, in part,

subsided; the sun had sunk to rest in a sea of livid red, but the flint paving-stones of the streets and the brick walls of the houses were radiating the heat they had acquired during the day, to the oppression of citizens who sought to enjoy the evening air. To one returning after sunset from the comparative coolness of Villa Borghese to the hot air of the narrow streets of Rome on the eve of such a day as this had been, the change is most marked. It is like being suddenly transported from the temperate to the torrid zone. The pavement, sidewalks, lampposts, columns, and houses are all sending forth, like highly heated radiators, their surplus warmth.

Seated by an open window in the "Via della Trinita dei Monti," his easel pushed aside, George Marchbank was listening to the last dying echoes of the Benediction Hymn, which faintly floated out from the Convent of the Sacred Heart. He loved the music of that church and frequently went thither to refresh his worn spirit. He was aroused by the entrance of Morgan and Lorenzo. Morgan was a constant visitor to the studio of George Marchbank; he came whenever he had a spare hour. Lorenzo, too, had been to visit him sometimes, but there never was much warmth or frank cordiality between them. Still, each respected the other, and both were naturally frank of disposition. Lorenzo used to say to Morgan:

"I am not myself in presence of that Marchbank he is to me what a lump of ice is to a glass of champagne; possibly the wine may be all the more pal-

atable by reason of the ice, but it is not so brisk and sparkling. I try to like him immensely for your sake; but our nervous systems must both be charged highly with the same kind of electricity; hence we repel each other."

Lorenzo would say this with a light laugh, but he would often ponder seriously over it. He saw nothing to find fault with in the manner of George Marchbank, yet he had no sympathy of feeling with him. Who can adequately explain how it is that naturally, and prior to all familiar acquaintance, we are attracted and pleased by some persons and repelled by others? Our will is of course left free to follow or not this attraction or repulsion; still we too often allow our will to be led in these cases by our feelings.

"Dreaming of fame, George?" said Morgan, as he entered the studio and approached his friend.

"Or perhaps," took up Lorenzo, "of the grand ideal for his masterpiece."

"Both wrong, my friends," answered George; "I was allowing my imagination to follow up to heaven the dying echoes of the music from the convent chapel. After all, what is our life here but a trembling note more or less prolonged? some are low and subdued, some harsh and loud; some are light and joyful, some are tearfully sad. Together they float for a brief period in the surrounding atmosphere; at times two may combine in perfect harmony, but oftener a jarring discord is heard. Some will rise and float on alone and serenely calm; others alone but ever troubled. Finally all will die out—

but will all go like the convent music before God's throne?"

"Yes, to be judged," said Morgan; "and happy the one whose life, whether long or short, may have been such as to obtain a favorable sentence."

"Would not your fancy," began Lorenzo, "if expressed on canvas, be an ideal for a masterpiece? You could employ every shade and tint to express the qualities of each life, or musical note; you could have groups harmoniously blending, and others great by reason of their contrasts. On one side would be softly beaming notes in monochrome, denoting the virgin souls of happy celibates; on the other, ones in harsh tints, typical of uncongenial partners. When you paint it, Mr. Marchbank, put Morgan in monochrome."

"And you, I suppose," said Morgan with a quiet smile, "as one of a harmoniously blended group."

"Not at all, Morgan; let me be represented as a cynic looking upon them all with indifference. If Mr. Marchbank could only catch the expression of my face during the first days of my military drill, particularly at the moment of keeping 'eyes front,' its startled vacancy would exhibit indifference enough to represent the prince of cynics."

"Oh!" said George, "if it is vacancy of look or idiocy of expression you seek, I can direct you to more fruitful sources than the parade-ground. Go into certain photographic saloons; allow the operator to give you what he imagines to be an artistic position. Let him, unchecked, twist your head, turn your neck, elevate one shoulder, bend upwards your

arms, pull together your fingers, advance one foot, and finally cause your eyes to stare into vacancy by clapping you on the crown of the head with one hand, and squeezing it back into an iron bracket which he advances with the other. By the time he has completed all these, apparently, necessary tortures before your features can be successfully transferred to the negative, and has bidden you look first here, then there, believe me your expression will be quite vacant enough; its indifference to all sublunary things will be sublimely perfect. Then, and not till then, are some operators satisfied."

"You have conquered," laughed Lorenzo; "I would much rather have a tooth extracted on the old jaw-cracker principle, than sit for my photograph in some places: it is the refinement of cruelty they seem to study."

With such airy conversation they passed an hour or two, each one endeavoring to be cheerful and frank; but Morgan could not help observing that, notwithstanding this, there seemed to be chill gusts of air, from time to time, hovering round them. When about to depart he said:

"George, we shall not be able to meet for the future so frequently; our company is ordered out to the hills round Albano. We will depart immediately after the 29th June; we shall thus be present at the eighteenth centenary of St. Peter. But you can come out to see us in our quarters, and we will visit some places of interest. Lorenzo, here, ought to be a safe guide; he knows every inch of that ground."

"Yes, Morgan, yes; depend upon it I shall go

out to see you. I am really sorry that you have to quit Rome; that is, I am sorry for my own sake. I suppose the change, at this season, is agreeable to you. I shall be very lonely, but my art will help to beguile my time. A family, by name of Drew, has left me an order."

"I have met them," said Morgan. "Are they still in Rome?"

"Yes, but they leave soon. The younger daughter, I hear, is about to be married to some smart *cicerone* who passes himself off as a reduced nobleman. He is to form one of the family group."

"I wish you joy of your first order, George; we will see it before you send it away. Good-bye."

After the departure of his friends George Marchbank turned towards the open window and gave way to graceful fancies. He designed, in his mind, many works which he hoped some day to execute. Chief amongst these was a Madonna in the character she received at the foot of the cross, from her dying Son, of Mother of all mankind. "Woman, behold thy son," did not refer exclusively to St. John; he was the representative, on that occasion, of our race. George Marchbank loved to think that the Madonna had an interest in all. After a time he became aware of an uncomfortable feeling of uneasiness. Turning round he saw the glitter of two evil eyes fixed intently on him. A malicious face peered in at the partly open door. Startled for a moment, he reached a revolver from a shelf, and covered the eyes. A jerking voice now began:

"Put down your weapon; if I had wanted to hurt

you I could have done so long ago. If you are timid do not leave your door open, and dream at the window."

Half ashamed of his action, George Marchbank lowered his pistol, and asked who and what he was.

"I am Capodiavolo; a patriot, a citizen of the world. You are a Protestant, and must hate the government of the Pope; so do I. Soldiers come to visit you. Be one of us, and learn all their secrets."

"And then divulge them to you?"

"Yes: well done! I knew you would do it."

"Wretch," said George, greatly excited, "if you do not instantly depart I may be tempted to quench, by a ball from this, the evil light of your eyes. The government of this city which affords me its hospitality will find in me a defender, if necessary. I am willing—" But seeing that his intruder had vanished, George closed the door and window for the night.

CHAPTER XII.

OVER THE HILLS ON DONKEYS.

For a number of years, perhaps for centuries, the donkey has been held to be an expressive type of stupidity, and to possess less imagination, so to speak, than any other animal. Stump orators call their opponents by the opprobrious title of donkey, and fancy that their annihilation is thus completed; wrangling schoolboys frequently resort to a use of

this epithet to show their profound contempt for the intellectual capacity of their rivals. Editors hurl it against each other from their indignant pens, as from a hydraulic catapult; and even grim mathematicians have had a dim perception of its appropriateness, since they have named one of the propositions of Euclid "*Pons asinorum*," the "Ass's bridge," on account of dull lads finding it difficult of mastery. It would seem from this that mankind had stamped with its approval the conclusion that the donkey is the embodiment of unmitigated dullness.

Now it may appear rash to come forward and impugn the soundness of this great verdict; but the power of truth is mighty, and lessons learned by experience make us very positive in our assertions. The donkey has been cruelly, persistently calumniated. Few are aware of the fund of latent humor that lies hidden beneath his long ears; few are aware of his keen perception of the ridiculous, or of the artful tricks to which he will resort in order to bring about laughable positions. He may not be possessed of a refined imagination, but he has an undoubted genius for practical jokes. Unlike many human donkeys who laugh loudly at their own witticisms, he ever remains profoundly unmoved by his lively sallies. In order to be known he must be studied—studied not in some woe-begone, degenerate representative that droops and pines in a city, but in the brisk mountain one that brays defiantly in his freedom, or that submits for a time to bit and saddle for a day on the Alban hills.

So thought Morgan after his first experience. His company had been sent out to the newly formed encampment on what is popularly known as "Hannibal's Plains." These are an extensive stretch of table-lands on the Alban hills; they command a view of the Roman Campagna, and overlook Lake Albano on the south and Tusculum on the north. Tradition has it, that on this ground Hannibal's army lay encamped in view of that Rome whose power he sought to crush. As a position easy of defence the site was well chosen, but between him and Rome still gaped the broken and cheerless Campagna. As Hannibal stood on these plains he could see the glistening of the flint paving-stones which marked the course of the Appian Way, and he could watch the swift chariots which dashed madly on to the proud city; to-day, a modern Hannibal might gaze upon a winding trail of gleaming steel rails, over which the exulting engine whirls the traveller from Naples to the Eternal City. At the southeast side of this classic spot the hollow cone of Monte Cavo, formerly "*Mons Latialis*," shoots rapidly upward. Violent volcanic action must have been at work in these parts in some remote period of time. Monte Cavo, though thickly wooded, is only a shell of earth; dig a few feet, and horror of horrors! a gloomy, unfathomable chasm gapes beneath you. The plains, too, are but a frail bridge of earthy matter suspended over a yawning gulf. If you jump or run violently on them, the ground trembles beneath you, and a hollow rattle not overpleasing to persons of a nervous temperament is heard.

The Pontifical Government constructed a military camp on this elevated table-land, thinking that the cool air of the mountains might be beneficial to the soldiers who came from cold climates. It was now the middle of July, and fiercely the sun shed his burning rays on the parched ground. At times a faint breeze, laden with the freshness of the hills, would attempt to sport over the plains, but, met by a column of hot air from the smoking Campagna, it would quickly retreat to its mountain source pursued by its rival.

Morgan and Lorenzo, during the first days of their stay at this encampment, had visited the home of the latter, but the house was closed. On inquiry they learned that Giovanni Aldini, the father of Lorenzo, had left home late in May. He went no one knew whither, but gave out that he would return about the middle of July. Lorenzo was sorely puzzled. Whither had he gone? and why go without informing him? Peppe had been out to visit old Aldini late in May, and had brought kind greetings to Lorenzo, but said nothing about any intended departure. Now Lorenzo felt that, whatever the secret was, Peppe must know it. His father treated him more as a friend than as a servant, and looking back at many half-forgotten scenes of his youth, he fancied he could detect traces of an understanding between his father and Peppe on something kept from his own knowledge. What was it? or was it only fancy? It would be no use to question Peppe. Much as this latter loved his young master he would not, Lorenzo felt sure, betray any confi-

dence. "Neither ought I, nor will I ask him," thought Lorenzo. "They both love me, and if they really have any secret hidden from me, it is not my place to endeavor to pry into it."

Contenting himself by enjoining on Peppe the duty of ascertaining the moment of his father's return, Lorenzo asked him if he knew aught of the history of the photograph given him by his father. "Examine it, Peppe, and try to recall the faces which used to surround me in childhood. Have you ever seen the original? Have I?"

Peppe took the locket with an air of affected indifference; he gazed earnestly on it, then on Lorenzo; next he scratched his head, then he whistled softly; after that he viewed it through an impromptu opera-glass formed by bringing his left hand to his right eye and encircling it with his thumb and forefinger; then he slapped his thigh with his right hand, and said:

"Che bellina! che bellina! what a handsome child! what a handsome child! If she should grow up, what a lovely woman!"

"But do you know the original? Why did my father tell me to try to win the one who would resemble it?"

"Why? Can you ask? Look at that picture; it speaks for itself."

"Yes, yes; I know it is handsome," said Lorenzo, half fretfully; "but there is some other reason, Peppe, and you know what it is."

"I, young master? Per Bacco! how should I know the motives of Giovanni Aldini? But of this

be sure, that if ever I can help you to happiness or fame I shall willingly do it."

Poor Lorenzo could glean nothing from Peppe; but he was more than ever convinced that his faithful servant knew more about the picture than he cared to tell. "Never mind; I will learn it yet," was his reflection, as he put by the locket. . . .

The cool breeze of evening was now sporting unchecked on "Hannibal's Plains"; its rival had followed the sun, which, an hour previously, had died on a field crimsoned with its own imperial rays. Timidly the stars had begun to peep forth; first the larger ones flash out from their gloomy hiding-places; then the smaller ones, as if encouraged by their big brothers, faintly twinkle far off in the azure depths. There is a solemnity about night which speaks to the thoughtful soul, and stirs up noble resolves. It may be true that thieves prowl by night, and flaunting sirens and the witching cup offer their double temptation to the soul; but night is only the *occasion*, not the *cause* of this. It is more than probable that the thief laid his plans by day; the heartless ruffian gloated in the sunlight over his schemes; but both waited for the cover of darkness before beginning their work. On the other hand, high and noble resolutions are usually made by night; the soul, at such a time, takes counsel more from reason than from the passions. It is lifted more from earth; the dazzle and splendor of day attract and charm it; but the gathering gloom of night recalls home the wandering thoughts. By night Judith prepared herself to go

forth to the camp of the terrible Holofernes; by night Abraham rescued Lot from his captors; and by night many other great purposes were formed.

George Marchbank had arrived from Rome on a visit to the encampment on "Hannibal's Plains"; he and Morgan were now conversing. It was their intention to go, together with several others, on the following morning before daybreak, to the top of Monte Cavo to see the rising of the sun. All necessary arrangements had been made, and in a short time they were to lie down for a few hours' sleep.

"Have you seen anything of the Drew family lately?" asked Morgan.

"Oh! I see some of them every day; they come to give me 'sittings' for the family picture. The younger daughter and the 'reduced nobleman' are married. Mr. Drew scarcely credits his story, but the rest swear by it. The fellow is cunning and good-looking, and will succeed, I dare say, in keeping the truth from them. Once in the United States he will be equal to a captured Bengal tiger in point of importance."

"The 'reduced nobleman's' wife must pick up Italian now; she used to be strong on German, and the elder one on French."

"Yes, and Washy on cigars," added George; "but let us seek our quarters for the night."

A couple of hours before dawn Peppe, who added to his many accomplishments the useful one of being able to awake at any stated time, went round and disturbed, by a gentle shake, the dreams of

Lorenzo, George Marchbank, Morgan, and a few others who were to compose the party. In a camp-kettle Peppe prepared a gallon or two of coffee,—then he ran off to a neighboring crag on which goats used to sleep, and came back with a foaming can of milk. The party made a hasty breakfast, and set out to walk to the top of Monte Cavo. They were to descend shortly after sunrise, and Peppe was to have a drove of donkeys in waiting, on which they proposed to have a pleasant ride round the lake to Albano; then back by the main road towards Marino, and up by “Rocca di Papa” to their encampment. The programme was a very easy one to write out, but, like many another one, owing to some of the means for putting it into execution it became tiresome before night.

A smart walk of less than an hour brought them to the summit of the mountain. Their way had been along a winding road beautifully shaded, and in part paved with the broad, flat, dark-gray stones which speak of the Roman Republic. In former times a temple of Jupiter stood on this lofty peak; a paved road led up to it, but now a monastery of Passionist Fathers stands in its place, and the Cross of Christ gleams hopefully heavenward where formerly the thunderbolts of an imaginary deity shone dark and terrible.

All took up their position on the eastern side of the convent walls; a few remarks were made in a subdued tone, but soon silence fell over all. A faint glow, like the deathly hue of a fair brow encircled by a night of hair, and scarcely larger, was

the first sign of advancing day. It increased in size, and grew warmer in tint; soon streaks of pale gold, tipped with silver, shot out like rays of glory from the ever-increasing brow. Up the horizon they danced, spreading out on each side as the forehead of light expanded. A gap between two distant mountain peaks formed a kind of natural telescope through which the lovely dawn could be seen in its splendor. Silently, and with bated breath, the party watched the darting upwards of the golden streaks, the expansion of the pale glow, and the purple hue that now came over the verge of the horizon. The beauteous edge of Day gracefully protruded itself over the robe of Night; the streaks shot up higher and wider; the pale glow rapidly spread over the eastern heavens; the purple hue rose upwards, and a bright gold came into sight. Now it flushed, and the streaks died out; now its flush deepened, and the pale glow disappeared; now a dazzling brilliancy came over it, and the purple vanished. The shades of night, the cold gray of dawn, the warm purple of the aurora are all bathed in this sea of brilliant light, out of which slowly and majestically the great Day-king arises. Now the party breathed more freely, but the magnificent sight was not yet complete. Lorenzo motioned them to follow him towards the southern corner of the monastery. The rays of light, intercepted by the chain of hills behind which the sun had risen, had not yet fallen on the Campagna that lay between Monte Cavo and Rome. It was still night beneath them. A thick mist, of a pure white color,

hung heavily over the Campagna and enveloped the city beyond. But soon the flashes of sunlight from behind the hills were reflected on this mist, and warmed its pale coloring. Soon the sun, peeping over the mountain range, shot a beam of his glory straight over the mist, and over the walls of Rome, to kiss the cross on the dome of St. Peter's; it was Day's first act of devotion to its Creator. Other beams soon followed and lit up the dome, which now glowed in the sunlight, while all around and beneath was cold and dark. Higher mounted the sun, and its rays fell on the valley, dissipating the mist, which fled towards the west; higher still mounted the sun, and its rays chased the mist over the Campagna, like a bright golden wave pursuing the scudding foam; higher still mounted the sun, and the mist was swallowed up; the Campagna was flooded with light; the turrets, towers, and houses of Rome were sparkling in the morning beams, and the glorious spectacle was over.

Just then the bell of the monastery chapel rang out for early mass; silently the party moved towards the church. What place so fitting for souls so moved and overpowered as God's House? The heavens had narrated in glowing language His greatness; they would adore Him in the place of the habitation of His glory. The beauties of visible creation, if viewed in a proper spirit, speak eloquently to the human soul of that infinite beauty and glory hidden from our gaze by our fleshly veil.

After mass they walked round the crest of the mountain, and admired the grandeur of the distant

scenery. Off to the west lay Rome reposing peacefully on its historic hills; far beyond, and more to the north, stood Soracte, not covered with snow as when described by Horace, but shining in the white Italian light of a July sun. Behind it, their usual frown changed to a smile in the glad sunlight, rose the towering Alps, a fitting background, in point of grandeur, for the Eternal City. To the northeast the Sabine Mountains sprang up from the valley of the Tiber, and ran east by south to meet the Alban hills, on which the party stood. They did not meet, however; a broken plain stretched out between them. At the base of Monte Cavo, to the south, quietly nestling in their shaded basins, Lake Albano and Lake Nemi glistened and slept. Not a curl, not a ripple on their waters; only the sunbeams flitting over their surface relieved the calm repose, and lighted up their still waters with smiles as sweet and as bright as those of an infant dreaming of bliss. A belt of wooded land divided these lovely lakes; here were, in ages past, the sacred groves of Nemi, and the home of the Sylvan Nymphs. Wherever the eye turned it beheld a pleasing landscape, and places renowned in classic story.

"Could any painter transfer to canvas the beauties of this extended scene, what a fame would be his!" said Morgan.

"Well it might be," answered George Marchbank; "for only an infinite mind could conceive, and an infinite power execute, this glorious design. To successfully paint the sunrise we witnessed this

morning, the artist, apart from other requisites, would have to dip his brush in the rainbow, and gather into his mortar a sunbeam, the ray from a topaz, the azure from the firmament, and an electric spark."

"You are right, Mr. Marchbank," began Lorenzo; "but it seems to me that your English artists are too realistic. I know that many are in ecstasies over the works of this school, and fancy that they have succeeded in fixing a sunbeam to canvas. Their works are neither nature nor art. A copyist is not an artist, and a caricature is not a likeness. One of the realistic school does not require that seal of greatness—originality of genius; he is only a photographer who always fails. It makes a cold chill run through my frame every time I enter an art gallery in London. The design of many of the works is excellent; the drawing exact; the perspective true. But then the filling-up! The laughable attempts to represent the brick floor, the various tints of the stones composing the house, and other efforts at realism make them appear like boarding-school exercises."

"Why, Lorenzo, you are severe on the realistic school. Ought we not to love to copy nature?" said Morgan.

"If you could copy it, well and good. But if I want to view the beauties of nature, I will not shut myself up in your realistic galleries; I will go forth into the fields and mountains as we have done to-day. There I can see nature in her glory. Do not let a painter make himself ridiculous by attempting

what he cannot perform, But even if he could paint true to nature, he would not be an artist, nor a genius."

"That sounds a little strange, Lorenzo."

"What! you to say that, Morgan! Look at this landscape; it is beautiful, entrancing in its peculiar loveliness, but, like Byron's Greece, 'soul is wanting there.' The true artist is to take some outlines of nature and to give them animation and soul. They are to be the plastic clay; but his genius, his ideal-ity, is to mould them into speaking forms. To chip a block of marble into the shape of some model—to paint the outlines of a certain person's face, requires only the faculty of imitation, not art. But to design some model which in its general characteristics shall be true to nature, but which, in the conception and finish of its ideal beauty, shall rise far above it, requires genius—genius such as Raphael, Michel-Angelo, or Guido possessed."

"Art, then, is superior to nature?"

"You know that God did not create things as beautifully as He could have created them. The intelligence of man is a faint reflection of the Infinite. It can conceive beautiful ideas, and it can produce them; and it can actuate them with a glow such as is not seen on this landscape."

"I agree in great part with you," said George Marchbank; "but how is it that the realistic school is growing in favor, in some places at least?"

"The question is easily answered," replied Lorenzo. "Materialism in philosophy begets materialism in art. The artist may not be a materialist in

philosophy, but living in a tainted atmosphere his mind loses, or does not develop, its ideality. Materialism has infected not only art, but also literature. A novelist, instead of making his characters exercise a salutary effect on his readers, either by reason of their exalted virtues and well-regulated habits, or by showing the vanity of life without God, too often dips his pen in the slime of human wickedness, and portrays unsightly, though perhaps true, scenes. It is not well to teach the innocent these lessons, and the impious already know them too well. The writer, if he be a true artist, will depict persons endowed with noble qualities and virtues which are attainable by God's help. He will show how a soul, aided by grace, can rise superior to the petty bickerings of the world and the base passions which seek to lower us, and that only the truly good are truly great. His work will be a beautiful, but not an impossible, ideal; it will cheer on the innocent in their path of virtue; it will abash the shameless, and it will hold out an inducement to the frail to reform."

It was easy to see that all the noble enthusiasm of Lorenzo's nature was awakened; his eyes glowed from their dreamy depths, and his whole person was agitated. Morgan and his companions felt the truth of his remarks. His æsthetic faculties had been developed by his surroundings, and the hideous caricature of realism, whether in art or literature, provoked his generous indignation. He did not want vain romance in either, neither did he want fantastic copies; he wanted an ideal, but at the

same time a possible, beauty. Who can gainsay his arguments? Art is not to teach what is; it is to teach, whether with pen or brush, what will enoble men's minds, not that which will please their animal propensities.

The party of friends now descended the mountain, and found Peppe awaiting them with a drove of donkeys. It was nearly eight o'clock. They proposed dining at Albano, and sent forward a messenger to have dinner, or lunch, ready at twelve; in the mean time they would have plenty of time to pass round by the site of "Alba Longa," and by the borders of Lake Nemi. Every one was in high spirits, and predicted a day's sport. Peppe alone, and the old drover who came to look after the donkeys, appeared to have their doubts. When all were safely mounted in their huge saddles the word "Forward" was given by Lorenzo, who was the guide of the party. Now "forward" is not a difficult word to pronounce, but it is a difficult movement to execute successfully or gracefully when mounted on a donkey of playful propensities. Some stood stock-still, regardless alike of blows and entreaties; others sidled up against the thick underwood which grew by the wayside; some backed at a furious rate, which led their unhappy bestriders to think that donkeys must be a species of Janus. A few moved forward at a quick trot, as if to render the picture complete. Meanwhile Peppe and the drover, both heartily laughing, ran hither and thither, striking first this one, pulling that one, and pushing a third. By these means, after a good half-hour, all were set

in motion, and the cavalcade moved merrily on. The late annoyance was forgotten, and peals of laughter were soon resounding on all sides. But they little knew the resources of a donkey. While going at a brisk trot one suddenly stopped, ducked his long ears, and his erst laughing rider lay prone on the road. This appeared to be the signal for a renewal of asinine humor. Two or three turned and galloped back; four backed up against an overhanging cliff and nearly broke the legs of those who rode them; one—the one that carried Peppe—kept straight on; he seemed to have a power over it unknown to the others. One lay down and rolled in the sand; the rest stood still. One of the party, whose beast refused to move, gave it, in obedience to Peppe's direction, a stroke on the ear; instantly it gave an unearthly bray and plunged wildly into the brushwood. Crashing it went, leaving the others to speculate on its probable destination, and the fate of their companion. Would he be a second Mazeppa? They had not long to speculate; bleeding and torn their companion returned, limping to the road, just as the donkey came in sight, trotting quietly down the hill at some distance. Peppe mounted the runaway, who seemed quite unmoved by his piece of practical humor, and the wounded Zouave took Peppe's.

It would be impossible to tell all the tactics of these much vilified animals: suffice it to say that every one of them, by some means or another, succeeded in throwing his rider. This seemed to be a point of honor with them, a sort of indignant pro-

test against their servitude. Once they had effected this object they usually went pretty well. Peppe had advised the party from the start to quietly allow themselves to be thrown, and that then they would proceed gaily. But he was only laughed at; his turn to laugh, however, came round.

As Lorenzo and Morgan trotted on side by side the former said :

“I think, Morgan, that your modern English poets must ride a great deal on donkeys.”

“Why so? I do not think that many in England ever ride these stupid, stubborn creatures.”

“I thought from the nature of their metre that they must have had its rhythm impressed upon them by riding on these animals. In any case, their verses are a good imitation of a donkey’s pace: you have a spasmodic start, a smooth flow for a moment, a sudden halt that causes a mental overthrow, a wild plunge through the bushes, a crash against a rock, a backing away; and finally the reader will see the verses running on, but their meaning, if meaning they have, will be as far beyond his reach as was poor Marini’s donkey when he limped back to the road.”

“I declare, Lorenzo, you are hard on our poets. Have they no merits?”

“Undoubtedly they have some; but they have destroyed the grand harmonious metre of your classic poets; they have sought out new forms of verse, new measures, but what are they? An effeminate tinkling or an hysterical muttering takes the place of Byron’s and Moore’s sweet harmonies,

or Pope's melodious numbers. Yes, the donkey's pace is well exemplified in many modern poems."

"You are partly right, Lorenzo: our modern writers have, in a great measure, abandoned the classic style, and I cannot say that they have improved on their predecessors."

"Another peculiarity, Morgan, that goes well with the idea of the donkey pace is the use of *either side* for *each side*, or *both sides*. How can either side mean both sides, except in the supposition that you are riding a donkey? for if you wish him to go to one side or the other, he will surely go to both."

Further conversation was prevented by hearing shouts from behind; one of the donkeys refused to move, and showed signs of an intention to lie down on the road. Blows were of no avail. Peppe cried "Build a fire under him"; and, quickly collecting an armful of fagots and dry leaves, he placed them under the animal. Striking a match, a large blaze soon shot up, and red tongues of flame licked the donkey's legs. No one who has not seen this simple experiment can imagine its effect on an obstinate mule. No sooner had the lambent blaze gently encircled its legs, than the donkey sprang forward at a rate which threatened disaster. Peppe was hailed as an inventor of a new locomotive incentive, and like a modest genius coolly went on his way, as if he had done nothing extraordinary.

Between all their mishaps and consequent delays, it was now twelve o'clock, and they were not half way to Albano. Owing to their light and early

breakfast, they were hungry; and the gloomy thought that their dinner would be spoiled ere they reached Albano did not increase their merriment. For a time they made good progress, but when mounting a hill one of the donkeys showed positive symptoms of ailment, and would not advance. The drover earnestly entreated them not to let it lie down nor to stand still, otherwise he averred it would certainly die. His evident anxiety moved the excursionists; four of them by means of two poles, and assisted by the drover, who tugged at the bridle, bore it up the hill.* This was the culminating point of disaster. Lorenzo's laugh was not very merry now; he gave expression to a comical wish, namely, "that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might be forced to ride in a body over the hills of Albano on donkeys."

It was four o'clock when they reached Albano, hungry, sore, and dispirited. The drover was told to make the best of his way home with the donkeys; the members of the party would walk back. After a good dinner they all regained their usual spirits, but it was several days before they fully recovered from the fatigue. Each one of them made an inward promise never to go donkey-riding again; and some of them began an investigation of the nature

* The author was one of four who actually did as described above. Not being versed in the pathology of donkeys, we afterwards suspected that the drover was hoaxing us; but quietly stealing back some time after to the level ground on which we had landed the beast, we found him keeping it in motion while it evinced a disposition to lie down.

of this animal's brains. Whether an innate stupidity or a canine sagacity was the cause of a donkey's antics remained a moot point. The scientific reader may pursue this speculation at his leisure.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CHOLERA.

FIERCELY glared the August sun on the parched Campagna; hotly its beams fell upon the glittering stones of the Roman streets; with a burning breath its rays, reflected from tiled roofs and zinc-covered domes, fell upon the faces of the citizens. The verdant hue of nature was changed to a shrivelled redness; scorching winds, laden with the poison of Africa's deserts, and bearing even some of their sands, came in fitful gusts across the plains, blasting every vestige of verdure. This wind, called in Rome the *Sirocco*, is the aggravation of a Roman summer. It suffocates the lungs; it parches the skin; it closes the pores and prevents perspiration. While it continues, the body is saturated with boiling water, the steam of which cannot escape, but which scalds and irritates the flesh. Every blast is like a puff from a glowing furnace, and brings a new languor to the already languishing body. The only resource on such a day is to close tightly every window, draw closely every curtain, and sit and

simmer gently in the dark; in the light you would boil. With the thermometer at $105\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ for a week as it was in the summer of 1867, and with the addition of this scorching wind, it is not much wonder that the weary artist should look in vain for a cooling retreat.

Fiercely glared the August sun; the earth was cracked and thirsty; the sky was of a dismal red. The shrunken Tiber ran spiritlessly along its dusty bed: it showed no pride in winding through the Eternal City to-day; it was only intent on escaping as quickly as possible to the blue waters of Mediterranean. George Marchbank stood on that part of its broken banks called the *Ripetta*. The sapless trunks of the rows of shrivelled elms which grew on that spot only seemed to add to the dreariness of the sunburnt prospect.

Fiercely glared the mid-day sun on this broken bank, which served as a quay for old-fashioned barges, of the model of those which won the Actium engagement; listlessly they lay smoking in the intolerable heat. The western horizon was shut out by the bleached top of Monte Mario; at its foot stretched the plain on which the legions of Constantine, headed by the Cross, won the victory over the pagan tyrant. Defeated, he sought safety in flight, but, falling into the water of the Tiber, he was quickly borne to the sea, in the wake of Helio-gabalus. Perched midway up Monte Mario stands the crumbling house in which Rome afforded to the banished Stuarts that hospitality which England denied to its king. Not far off, like a mighty

pyramid enskied, marking the tomb of the first Pope, stood that triumph of art, St. Peter's dome. Still towering, rose Hadriau's mammoth mausoleum; in it he had fondly hoped that his ashes might find eternal rest, and his name be there revered. But ambition's dream was rudely deceived by lapsing years. Around about the ancient spires, bleached in the mid-day sun, seemed like a withered oaken forest whose gnarled trunks defy alike the rays of light and the effect of eating showers.

Listlessly did George Marchbank gaze on this varied scene; were it a cool day in April he would thoroughly enjoy the grand panorama of nature and art, but now he only thought of escaping from the intense heat. He resolved to leave Rome for a few days, and to seek a cooler abode on the Alban hills. Having taken this resolution, he went at once to catch the mid-day train.

In the mean time fiercely glared the sun on the gray tiles of the Roman College; hotly it beat down on the steaming courtyard. In the large exhibition hall of the college its glare was felt, though its rays did not strike in directly. A goodly crowd was gathered in that hall, attending a distribution of premiums to the students. Rome knows how to foster a love of literature, and to reward suitably the successful. Science is not degraded by giving a money prize; the sordid faculties of our nature are never appealed to; an honorable ambition and a generous rivalry are alone excited. A simple medal, of little intrinsic

value, but richly prized by the student, is the guerdon for successful talent. But the true fostering of learning in Rome consists in the attendance, at examinations, of learned men of every rank. Cardinals, prelates, and renowned professors, lay and clerical, will attend even the simplest examination. Now there is nothing, after a strong sense of duty, which will cause a boy to study harder than an assurance that those who, to his youthful imagination, are giants in knowledge, take an interest in his studies, and will be present to witness his triumphs. Money has no such power as this over the young mind.

At this distribution, then, were present such men as Perrone and Franceslin, the leading theologians of Rome; Secchi, the world-renowned astronomer; Tortollini, the great mathematician, and other illustrious persons. There were some cardinals present, and among them one whose name we would fain interweave in this historic sketch. He was a man of modest bearing, but with that air of courteous dignity which bespeaks a great soul. His eye was brown, and had a look of calm repose, in which a careful observer might see the reflection of mighty purposes. Of a brown hue, too, was his well-carved cheek, and his clear forehead was set in a frame of brown hair, delicately streaked with silver. Small in person, he was imposing rather by reason of the flashes from a noble soul within, which illumined his pensive features with a light half sad, half sweet, than from a commanding presence. Such was Louis Altieri, Cardinal Bishop of Albano,

destined soon to enter the heavenly Jerusalem through the ruby gate of heroic charity.

He was sprung from the noble Roman family of the Prince Altieri. Early educated in virtue and knowledge, he embraced the ecclesiastical state, and, after having fulfilled various offices of importance, had been raised to the sublime dignity of Cardinal, and subsequently was made Bishop of Albano. This town is about fifteen miles from Rome, on the slope of the Alban hills, and is reached from the latter city by the old Appian Way. It is a beautiful little town, and a favorite summer resort for tourists. It is well supplied with churches and schools, and is quite prosperous. By a dispensation of the Pope, the Cardinal Bishop resides usually in Rome, his vicars administering the diocese.

Cardinal Altieri sat quietly at the distribution, rendering many a young lad happy by some pleasing word of encouragement as he handed him his hard-earned medal. An unthinking observer might judge him better suited for this, than for the stern duties of the priestly calling. It is hard for those who are not really great of mind to understand how the truly great are so simple and unaffected. A messenger enters in haste and hands a letter to the Cardinal. It is a telegram, and its contents are startling. The Cardinal reads it quickly, raises his eyes to heaven, and softly murmurs, "The good shepherd lays down his life for his sheep." He rises, and, turning to the Rector of the college, begs to be excused from further attendance. Soon the scared whisper circulates that the cholera has

broken out in Albano; the people are dying; the living are fleeing to the woods; confusion prevails. It was but too true: this was the nature of the telegram. Some crowded round the Cardinal, and represented to him that there were plenty of priests in Albano, and that strictly he was not obliged to go; he might do more by providing for them from a distance. A gleam of calm determination sparkled in the depths of his liquid eyes as he answered:

“My place is with my flock. ‘The good shepherd lays down his life for his sheep.’”

Noble words, in sooth, and repeated over and over again by the priests of our Holy Church as they brave cold, sickness, and death, to administer the consolations of religion to their people. Charity lives in the Church, and continually produces heroes.

The Cardinal quickly left the Exhibition Hall; his face was almost angelic now in its glow of lofty charity. The smiling and gracious distributor of premiums of a few moments ago was transformed into the heroic bishop, going forth to brave the dreaded epidemic for love of his flock. The proud defiance of the warrior marching on to battle beneath the eyes of his sovereign is frequently extolled. Far be it from us to try to dim the glory of him who nobly battles in a just cause; but the path to fame and glory which the martyr of charity has to tread is more difficult. The companionship of kindred spirits, the “pomp and circumstance” of war, its excitement and noise, all conspire to animate the spirit. But the martyr of charity goes out

alone, in solemn silence, and against a foe who mocks at human blows. No wild huzzas and fierce roaring of cannons send the quick blood throbbing through his veins; alone, with God for his comfort, he marches to battle.

What wonder that the step of Cardinal Altieri should be elastic and his face of imposing beauty? Faith lent wings to his feet; Hope buoyed up his soul; Charity set her impress on his brow. The bystanders could only look and wonder; afterwards they could reflect that they had seen a martyr going to receive his crown. In less than half an hour the Cardinal, having procured the services of two medical men, was speeding over the Appian Way to afflicted Albano.

In the mean time, how fared it in the doomed city? Terror was depicted on every countenance; fear and trembling shook every limb. The merciless foe was upon them, and they saw no hope of escape. His coming had been strange and sudden. That morning health ran riot through the city. Towards noon a dark cloud came up from the sea; it hung lazily in mid-air, and at length seemed to burst over Albano. Immediately the cholera broke out. Persons rejoicing in health felt an acute spasm; violent retchings supervened, suspended animation, a struggle, a collapse, and the spirit had flown. The awful coming of the disease, its dread name, and the virulence of its nature as soon seen by all, might well stir up every emotion of fear. Houses were abandoned; the dead in many cases were left un-

touched; confusion and fear added to the number of victims. Fear weakens the system and renders it more liable to contract any epidemic.

But not all in Albano were smitten with terror; noble hearts and brave souls fronted the foe and tried to grapple with him. The priests, the Sisters of Charity, the soldiers, and some citizens stood to their posts, and tried to calm the unreasoning and to dispel their wild fears. But in the first moments of terror they could do but little. To fully understand the disorganizing effect of such a panic one must have witnessed something like it. Even a well-disciplined regiment, inured to danger, may suddenly lose its presence of mind, and acting under some impulse give way to a wild stampede.

A few hours of terror had passed over the city; many victims had been cut down. Along the principal street a carriage came thundering in from the gate, and the panting horses were brought to a stand in front of the Cathedral. Quickly its occupants alighted; they were Cardinal Altieri and his attendants. The great bell of the Cathedral rang out to announce to the stricken flock that their shepherd had come. The sound of the bell brought all who remained in the city, and who could move, to the church. Many a careless soul now thought of its God and came to seek pardon. The sight of the Cardinal Bishop cheered the drooping spirits of all; his holy look of charity gave them confidence. He addressed them in words of love and exhortation; he besought them to be calm and to attend to the directions of the physicians. Above all he conjured

them to truly repent of their sins, and to thus disarm death of its terrors. Let them be prepared to die and they need not fear the cholera; it was only one of many ways which lead to death. Lastly, and here his face beamed on them like a reflected light from heaven, he told them that he had come to assist them, to attend them, to remain with them till the end, or to die in their service.

At the conclusion of his noble words few eyes were dry, and no heart was unmoved. But calm resolution took the place of dismay, and courage was born in many a breast. The generous sentiments of our nature are often like grains of seed; they are sown in the soil of our affections, but amidst the glare of a thoughtless life they are seared, or remain unfruitful; when, however, some fearful social storm upheaves men's hearts, as the earthquake shakes the land, the brave words and example of some lofty spirit fall like a vivifying shower on the startled sentiments, making them sprout and blossom into acts of heroism. Thus it came to pass in Albano: where a short time previously only a few were brave, now only a few, if any, were cowards. Measures were at once concerted for limiting, as much as possible, the ravages of the disease. Medical skill, Christian charity, and bravery did much; order and quiet prevailed. Every one prepared for death, and then adopted all the prescribed precautions. There was one class of persons that we must not forget—the soldiers. From the first these brave men had acted with coolness and resolution; now, animated by the words of the Cardinal, they became

the instruments of doing a vast amount of good. There were gens-d'armes, soldiers of the line, and Zouaves; all did their duty, and we only wish that we could give their names. But God saw their work, and their reward will be great and certain.

Among the Zouaves was the company to which Morgan and Lorenzo belonged; it had been called in a few days previously to relieve another one. Although we will speak particularly of the Zouaves in this sad chapter, we must not be understood to detract from the merits of the other soldiers; our object is to follow the fortunes of our friends, not to write a full account of the days of Albano's affliction.

Shortly after the outbreak of the cholera, and before the arrival of the Cardinal, Morgan was speeding along on some mission of charity, when he ran up against George Marchbank, who had just arrived by the train from Rome. Morgan was surprised and grieved; he drew back from his friend, who was advancing smilingly, and with a look of deep concern said:

"You here, George! When or how did you come? Don't approach me, but go away as quickly as possible."

"Why, Morgan, how is this? What has happened to make you so much afraid of me? I left Rome two hours since to escape its intolerable heat, and I hoped for a better welcome. What can have happened?"

"Nothing, nothing to me, George; but for heaven's sake return at once to Rome; do not pene-

trate further into the town. Be advised by me and flee."

"I have done nothing, Morgan, to make me fear the good people of Albano; tell me why you ask me to go, and why you stand aloof."

"The cholera has just broken out; it is of a most virulent nature; its ravages are fearful. I have just come from carrying a body to the vault. You know why now; I must go, but as you love me leave the town at once."

"And you, Morgan, will you come with me?"

"I? no; my duty calls me to the assistance of the afflicted. My life is in the hands of God. I will be of service as long as I can, and if the Almighty demands the sacrifice of my life, bear to my parents and Eleanor the assurance that I died doing my duty, and that I blessed them for all their love."

George Marchbank was no coward either physically or morally; yet he had no wish to expose himself to unnecessary danger. The words of Morgan might well make a stranger shudder. Morgan was moving off, when George with a sudden movement came up to his side, and seizing his hand exclaimed:

"Morgan, I will not go; but as I love you I shall stay. Perhaps Providence brought me specially here to-day; I had no thought of coming until two hours ago. If you should take the disease, who rather than I should perform for you the sad offices of a friend? I know you would say that I may be carried off. I may; but I hear an inward voice telling me to remain. I will obey it. Let me go with you and be of some service."

What could Morgan do? Was it for him to endeavor, by the cold arguments of worldly prudence, to dissuade his friend from doing that to which, perhaps, God was inviting him? The true Christian spirit of Morgan did not require time to decide this point. Telling George to recommend himself sincerely to Heaven, they started off on their mission of love. They went to the cathedral when the bell rang to summon the people to meet the Cardinal. George heard with admiration the noble words of this true pastor of souls, and inwardly compared his action with that of the hireling. He felt that the priesthood which inducted men with such moral courage and devotion must be Divine in its origin and wonderful in its graces. He began to understand the secret of the love and veneration of Catholics for their priests, and to share their reverence.

For three days the pale Death-king stalked defiantly through Albano's fair streets, and held high carnival in her by-ways. For three days the invisible scythe mowed ceaselessly fair flowers and withered grass. For three days Albano seemed transformed into a charnel vault visited by a few friends of the departed. Out from the town a new cemetery had been opened in which soldiers were constantly at work digging graves; and constantly a stream of conveyances was arriving bearing a sad load of dead. The monotonous rumble of the dead-cart, by night and day, was the only sound that was heard in the streets. So completely was the reign of death established that no rebellious wails arose from the survivors; a smothered groan, a piteous

cry to Heaven for mercy was all that escaped from the lips of the people. Here a once happy but now terrified family are gathered; the idol of the domestic hearth is suddenly seized with a spasm; the hapless mother raises her struggling darling, but in the very act is stricken with more alarming symptoms. The angel of Death flutters for a moment in the room, strikes down the mother, tips with passing wing the daughter, and breathes the cold breath of the tomb on the brow of the eldest son. Thus within an hour three victims fall; three links are cut off from the family circle. The surviving members are stupefied; each one is expecting the dread summons. What but speechless desolation and grief-dried eyes can express such woe as this?

Here, again, are friends and relations; the epidemic enters the room and claims its victim. Terrified at the sight of the fearful retchings and spasms of the sufferer, the friends lose presence of mind and, forgetful of their generous resolution, run from the house. The dying person is left in all the horrors of death, uncheered by a friendly voice, unsustained by a loving look. Alone,—alone with his or her conscience, the tide of life ebbs quickly away, bearing the freed soul to the Judgment Seat.

But during all those three days of death and desolation, where the Death-king rode the most defiantly,—where the noiseless scythe cut down the most flowers and grass—where the charnel vault was most foetid—where misery and loneliness suffered the most acutely, one figure moved by day and

night. With undaunted step, with beaming countenance the Christian Bishop moved among his dying flock. He entered the bereaved home and his presence was like an air from Heaven; sorrow was transformed into heavenly hope. He entered the room where the abandoned sufferer was struggling with death, alone and unaided, and his angelic face appeared like that of a celestial messenger. He could not stay the victorious march of the pale king, but he could charm his terrors and rob him of his sting. He breathed words of burning zeal and confidence into the ears of the dying; he administered the last rites of religion to hundreds; he gave soothing draughts to the suffering. God had afflicted sorely the people of Albano, but in his mercy he sent them a treasure of great price. Men rave about the bravery of the warrior; but who will dare compare the man who is sent perhaps to slaughter, or who goes in the mad excitement of roaring cannon, rattling drums, and prancing steeds to battle, with the hero who coolly, deliberately, and with mature reflection faces death, in a most terrible form, every minute for three weary days and nights! The soldier is often a mere machine; Altieri was a free agent, aware of the danger, but a man who, through a strong sense of duty and Christian charity, triumphed over the fears of nature.

For three days he moved around, and none watched him more keenly than George Marchbank; he was fascinated by his manner, and revered his character. But now his figure no longer moves through the streets of Albano; his voice no longer

cheers the dying. No: his earthly course is nearly run; his eternal recompense is at hand. The Cardinal is dying—dying of the dreaded cholera. At length the Death-king has turned to grapple with him who charmed his terrors and robbed him of his sting. Sad are the hearts of those who stand round his couch; Morgan and George Marchbank are present. But he who sweetened the bitter chalice for others has it now sweetened for himself by angels' hands. Calmly he awaits the last struggle, so calmly that hopes are entertained that he may, like some others, survive. It may have been his exhaustion from overwork—it may have been that God wished to reward his faithful servant—it may have been that the souls of those whom he had helped to enter Heaven besought the Lord to crown his brow with the martyr's wreath. However it was brought about, the hour of his dissolution was come. He knew it, and serenely shook his head while those around him spoke of his chances of recovering. Like the reaper who has gathered his last sheaf and rejoices as he views his granary teeming with the golden corn, so Altieri rejoices that his weary pilgrimage is ended, and that his lofty mission has been nobly fulfilled. One favor he asked of God: it was not life for himself, but that his might be the last death from cholera in grieving Albano.

He had noticed George Marchbank's generous efforts in the cause of humanity; he had also learned something of his history. Turning now towards him, he said:

“I stand on the brink of Eternity; a few moments more and I close my eyes on all the vanities and allurements of life. Viewing life by the pale light of death, I see more clearly than ever the great truth, ‘What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?’ Ah! my son, keep the words well in mind; a struggle awaits you ere you reach the truth; but be true to God’s graces. Pray, pray, pray, and let your prayer be for light and grace. If you do, the precious gift of Faith will be given you, and your soul will enjoy peace.”

Asking then to receive the last Sacraments of the Church, all knelt and prayed. When he had thus been fortified by those spiritual aids, he remained a few moments wrapped in silent prayer. Then he said, “I believe in One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the only Church of Christ.” He ceased; a smile sweeter and more pure than a sunbeam on Avoca’s beauteous waters lit up his countenance, and ere its light and beauty had died out the great soul of Louis Altieri was in the bosom of its God. Calmly fell the sunlight on the still features of the true Bishop; he had given his life for his sheep. Who hath greater charity than this?

Around his bed and over his tomb let no tear of regret be shed; let not affection’s rain defile the ashes of the martyr, nor water the sod that covers his dust. Let only the voice of praise, the “Te Deum” of thanksgiving, be heard round his bier. He knew how to live, and how to die: this is a knowledge worth more than all other sciences, for

it is the only one which leads to the source of all Wisdom—God our Creator.

Reverently they bore the body of the martyr to its last resting-place; it sleeps in the midst of those to whom he ministered. His place is truly with his flock: he made it so in life, and it is now so in death. Like a captain walking proudly at the head of his company when summoned by his sovereign, will Altieri come forth from the sepulchre leading his well-loved flock when the dread notes of the Angel's trumpet shall resound through the hollow regions of the tomb.

The cemetery in which the victims of the cholera were interred has been closed and surrounded by a high wall. It is not a spot of terror, for the story of the Cardinal Bishop's glorious end casts a halo around its precincts.

The Zouaves only lost one man by the cholera; the other divisions of the military suffered very slightly also. Peppe was most constant in his ministrations to the sick; his natural buoyancy of temper helped him wonderfully. Lorenzo and Morgan were present everywhere, but this is a praise which is due to all the military. The Pope had a gold medal struck and presented to the heroes of the cholera days. It was worn more proudly and received from intelligent men more homage than all the medals ever conferred for bravery on the field of battle.

The words of the dying Cardinal made a deep impression on George Marchbank; his last smile was ever beaming on him. He had seen a true priest

working and dying; he felt that only a Divinely revealed religion could have such a minister. He ceased to be a Protestant, but as yet he was not a Catholic; the gift of Faith had not been received. The foretold struggle was upon him, and he prayed—prayed for light and grace.

CHAPTER XIV.

GATHERING STORMS.

THE glowing month of October had again come round; the grapes were almost ready to be plucked on the slopes of Lake Albano; the rich clusters of figs were being culled, and on every side might be heard the glad voices of vine-dressers as they garnered their luscious harvest. From neighboring hill-tops the busy workmen sang alternately the "Ave Maris Stella" or the more solemn strains of the "Kyrie Eleison," and files of laden donkeys slowly wended their way from the fields to the little villages which crowned the higher hills. The horror of the days of cholera was almost forgotten in and around Albano; sadness has no enduring home in the hearts of the Italians. A glorious sunshine from day to day puts to flight the dark humors which curdle around the heart in colder climes, and a firm faith cheers the spirit with thoughts of future bliss. Only the noble devotion of the dead Cardinal, and of the others who had done their duty,

was spoken of in connection with the cholera. Sad memories were buried in the graves of the loved dead ; only the beauty and heroism of soul exhibited by the brave lived and glowed in the glad sunlight. This is as it should be ; this is the characteristic of a people in whom Catholic traditions are strong. The mere animal man may bemoan through dreary years his losses ; he mourns without hope, consequently his grief is unsoftened : but the true Christian never looks upon the dead as lost to him ; they are enshrined in his memory and embalmed in the hope of a happy reunion in a near hereafter. Thus tranquillity reigned around Albano's peaceful lake.

But in the North the low growling of a gathering storm was faintly heard. It was not the disturbed forces of nature which were in agitation, but the restless minds of impious plotters. The Revolutionists had vainly hoped that after the departure of the French troops from Rome the people would rise up in revolt. They little knew the loyalty of the Pope's subjects, or their thankfulness for the blessings of his wise and progressive government. That there were some unquiet spirits among his people whose minds had been poisoned by the specious words of the plotters, and some whose shiftless habits had made them see only one chance of worldly advancement, viz., a social upheaving, and, consequently, who would join in a cry against the government, was true enough ; but they formed only an infinitesimal proportion of the people. In every State there are some worthless citizens ; Rome was no exception, but few indeed joined the ranks of the

Revolutionists. Disappointed in their hopes of a popular uprising, the plotters were obliged to concert measures for invading the States of the Church. The Piedmontese government was bound by treaty with France to respect, and to cause to be respected, the territory of the Pope. . Openly it could not help them, but it could shut its eyes to their movements. Unless France were to demand a faithful observance of the Convention of 1864, bands of armed adventurers could be recruited in every part of the Peninsula; they could cross the frontiers of the Pontifical territory at various points, and converge on Rome. The Pope's army was only small; the sympathy of the Radicals throughout Europe was with the plotters, and, to their undying shame be it recorded, many Protestants of England and America, in their narrow bigotry of mind and hatred of the Church, were ready to applaud such a piratical expedition.

Not far from the "Pass of Corese," a point of passage between the dominions then actually governed by the Pope and the rest of Italy, there rises a low chain of hills, well-wooded and enclosing rich valleys. Great herds of cattle feed on the sweet grass in these vales, and droves of swine fatten on the acorns and chestnuts on the wood-covered heights.

In one of those beautiful but silent valleys, on an afternoon in the first days of October, 1867, a man sat, or rather lurked suspiciously. Close by him perled a little brook which ran on, with proud alacrity, to mingle its waters with those of the sources of the Tiber; long-horned oxen grazed placidly near; the

tearing sound they made at each bite chimed with the babbling of the brook and the sawing noise of the restless *cicada*. Dancing beams of sunlight peered gleefully down from the crest of the hill which the sun was now almost touching; a subdued and mellow glow filled the valley, and harmonized with the tranquillity of the scene. But here, as in Eden, the perverse will of man mars the beauty of creation. The solitary individual lurking in this quiet spot is not admiring its loveliness, nor praising the Creator for His works: the soothing calm of the place brings no quiet to his soul, nor does the innocence of nature abash his guilty heart. He looks impatiently towards the declining sun, as cursing its tardy course; he gives a malignant glare at a sleek ox which had come unconsciously near; the animal quickly retreats, although the man stirs not. A drove of swine had been drinking at the brook, and passed near him on their way up to the hills; one large, black fellow stood opposite him, as if curious to learn something of his history. It gave a grunt by way of friendly recognition, and advanced a step or two; but the man caught its eye, and transfixed it with a scowl, black as its own quivering bristles. There seemed to be a power of terrifying in the man's eyes; the brute backed a few paces, and with a loud snort, more of alarm than of triumph, darted quickly after its fellows.

As the sun sank behind the hills a shrill whistle resounded far up among the stately oaks; the lurking figure arose and answered it with a similar sound. A crash, a tramp, a hurried stamping succeeded

and several persons emerged from the woods ; they were dressed in various costumes, but had one article in common,—a red shirt. This was the badge of the Garibaldians ; the emblem of Revolution. Our more mature female readers may remember that the "Garibaldi jacket" was, in 1860, a fashionable article of ladies' wear. It is a question if ever "a fashion" had a more disgraceful origin ; an uncouth, impious revolutionist like Garibaldi donned a red shirt, and "fashionable ladies," who, no doubt, thought themselves respectable and Christians, copied the adventurer. Once that the human mind has been cut adrift from the True Faith, there is no end to its development of absurd phases.

The troop of red-shirted miscreants, the offscourings of large cities, were armed with rifles, and some were dragging a few pieces of artillery. As they advanced the firm military tread of some of the leaders plainly showed that they had been drilled in a regular army. Already the shades of evening were darkening the depths of the valley as the new-comers drew up, in a half-military fashion, around the one whom we have already noticed. Two dancing demons glared from the eyes of this man as he surveyed the rude bands of armed ruffians. They were not, however, all ruffians ; some had been misled by false statements, and some had been too weak to withdraw from a society into which they had been inveigled. But scoundrel was too plainly written on the brow of many of them. Evidently, however, they all felt themselves in the presence of a superior ; even the boldest winced under the scowling glance of the two

demon-lighted eyes of Capodiavolo. Yes : he it was who had been lurking in the still valley, frightening oxen, and quelling a fierce hog by the magnetic influence of his evil eyes. There is a pre-eminence of wickedness which subdues less wicked natures, just as great moral excellence renders the good docile to its commands.

The cruel beak of Capodiavolo's hawk nose almost caught his twitching upper lip (this was a symptom of being well pleased), as he eyed the armed bands; turning to their leader he said :

"This is a brave beginning, Mars! your men look well, and are fairly armed : how many can you muster?"

"There are," answered Mars, "three hundred here ; within an hour three hundred more will arrive ; and four hundred are to cross the frontier lower down. I have thus got one thousand men partly drilled, and well provided with rifles and cannon. The bands under Cairoli and Menotti Garibaldi are each stronger than mine ; other bands are in course of formation and will be ready in a few days."

"Well done, well done, my bold Mars ; you have not been idle ; this looks like work in earnest. In a short time we will swoop down on Rome, drive out the Zouave with the butts of our guns, make the streets of Rome red with the blood of its priests and monks, and proclaim from the Capitol the Universal Republic. I long to see the swords flashing, and the foreign rabble flying before our victorious banners. But where is Garibaldi himself?"

"For the present he remains quiet ; his son Me-

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notti leads, as I said, a large band; so soon as we have all crossed the frontier and massed our forces, Garibaldi will arrive and assume the ostensible command. This was, you know, your own suggestion, and all the lodges have accepted it."

"I should think they have! In the name of ten thousand devils, do you suppose that any of them would dare oppose the suggestion of Capodiavolo? I cannot drill a squadron, but I can move the secret societies at my pleasure; they are my chessmen; Europe is my board; I place them where I please."

This was no idle boast; the members of secret societies are the veriest slaves in existence. By means of a relentless system of terror thousands of men are moved, like puppets, by some master-hand which is invisible. One man of fierce, malignant will like Capodiavolo, or two or three others in some cases, shape the whole policy of the secret societies. And yet the poor human figure-heads, who dance as the wire is pulled, prate about liberty and boast of their freedom! We have some of these mental slaves in our own Dominion.

"Well," continued Capodiavolo, "cross the frontier as soon as the others arrive; attack the garrisons in the various villages as you move on towards Monte Rotundo; try to stir up the inhabitants to a revolt. There are only a few Papal soldiers in each place. We will scatter small bands of our men all over the country, and thus draw off the enemy from Rome. We have men and arms there, and while the Papal troops are pursuing our scattered bands, our main body, which will mass at Monte-Rotondo, will

march on to the capital, and our brothers within will rise in revolt and open the gates to us. This is our plan of operation; but we must be quick in action. If we do not reach Rome soon the French troops may be sent back. That a blighting curse might rest on the heads of those French people who will, I well know, clamor against us! But we will reach the goal first, and if the French troops should follow us we will surrender them nothing but the cinders of the churches and the ashes of the priests."

"Do we cross to-night?"

"Yes; two hours hence. We must be in Rome by the 25th."

This conversation between Capodiavolo and his friend Mars gives a fair idea of the origin of the Garibaldian raids of 1867. Men and arms were transported across the borders of the Pope's territory; they swarmed on all sides, but converged towards Rome. Knowing that the Pontifical army numbered but nine or ten thousand men all told, the Revolutionists hoped to draw the major part of them off from the city in pursuit of scattered bands; then the main body of marauders would hurry down from the heights of Monte Rotundo, which they expected to capture and make their headquarters, and advance on Rome by the Nomentana and Salara Ways. In the meantime the few soldiers within were to be kept busy in quelling outbreaks fomented by the secret societies; thus the bands hoped to encounter but little resistance when they should arrive beneath the walls of the Eternal City.

The plot was well laid; they could easily bring

more men into the field than the Pontifical army numbered; a few restless spirits, well paid and stimulated by the hope of future promotion, would be found to stir up internal disorder. The government of Victor Emmanuel would not take any very effective measures to prevent them from passing the frontiers with men and arms; many an English dupe would supply gold. Hell indeed seemed, humanly speaking, about to triumph.

Around the Chair of Peter the gathering storms were howling; day by day the dark clouds grew more dense, and soon encircled the City of the Popes. The long-apprehended danger was at hand; but there were brave hearts and strong arms that unsheathed the sword in defence of religion and justice, and it would go hard with them if they did not conquer.

CHAPTER XV.

BURSTING OF THE CLOUDS.

“GEORGE, I have just called to say good-bye for a few days; after to-night we shall not have permission to leave our quarters. The war-cloud has burst near Bagnorea; our men achieved a brilliant success, but the whole country is swarming with armed bands. It is difficult to capture them, for they seem acquainted with all the defiles and passes of the hills.”

Morgan spoke these words excitedly in George

Marehbank's studio on the morning of October 9, 1867. His company was now in Rome. But before following any further his fortunes during the Garibaldian raids, we must turn back nearly three months, and visit, with Lorenzo, the house of Giovanni Aldini. On the day after the famous ride over the hills on donkeys, Peppe brought word to Lorenzo that his father had returned. He at once set out for the quiet villa near Marino. He found his father busy writing, and noticed his desire to hide carefully the paper. Giovanni Aldini had grown aged since we saw him a year ago gathering grapes on the banks of Lake Albano. He had, however, a more tranquil look, although there were still traces of deep anxiety, or of a conflict between love and duty. His eyes looked as fondly on Lorenzo as of yore, but he seemed more timid in his manner. "An effect of age and loneliness," thought Lorenzo.

On entering, Lorenzo kissed his father's hand, and looked with unaffected love and reverence into his eyes.

"Ah! my dear Lorenzo, how glad and yet how sorry you make my old heart; dear boy, a thousand blessings on your manly soul."

"My father, I need not say that I am overjoyed to see you looking so well and happy; but how do I make your heart sorry?"

"Because you cause me to think of your sainted mother; I see the gentle light of her dreamy eyes reflected in yours."

This was the first occasion on which Lorenzo had

ever heard his father refer to his mother ; his silence had been, perhaps, caused by grief.

“ Am I then like my mother ? ” said Lorenzo in a wistful tone.

“ The very image, my boy, the very image ; she had a noble heart too, and would rejoice to see you drawing your sword in defence of the rights of Holy Church.”

“ How old was I when she died ? where is she buried ? surely you will tell me these things now ? ”

“ You were between four and five when you last saw her. Ah me ! I have had much joy, but also much pain, since that time. Beware, Lorenzo, of yielding to a wrong impulse ; beware of swerving from the right path, even though you may seek to deceive your better judgment, or to still the voice of conscience, by proposing a good end. How much misery, how much misery,” and here he fairly groaned, “ did I not entail on myself and others by one rash act ! But a day of partial reparation will yet come.”

Lorenzo was at a loss to understand this emotion ; he supposed that it arose from awakening the memory of his mother. To change the subject he asked, “ You were absent a long time, father ; may I ask where you were, and what you were doing ? ”

“ About business which may one day turn to your advantage, my dear Lorenzo. My days are drawing to a close, and I have much reparation to make to you. That is why I was absent.”

“ Why do you so often speak, dear father, as if

you had done me a wrong? Is it to teach me humility, by giving me an example in severely censuring your own conduct for imaginary faults? It is I who have injured you by many a youthful act of thoughtlessness."

"God sees the heart; men judge by appearances; I have indeed tried to make you happy and virtuous; I have striven to do for you better than your mother could have hoped to do when you lost her; still I took the wrong way. One day you will know my meaning; do not, then, be too harsh in condemning."

"I shall always think of your kindness, and of nothing else in connection with your memory."

"God bless you for that; the same gentle mind of his mother," he murmured, and then speaking aloud said: "This paper which you found me writing will tell you all. Believe it, however improbable it may appear; sufficient proof of its truth will be furnished. Peppe can confirm the greater part of it. You shall get it by and by."

"But, father, will you tell me something about the photograph which you gave me? Did I ever see the original? Is she alive?"

"Yes, to both questions, dear Lorenzo; but you were only a child when you saw her. She is about your own age, or a little younger, and as good and beautiful as the promise of that picture."

"Have you, then, seen her lately?"

"No; but I have heard of her from good authority."

Lorenzo was silent, musing on the strange revela-

tion; he would fain ask more, but he plainly saw that his father was anxious to change the subject. He had been too well taught in his youth to respect not only the commands, but also the wishes, of his father, to press the matter. After all, what did it signify? he thought. Still, the fair child-face of the locket would rise up before his mind's eye, and make him anxious to know more of its history. After some further conversation they walked out together. The old man was feebler than in days gone by, still he loved a quiet walk; he proposed, therefore, to accompany Lorenzo a part of the way to the "Plains of Hannibal." They came along the dusty highway which runs over the brow of the slopes from Albano, by Marino, to the Tusculum hills. A short distance from Marino a by-path strikes off from the main road and runs through a shady ravine. Ages ago a rushing stream dashed wildly along this course; but now only the smooth, worn rocks of the bottom, and the jagged banks, with here and there a deep recess eaten out of the softer parts of the ledge, are the monuments which attest the fact. Wild vines trail along each side of the ravine, and, running out bravely on the branches of the chestnut and elm, often meet and entwine their tendrils over the head of the grateful wayfarer.

Along this cool path Lorenzo and his father sauntered, the latter listening with eager delight to his son's account of barrack life. As Lorenzo frequently spoke of his "friend Morgan," the old man asked who he was.

"Oh!" answered Lorenzo, "he is a Canadian, the

son of Irish parents. His home is on the banks of the great St. Lawrence."

"His name?" asked the old man with a half perceptible effort to speak calmly.

"Leahy," said Lorenzo: "he is, I assure you, a noble character, and we are most intimate friends: but what ails you?"

This question was caused by the old man's leaning back against the rocky side of the ravine, and putting his hand to his heart. But quickly recovering, he replied:

"Nothing, nothing, my dear boy; a sudden pain; I often have had it," he said, with a wan smile. "So you and he are very intimate? Bring him with you some day. I suppose you have no secrets from one another?" This was asked with evident trepidation.

"None, I think, father. He has told me all about himself and his family,—about his own hopes and aspirations; I have done likewise. Still, there is one thing I kept back from him; I was half ashamed to speak to him about it."

"What was that, Lorenzo?"

"The locket; I never showed it to him."

"It would be as well not to show it for some time yet. When you know more about its history, show it."

"You will tell me more, dear father?"

"I will, my boy; but now I must return. If your friend be as noble as you say he is, let your friendship increase and wax stronger. May every good blessing attend you, my boy."

Lorenzo hurried on his way, thinking much of what his father had said; the thought of the story of the locket haunted him most. What was it? What connection had it with his own and his father's history? There was evidently some mystery about his father's life; Lorenzo felt it now, and many an action of the past, on which he had never reflected at the time, came up to his remembrance and proclaimed a secret. The days of the cholera, shortly after this visit, left him little time for speculation; the return to Rome and the excitement of an approaching Garibaldian raid almost banished all thought of this kind from his mind. This was his state on the morning on which Morgan rushed to George Marchbank with the startling announcement of the bursting of the war-cloud.

"So you are likely to have hot work soon," said George, as Morgan related the news from the Provinces. "How do you feel at the prospect of standing as a target for some ruffian's rifle?"

"I shall not be a very steady target, George; once we come face to face with the enemies of the Holy Father, I will be an ever-advancing one."

"Seriously, Morgan, this is bad news. Are the people likely to join the raiders?"

"So far from it that already they are enrolling themselves in irregular companies, under the direction of the gens-d'armes. They are forming a sort of local militia which will do good service on the hills against the various bands. Here in Rome there is quite a regiment of volunteers already en-

rolled to fight for the rights of Holy Church. Prince Lancellotti commands this body; the Civic Guard has also turned out in force, and will be quite sufficient to repress any internal uprising. There are many foreign agitators in the city, but the Civic Guard can look after them, and thus leave the regular soldiers at liberty to meet the raiders."

"Why, it used to be said that the Pope's subjects were tired of his sway; that they would rather fight against him than for him. This does not look like disaffection."

"Do you not know, George, that one of the weapons most persistently used against the Holy See is falsehood? Tell the world the truth about Rome and the grand actions of its Popes, and every right-thinking man must side with the Pope. But the enemies of order and religion lie, lie, lie. They falsify history; they slander the noblest characters of Christianity; they spread malicious falsehoods regarding the Pope's government and the feelings of his subjects. At the lodges of the secret societies these infamous lies are retailed by the worst villains; the more innocent "brethren" present are deceived; they believe the speeches of their chiefs, and return to their families ardent apostles of a system of lies. Thus from the lodges to the home circle, and thence through the whole community, the same stupid calumny is borne. What wonder that little of the truth is really known about our religion, or that it has many enemies?"

"You are right, Morgan; I have learned to love Rome in a short time, because I have had experi-

ence of it. My own notions concerning it were, I confess, at one time very grotesque. In our fair Dominion how many conceited spouters, who imagine themselves politicians, insanely rave about Rome! It must make the devils grin with delight as they contemplate their ignorant dupes. But why does not the government arrest these foreign agitators who are in the city?"

"Because, although known to be plotters, legal proof is not just at hand. In countries of boasted freedom the *habeas corpus* would be suspended, and the prisons would soon be filled. But Rome, although called tyrannical, respects more than any other government the real liberty of man. Of course, if there were imminent danger, martial law would be proclaimed; in that case the military authorities would soon arrest these revolutionists."

"Morgan, I will enroll in the volunteers; in a crisis like this I will do what I can to defend my present home. You are aware that I have been drilled. I suppose I shall be received?"

"Oh! if you wish to join I can make that all right."

"I do wish it; let us go and see about it at once."

The two friends sallied forth and sought the headquarters of the volunteers: Artisans, merchants, and various members of the middle class of citizens as well as of the aristocracy were inscribed in this regiment, and did good service during the trying days of October 1867. Morgan, who was acquainted with the commander, introduced his friend, and had the satisfaction of seeing his name

enrolled on the list of active members. They then separated, to meet in more exciting scenes.

Dark days succeeded for Rome: the plotters were at work, and Revolutionists boldly walked the streets by mid-day. Treason there was, it is true, but it was rare; still it lurked darkly in the back-streets of the city, and under cover of the night fomented disturbances. An oppressive fear seemed to have settled over the more timid of the citizens; it was not of a kind with that which would be excited by the approach of a large invading army; it was rather the undefinable dread which takes possession of the nervous when passing a lonely spot by night. The wildest rumors were afloat. It was well known to every one that Rome was filled with emissaries of the secret societies; they had flocked in from various parts of Italy, and were supposed to have an ample supply of arms. It was felt that a slumbering volcano was beneath the feet of the citizens, and that a disastrous eruption might, at any moment take place. The diabolical hatred of religion with which many of the leaders were actuated, the lawlessness of ruffian bands, the paucity of the Pontifical troops,—all conspired to unsettle men's minds.

As the days of October passed bands of riders were everywhere at work through the Pontifical States. If a force were sent against them at one point, they would disappear, and begin a raid in another quarter. If too hotly pursued, they would quietly step across the frontier and laugh at the soldiers who could no longer follow them. From this it can easily be seen how difficult was the task

of the defenders of Rome. Few in number, and obliged to protect a large tract of country, it was impossible for them to succeed. Whenever they got an opportunity of fighting, as at Bagnorea, Vallicorsa and Montiparioli, the soldiers of the Pope made short work of their enemies. But as the raiders kept beyond range as much as possible, and tired out the Pontifical troops by ceaseless marches and watches by day and night, there was but little room left for bravery.

In that region of Rome known as the *Ghetto*, the quarter in which the Jews reside, are various tumble-down houses nodding backward into the Tiber. They appear to have been asleep for centuries, and may be expected to leap into the yellow stream on awaking. In one of the most suicidal-looking of these ruined habitations a deep plot was being matured on the night of October 21. Bags of bone-dust, heaps of dirty scraps of paper, unshapely piles of rags, are crowded in the dingy front-room. We have a friend who once began, in verse, "The story of a rag." It might seem a strange, or, perhaps, a forbidding theme for the Epic Muse; yet what adventures might not a rag relate, were it but endowed with intelligence! However, on this particular night of which our story treats, the rags were all silent: if they had a history of their own they preserved a discreet silence regarding it. Not silent, however, were the rag-pickers, who, seated on the floor, sorted their wares by the dim light of a small lamp. An old, cunning-looking man, with hooked nose, sunken gums, protruding chin, wrinkled brow

and small keen eyes, was the proprietor of this den. His grizzly and matted hair hung down beneath a red worsted night-cap; his other articles of wearing apparel were old and tattered; his stockings were unmatched, and he wore a shoe on one foot and an ankle-jack on the other. All these indications bore out the truth of the theory that his wardrobe had been picked out of the gutters of Rome. Around him were seated two slovenly girls and three boys whose clothes and countenances were the color of the sewage in which most of their lives had been spent. It is only when contemplating such characters as these that one can realize how degraded a human being may become. A constant chatter was kept up by these occupants of this dreary haunt; each one related for the common amusement a part of his, or her adventures during the day. Occasionally the old man attempted a smile; it was when any one told how deftly a good handkerchief, or some article of linen, had been snatched from a line. The greedy look which came into his eyes as he surveyed the prize plainly told that his mirth was not like that of his younger companions, caused by the dexterity of the trick, but by the love of money.

From time to time persons had been entering this haunt, and, after slightly nodding to the old man, passed into a back room which hung over the Tiber. It had once been a covered gallery, overlooking the water, but had been since transformed into a room lighted from the roof, and walled off from the front apartment, so as to lead a stranger to suppose that there was nothing beyond. A trap-door in the floor

showed, when raised, the swift-flowing Tiber a few feet below. A muffled form entered the front room, and one glance from the evil eyes revealed, notwithstanding his disguise, Capodiavolo. As he passed on, the old man, who might be taken for his father, rose, and bidding his companions continue their work and talk, and assume ignorance of his whereabouts should any one call, followed Capodiavolo. There were in all some ten or twelve collected in the back room; a small earthen oil-lamp cast faint shadows of light through the mouldy apartment. Green lizards darted quickly around the floor, and slimy reptiles crawled up the walls. A venomous scorpion showed its head, for a moment, in a faint streak of light, and was crushed beneath the heel of Capodiavolo. "Thus will we crush the scorpion of Italy," hissed the reprobate, meaning the Pope.

"The work is going forward too slowly," began Capodiavolo; "we have not, as yet, obtained a victory. True, we have surprised and captured one or two small guards of soldiers, but no place of importance has been taken. Monte Rotondo is not yet besieged, although it must be our base of operations. In a day or two it will be invested by a large force; Garibaldi will be in command; but it is necessary to terrify the enemy here, so that no troops may be sent out to assist the garrison of that town. We must keep the base soldiers of the Papacy employed in preserving order in the city, while our men attack the outlying towns. Once these are in our hands the whole of the force will march to the walls

of Rome: we inside will then openly co-operate with our friends without."

"A good plan, by Dives!" (he always swore by the rich reprobate) grinned the old man; "you have the head of a devil, my noble patriot. But why trust to the sword and bullets alone for success? Why not try a little blowing-up?"

"What do you mean?" queried Capodiavolo.

"Only this," said the heartless wretch. "Blow up the barracks, the churches, the houses of the aristocracy, the Pope himself."

A sudden start ran through the crowd. The ball had been thrown; when, or where would it alight? Capodiavolo worked his upper lip; it seemed as if the cruel nose would at last succeed in biting it; then, turning to the old man, he said:

"Is this thing possible on a short notice? We might send some dozens of the foreign rabble flying in the air, if we could undermine their barracks."

"The Serristori barracks do not need undermining. A sewer passes under them; a barrel or two of powder, a well-laid train, a lighted match, and, *poff* away to the devil go a hundred Zouaves, or more. Thus the old man spoke.

"It is an excellent device; a good plan of ridding ourselves of those hirelings of the vampire of Italy," jerked out Capodiavolo, his evil eyes scintillating in the dusk of the room. Our readers must pardon the quotation of such infamous language. To call the noble defenders of the rights of Holy Church "hirelings," and the grand old Pontiff, whose name will stand out amongst the purest and best of man-

kind, the "Vampire of Italy," is enough to make the blood of a true Christian run cold; yet it may be well to quote such expressions, in order to show the infernal nature of the plot against the Church and Rome. It is the thought of demons clothed in human speech, but it is not invented by us. It is well for Catholics to fully realize that it is hell which has stirred up, and still stirs, that wild revolt against Religion, the rights of man, and God, that is now agitating many parts of the world.

"What think you, Mars, of this old hell-babe's scheme?"

"I do not like it," bluntly spoke this individual; "I am ready to lead my men openly against those foreign dogs, but his plan is too dastardly an act for a soldier to commit."

"What!" exclaimed Capodiavolo, with a blood-curdling execration, "have you pity on these detestable scoundrels? Are we not sworn to overthrow the Pope, and shall we scruple about the means to be employed? There is a grim irony in the phrase of taking Rome by 'moral means'; this blowing-up of the barracks will give the lie to the half-hearted knaves who seek to deceive themselves and others. Our motto is 'ROME OR DEATH'; Garibaldi has raised it, though I much fear the drivelling old agitator will not choose the alternative of death, but we must. Rome must fall by any means we can devise. Better to stand weeping 'midst the ruins and ashes of a fallen city than to live surrounded by luxury, with the Church still triumphantly launching its anathemas against our societies. The city of

the Popes must be blotted out; its ashes must be saturated with the heart's-blood of the black-frocked fry who feed on its people. Out from the blood-dyed ashes a new Rome will arise—the Rome of Atheism—the mother of the Universal Republic. A marble pillar, with the terse inscription,

‘HERE STOOD ROME,’

will proclaim to future ages our victory over the superstition of the Cross.”

At the conclusion of this blasphemous rhapsody Capodiavolo glared round on his companions. The old man leered hideously, and softly clapped his long hands; then he began clawing the air with his skeleton fingers, which had a cruel and hawk-like look on account of the long nails with which they were armed. If Capodiavolo were not his son he inherited his malice. The others, with the exception of Mars, appeared indifferent. He looked disturbed, and turning to Capodiavolo said:

“I am anxious to take Rome, but I cannot resort to such base means. After we have achieved a victory how can we look the world in the face if our battles have been won by the coward's trick, and not by the brave man's steel?”

A derisive snarl broke from the lips of Capodiavolo and the old man; it was not a laugh, nor yet a snort; it was like the choking of an evil spirit.

“Are you such an idiot to suppose that the world will cry shame when we do this deed against Rome? Were it to be done against any other government

the case would be different, but hell and the world are leagued with us against the Pope."

Was Capodiavolo right in this assertion?

Mars pleaded military business and withdrew, saying that he was ready to lead an attack on the barracks, but not to blow them up. The old man after his departure mocked, with horrible levity, the sentiments of Mars, and conjured the others to stick at nothing in order to compass their designs. Capodiavolo then unfolded his plans. At a given hour the next night the gas was to be cut off, the barracks of Serristori were to be blown up, an attack was to be made on the Capitol and on Castel San Angelo, while small bands were to create a diversion in various quarters of the city. It was hoped that the darkness and confusion thus caused would strike terror into the hearts of all, and that Rome would be theirs before the arrival of their fellow-plotters from without. The signal for commencing this dark work of iniquity was to be the ringing of the great bell of the Capitol. A party was detailed to bribe the keeper of the tower, or failing in this, to find some means of ascent to the bell. Monti and Tognetti, two unhappy workmen who had been ensnared by the secret societies, were to blow up the barracks; the mode of attack, and the leaders, were duly fixed upon by Capodiavolo, and the plot was complete. Fiercely did the old man and Capodiavolo gloat over the anticipated success of their scheme; it was deeply planned and well wrought thus far; what was to prevent their triumph? Humanly speaking, nothing; but against

heaven no counsels shall prevail; no plot of man, or devils, can defeat the Omnipotent.

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Another day had passed away forever; another grain of sand had silently fallen from the hour-glass of centuries; another bubble had burst on the ocean of time. Those who lived in Rome during the eventful period of which this chapter treats well know the sense of danger experienced by all. No soldier was seen without his musket, with bayonet fixed; the gates of the city were fortified, and the walls were pierced to permit a safe fire from rifles on an advancing enemy. The citizens retired betimes from the streets, and the family circle spoke in hushed tones regarding the villany of the raiders. Many a prayer was wafted to heaven for the success of the gallant little army which stood, like an immovable rock, between the Eternal City and the flood of revolutionary hate. Many a prayer was wafted to heaven for the preservation and triumph of the immortal Pius IX., that God might be pleased to sustain this noble defender of social order and justice. Of all the crowned heads of Europe he stood alone, battling against the dark conspirators against the well-being of nations. Mankind has paid a ready homage to Horatius Cocles, the noble Roman who defended alone the bridge against a hostile army; but the moral grandeur of Pius IX., weak and old, standing forth to fight single-handed the battle of justice and truth against the hordes of earth and hell, far eclipses the physical beauty of the resistance made by the brave Cocles.

The company in which were Morgan and Lorenzo was quartered in the Serristori barracks. They were situated on one of the streets which lead from the Castel San Angelo to the Square of St. Peter's. Several companies of Zouaves were, for the present, quartered here. The mantle of night had fallen over the City of the Popes; the rippling Tiber, humming as it meandered past its historic bride, glinted in the light of a young moon; the sentinel's tread resounded far in the still night, and gradually died away in the deserted streets with a gentle pattering, soft as the footfalls of disinterred spirits. Save for this sound and a few glaring lamps, Rome might have been taken for a city of the dead; its graceful turrets and symmetrical domes shone white in the moonbeams, like marble memorials of the departed. In the heavens and in the air all was calmness and peace.

But now a loud report, a hissing in the air, a crash of falling masonry, smothered cries of pain, and a wild confusion of voices as the erst deserted streets fill with human beings, break harshly upon the tranquil night. A slight crackling of musketry is heard near the Capitol, and it adds new terror to the situation. The vile deed has been accomplished in part: a portion of the Serristori barracks has been blown up, and has buried a few Zouaves and two civilians who were passing along, beneath its ruins. But the prayers of the good had not been offered in vain. Just before the explosion, contrary to all expectation, an order had come to draw off several companies of the Zouaves to another point of the city. This

providential order left the part of the barracks which was blown up almost empty. Only a few members of the band remained. Thus were the lives of many gallant soldiers saved.

An assault was made on the guard at the Capitol, but it was easily repelled; the deep-laid plot was a failure. Capodiavolo gnashed his teeth as he sat some hours later in the same room in which, on the preceding night, he had plotted to so little purpose. The old man was there scowling like an exorcised demon; Mars, too, was there, wounded and moody. He had led the attack on the Capitol, and had been quickly routed. He looked upon the blowing-up of the barracks as base and injudicious.

“We shall have martial law proclaimed to-morrow, owing to that cowardly act, and then we must fly the city. We are known, and the moment one of our men appears abroad he will be pounced upon and cast into prison. I sincerely hope Monti and Tognetti may be caught and cut into ten thousand pieces.”

Thus spoke Mars in answer to Capodiavolo's lament over the failure of his plot.

“I would sell my soul to the Prince of Darkness for one hour's triumph over the accursed minions who surround the gangrene of our country.”

These words came from the throat of Capodiavolo as if an evil spirit, having taken possession of him, were striving to use his vocal organs.

“You are sold already, for the matter of that; the devil is ever ready to buy, but he is a poor paymaster, curse him. I am a Jew, but I almost think

the story about Judas true enough. By Dives! the devil has played us a scurvy trick to-night"; saying this the old man worked his toothless jaws, and clawed the air with his skeleton fingers tipped with long yellow nails.

"Cease such babbling, you drivelling idiot, and bind up the wounds of Mars. The devil will get his match at scurvy tricks when he piles you on his roasting-heap."

Having said this, Capodiavolo began pacing the mouldy room, frightening by his angry scowl the playful lizards and the crawling reptiles. The old man brought bandages and salve and dressed the wounds on the shoulder of Mars. When this was done Mars began :

"Why did not the bell of the Capitol ring out the promised signal? Its failure marred all our plans. Who is to blame for this?"

"St. Peter, if there be such a one. The guardian of the tower accepted our offer to let in a few persons at nightfall; they entered, for I saw them, but they never rang the bell; neither did they return." Capodiavolo looked thoughtful as he said this.

The apparent mystery of this proceeding is easily explained. The guardian, being a shrewd man, suspected that the offer of a large sum for access to the belfry was connected with the plots of the revolutionists. If they wished to ring the bell as a sign of rising, it would be well, he thought, to let them imagine that they could give this signal, otherwise they might prepare another one. He therefore promised access to the belfry, pocketed the money,

and went straight to the Senator of Rome, the Marquis Cavaletti, to whom he made known the whole affair. A few soldiers were quietly stationed in the belfry, and the guardian was told to admit the revolutionists at night. They entered, and instead of ringing they were handcuffed and led off to prison. As the bell did not ring out, the conspirators in the various parts of the city did not know what to do; the programme was spoiled by the failure of the opening act. Only Monti and Tognetti and Mars began their parts; but they, too, fell far short of all expectation.

"We must leave Rome at once," said Capodiavolo; "we will hasten to join our friends without, and hurry them on to the assault. Once the news of this blowing-up business reaches France the ugly crows (i.e. the clergy) will raise a noise and strive to force a return of French troops. We must act quickly; we must storm Monte Rotondo to-morrow night; entrench ourselves there, and then pour down on Rome. We will thus arrive here before any French soldiers can land at Civita Vecchia."

Capodiavolo was good at planning; he had a quick perception, a powerful mind, and an unfeeling heart; but, like many plotters against the Church, he forgot that she is a Divine institution overshadowed and protected by the Almighty. The action of Providence in favor of the Church did not enter into his calculations; consequently they were never correct.

The trap-door in the floor of the room was raised; a small boat suspended on two hooks was lowered,

and Capodiavolo with the wounded Mars silently dropped aboard. Trusting to the darkness of the night, for the moon had set, and to the confusion consequent on the blowing up of the barracks and the assault on the guard at the Capitol, Capodiavolo pushed the boat out into the stream and floated down its current. His object was to quietly make his exit from the city, to land below St. Paul's, and then to strike across the country in a northerly direction towards Monte-Rotondo. Wishing him a prosperous voyage and breathing curses on the defenders of Rome, the old Jew closed the trap, and turning round found himself confronted by a policeman and two Zouaves. They were the patrol on their round, and having seen traces of blood near the door had entered just as the boat pushed off. The old Jew was staggered, but only for an instant; quickly recovering presence of mind he piped out, "Hurrah for the Pope! hurrah for the brave defenders of Rome!"

"Peace, old hypocrite," sternly began the policeman; "we know your loyalty. What were you doing just now with the floor?"

"Only closing the cellar hatchway, noble officer."

"How do you account for the traces of blood on your door-step and in the front room?"

"Why, see, noble soldiers," whined the wily old Jew, "I was out buying a goat's liver from Eben Ben Albi the butcher; I do so love goat's liver chopped in my maccaroni; the blood was dripping from it as I came along."

"Where is the liver now?"

"In the cellar, gallant warriors; I was just returning from putting it away."

The two Zouaves looked convinced; but the policeman who had good reason to suspect the Jew merely said:

"Open the hatches; I must see this cellar."

"Not to-night; not in the dark; it is damp and mouldy. Come to-morrow when the bright sun is shining; old Ezra will give you good welcome."

Without making any answer the policeman advanced and raised the trap; peering down, the truth flashed on him.

"Why, you dog of a Jew, you have been harboring revolutionists, and have sent them off by the water."

In vain the old man protested his innocence; an ill-closed door in the wall was opened, and several Orsini bombs, muskets, and cartridges were found. Denial was useless.

"To-morrow morning martial law will be proclaimed," said the policeman, "and it will go hard with you. We have had your name on our list for a long time."

The old man was taken prisoner. The light of the policeman's lamp flashed on the Zouaves and revealed the faces of Morgan and Lorenzo. At the sight of the latter the old man started, and clutching him by the arm said:

"Are you Lorenzo Aldini, son of Giovanni?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Only this: save my life and I will tell you

something you would give the wealth of Rome to know."

"What can you tell me? What do you know of me?"

"Much, very much. Giovanni Aldini knows me; I helped him once in a matter which concerns you. Get your comrades to set me free, and I will tell all."

Lorenzo looked troubled. His father's mysterious words about some injury done him came vividly to his remembrance. Was there then any secret connected with his history? The policeman, who looked upon the old Jew as a most cunning villain, thought his words only tended to some deception, and calmly telling him that "probably he would be shot on the morrow," prepared to depart. The poor wretch clasped his bony fingers and murmured:

"Let me go and I will give you money. It was Capodiavolo who forced me into this. Spare my life and I will tell you all, and I will tell this young man where to find his mother. I can tell him—"

A crackling of musketry was heard without; the three soldiers turned towards the door. Quick as thought the old Jew, who had not been handcuffed, disappeared by the open trap-door. A slight plashing in the water first drew the attention of the patrol to the fact of his disappearance. They gazed down into the yellow stream, but all was silent save the subdued purring sound of the water as it gently laved a jutting bank. He was gone; but whether the Tiber had closed over him forever or had only

borne him on its bosom to a place of safety, they could not determine.

“The Witch of Endor could not have eluded us more cleverly,” said the policeman.

It may here be remarked for the benefit of those who talk about the “ignorance” of the Italians, that the facts of Bible history are as familiar to them as household words.

Fastening the trap and locking the doors they hurried forth. The firing had been heard in the direction of one of the gates of the city; the guard had fired at some spies who quickly retreated.

The old Jew’s words troubled Lorenzo. Was his mother alive? Morgan laughed and said it was a trick of the old man’s to gain time; but Lorenzo could not dismiss the subject so lightly. The stirring events of the following days left him no time for reflection.

CHAPTER XVI.

MENTANA.

MOUNTED patrols clatter through the streets of Rome: soldiers with fixed bayonets hurry hither and thither; great wain loads of bags filled with sand lumber heavily towards the gates of the city. Troops of military unload them, and raise up a fortification at each side of the entrance. Few civilians are abroad, and those that are pass quickly on their

way ; the cloud of dread and apprehension has grown darker and more oppressive. Military law has been proclaimed, and the gendarmes have lessened the crowd of suspicious-looking individuals who wore the peculiarly indented hat, seen on Mars and Cupid in the den on the Aventine. In the house of Ajani, already mentioned in these pages, a short but bloody encounter had taken place. Over fifty revolutionists were assembled to plot against the government ; they had arms and bombs in abundance. The military made a descent on them, when a sharp engagement took place ; the doors were soon forced, the stairs taken by assault, and the Pontifical soldiers were masters of the place. But there was no knowing how many such arsenals might be in the city ; there was no telling what deeds of villany might be perpetrated by those who had already blown up part of a barracks. Hence the undefinable dread which seemed rather to lurk in the air than to be confined to a particular spot. To retire to bed with the thought that perhaps you may awake hurtling through the air with the fragments of your dwelling, is not, it may be presumed, a sleep-inviting frame of mind ; to rise with the thought that perhaps ere night an unbridled mob may be rioting through the city, is not, for a certainty, a refreshing cordial. Yet such was, for many, life in Rome during the last days of October, 1867.

Day by day the bands increased in the Provinces. Monte-Rotondo was besieged on the 23d. It is a city built, as its name denotes, on a round mountain, about fifteen miles from Rome, and can be reached

from the latter city by the Nomentana and Salara Ways. It had only a small garrison of about one hundred and eighty men with one piece of old cannon. It was assaulted by over two thousand Garibaldians, amongst whom Garibaldi himself appeared. For nearly two days the heroic little band of Pontifical soldiers sustained the unequal combat; the old cannon was hauled rapidly from point to point, and so cleverly used that the enemy imagined there was a whole park of artillery. Assault after assault was made and repulsed; the brave sons of France—for many of the defenders belonged to the "French Legion"—performed acts of valor worthy of the descendants of the knights who fought under St. Louis. Their national courage joined to the love of St. Peter's Chair made them heroes to a man. Worn out after thirty-six hours of incessant fighting, their old cannon at length become useless, and the enemy ever increasing in numbers as fresh bands arrived, their case indeed seemed desperate. A dense mass is seen moving up the road to the gate; it is fired upon but without effect; it steadily advances. By the light of flickering torches they see that it is great car-loads of faggots pushed from behind. It is useless to waste powder; they can only await the development. The cars are pushed up to the gate, piled around it, and set on fire. Now the flames roar and crackle as the dry wood sends up great tongues of lurid red; now the Garibaldians shout as the great gate swells and cracks; higher yet, and ever higher, rise the flames, roaring as if in triumph. A demon figure leaps wildly around the cars piling on fresh

faggots; his evil eyes, lighted as with a glow from hell, reveal Capodiavolo. Fifty muskets are aimed at him, but with a hoarse shout he still leaps round the glowing flames. Well might a soldier mutter: "He must be the devil himself," as he saw the savage glare of the dancing demons in his eyes.

The gate totters on its hinges, and drops in a hundred glowing fragments; a wild yell bursts from the infuriated hordes as Garibaldi cries, "Rome or Death! On to the assault!" A rush, a loud shout, and the burned gate is reached. Capodiavolo leaps over it, followed by several others. A volley from the Pontifical troops causes several to fall in the fire and to suffer, by anticipation, some of the pains of hell. But others press on ere the defenders can reload, and soon the place swarms with the Garibaldians. Step by step the ground is contested; the soldiers gradually retiring to the fort. The town is in the hands of the Garibaldians, but the soldiers hold the fort. Summoned to surrender, they indignantly refuse. Yet what can valor now avail? They are doomed; they know it; but can they lower the Papal flag before this revolutionary horde? Their noble hearts revolt at the thought. They are now reduced in number, spent by fatigue, short of ammunition, and surrounded by bands exasperated by their fearful loss—for truly fearful it was.

From behind, the enemy undermined the castle or fort, and placing powder beneath it, called on them to lay down their arms or they would be blown up. The commanding officer states the case to the men and asks their opinion. "Let them blow it

up," is the unanimous reply ; " we will make a sortie and die sword in hand." But now a venerable priest comes into the apartment ; he is the minister of a God of Peace. They have proved themselves heroes ; they have done all mortal man could do ; further resistance is useless ; lives are not to be needlessly thrown away. In all honor they can now lay down their arms and live to fight for the Pope instead of rushing on to a foolish butchery. True courage is a reasonable act not a blind impulse.

With such words as these the generous souls of that gallant little garrison were moved, and consented to surrender ; but they first broke their swords and rendered useless their rifles. When they defiled out on the square Garibaldi looked puzzled ; he gazed first on them, then turned his eyes toward the castle as if looking for the appearance of others. Seeing no more advancing he said :

" Where is the rest of the garrison ?"

Being told that the whole garrison was present, he was astonished. He and his followers could scarcely believe that it was this handful of men, with one old cannon, that had kept his thousands at bay for nearly two days. However, he had sense enough to compliment highly the bravery of the soldiers. Even Capodiavolo felt a faint sensation of respect for the worn and famished prisoners. Sincerely did he wish that his bands were of equal bravery.

This unlooked-for check in taking Monte-Rotondo frustrated the schemes of the raiders. They should have been under the walls of Rome twenty-

four hours previously, to co-operate with their friends inside. Now they were disorganized after their heavy losses, and felt that it would be madness to go forward for several days at least. They must recruit more bands, fortify their position, and obtain fresh supplies of ammunition and guns. The heroic resistance of Monte-Rotondo had taught them what they might expect under the walls of Rome; the bombastic cry of "Rome or Death!" was easily uttered; but it would not conquer Christian heroes. A delay of several days was necessary before they could march; that delay, under God, saved Rome from many horrors. The revolutionists within the city, disappointed at the non-arrival of their allies without, were disheartened; and the active measures of the military authorities, after the proclamation of martial law, effectually quelled the turbulent.

But these things were unknown at the time; the providence of God was working out the safety of the Capital, but mortals could not comprehend its plans. They only knew that Monto-Rotondo had fallen, that new bands were pouring in, and there was a rumor of a threatened invasion of regular troops. In this state of affairs, General Kanzler, Pro-minister of War, advised the Pope to withdraw the soldiers from the Provinces and to concentrate them on Rome. It was a grave measure but a prudent one. Each small garrison could do no more than offer an heroic resistance, and be finally overpowered. By concentrating all the troops on Rome it could be held against irregular bands. The recall was effected on the 27th of October, and served

to increase the general feeling of uneasiness. During these dreary days of anxiety the conduct of the troops was admirable; they worked incessantly; they remained out overnight and suffered many privations, but cheerfully bore them all. The Volunteers under Prince Lancellotti rendered excellent service; so did the Civic Guard. The citizens were anxious, it is true; still they had confidence in the heroism of the little army. They were trying days, those last ones of October, and few, if any, failed in duty.

Meanwhile the outside world was busy with the state of the Eternal City. The news of the sacrilegious invasion of the States of the Church spread over the Peninsula and Europe, exciting everywhere the indignation of Catholics. It bounded across the broad Atlantic and moved the generous hearts of Canada's noble sons. The descendants of the sons of France who quit their country before the mad revolution of 1789, were aroused to action in defence of Holy Church. So, too, were Catholics in other parts; but they would arrive too late. One human hope alone remained for Rome; it was France, eldest daughter of the Church; and then, as ever, France was true to her trust. The heart and pulse of that glorious nation beat, and still beats, in unison with Rome. At times its government has deflected from the course prescribed by Clodoveus, Charlemagne, and St. Louis, but the instincts of the nation pointed aright. A wild upheaving of the social elements startled the world in the last century; it was a typhoon engendered in hell and sent

forth to blast the fair aspect of France. It passed away, and the heart and pulse of the nation resumed their normal action. Great when following her Catholic instincts, and humbled only when disregarding them, her history proves her to be the chosen arm of God's Church.

The news of the sad state of the Roman Provinces, the knowledge of the cowardly blowing-up of the barracks, roused the French people and clergy to vigorous action. Foremost in the ranks stood the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, Monseigneur Dupanloup. History will encircle his name with a halo of glory for his defence of Rome. Napoleon at length sent the order to the transport ships, already prepared at Toulon, to set sail. Swiftly they ploughed the blue waters of the Mediterranean, but not swift enough to satisfy the longing desires of the French nation. They disembarked at Civita Vecchia, and under the command of General Count de Failly they arrived in Rome during the last days of October. The well-remembered rat-tat of the French drums, the unforgotten sound of their trumpets fell joyfully on the ears of the citizens on the morning of October 30. The glad sight of their martial ranks arrayed in red trousers, white buskins, and blue jackets, brought a sense of security to every heart, and dispelled the gloomy cloud of undefinable dread.

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Rat-tat-tat! Drums are beating, horses prancing, bugles resounding, and columns of troops tramping heavily along the streets. Rat-tat-tat! How they

cleave the still air and startle the rooks from many a moss-covered tower. Behind them comes a rumbling, thundering sound which shakes the sleepers in their beds; it is the passing of heavy pieces of artillery. Rat-tat-tat! The air seems filled with the endless sound which breaks loudly on the ear just at the moment in which one thinks that it is dying away. It is not yet four o'clock on the morning of November 3d, yet all this noise and bustle is rending the cold atmosphere. It is the prelude to a glorious victory; it is the ushering in of a day which will crown the Pontifical army with the laurels of a victory bravely won, and which will strike terror into the revolutionists of Europe, and make them curse this day and endeavor in prose and verse, in English, French, and Italian to distort its history; it is the morning of the battle of Mentana.

The brilliancy of a victory is not to be sought for in the numbers engaged, but in the difficulties overcome; the bravery of a soldier is not to be gauged by the absolute number killed, but by the dangers boldly confronted. There is much greater room for personal bravery in a fight between one hundred on each side than in a battle between hundreds of thousands. The defence of the pass of Thermopylæ is not celebrated for the number of its defenders, but for their heroic resistance. In this way Mentana can claim a place with Austerlitz, Waterloo, or Gravelotte.

Monte-Rotondo had now been nine days under the Garibaldian raiders; they had entrenched them-

selves in favorable positions on the neighboring hills, especially at Mentana, a small village on the slope towards Rome. Their numbers, as was subsequently learned from the number of rifles taken, and also from the prisoners, wounded and dead, must have been over ten thousand. Garibaldi himself was there to utter his frenzied cry of "Rome or Death"; so, too, was his son Menotti as well as all the leading spirits of the revolution. Well provided with arms, well encamped, and thoroughly rested and recruited, they had good reason to hope to make a formidable resistance.

To put an end at once to the disturbance and to restore order in the Provinces, General Kanzler resolved to march against the Garibaldians on the 3d of November. General Faily hearing of the design wished to send a column of French troops to support him, if necessary, and to give France a share in the task of freeing the Roman States. Accordingly a column of Pontifical troops numbering 2913 men of various arms, of whom 1500 were zouaves, and a column of French of nearly 2000, were got ready. General Count de Courten commanded the former, and Brigadier-General Baron de Polhès the latter.* At four o'clock A.M. they passed out by *Porta Pia* and wound along the Nomentana Way to the bridge of that name. After crossing the bridge three com-

* These figures and names, as well as much of the following narrative, are founded on the official report made by General Kanzler, Pro-minister of War, who had the command in chief of the expedition, to the Pope.

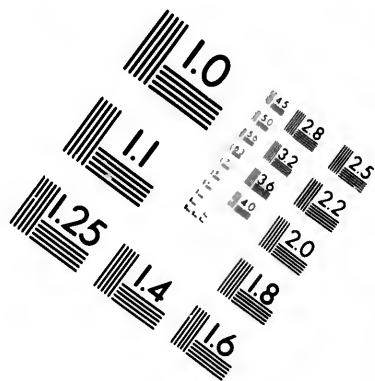
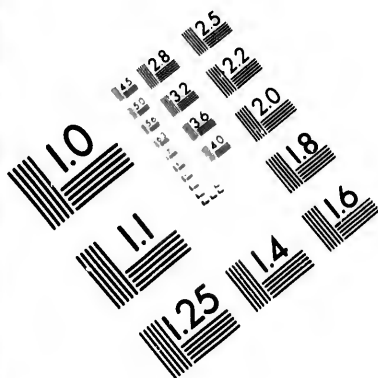
panies of zouaves under Major Troussures were sent by the Salara Way to create a diversion on the western side of Mentana, while the main body would advance on the eastern.

About midday, at a distance of about four miles from Mentana, the first Garibaldian entrenchments were met. They were favorably located on a height which commanded the line of march of the Pontifical troops. The advance-guard consisted of a squad of cavalry, three companies of zouaves, and a section of artillery. Morgan and Lorenzo were among these zouaves. It was the long-expected moment of encounter; now was the time to prove devotion to the See of Peter. Every soldier felt it, and without hesitation the zouaves charged right at the entrenchment. No time for shots; forward they dashed up the slopes regardless of the flying bullets which whistled around their heads. Morgan seemed to be scaling again the cliffs by the St. Lawrence in the wild freedom of a college holiday. Even then Lorenzo as he raced near him proved true to his nature by exclaiming, "This is more exciting than donkey-riding over the hills." The whole regiment of zouaves was soon engaged in the attack; investing the place with drawn steel the enemy was soon compelled to retreat higher up the hills towards Mentana. Almost in the first moment of attack death claimed a noble victim: Captain de Veaux, at the head of his company, was pierced to the heart, and fell a glorious champion of justice. A battalion of the German sharpshooters and two companies of the French Legion took part in this brilliant assault.

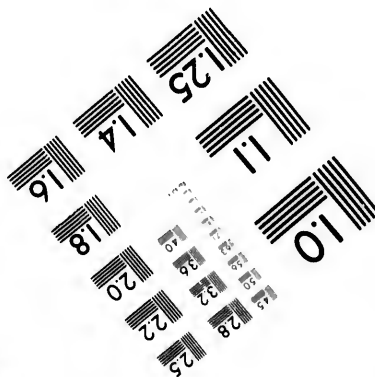
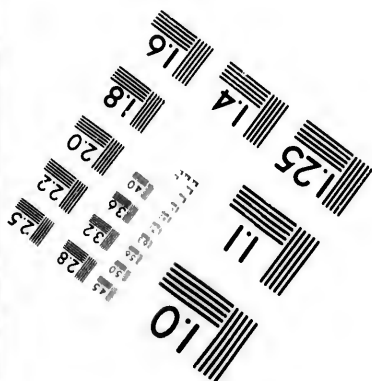
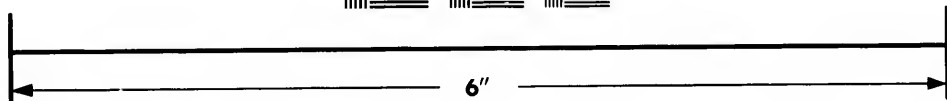
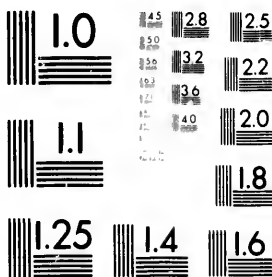
Every advantage of number and position was on the side of the enemy, but the rapid charge of the zouaves with the bayonet threw consternation into their ranks. They were quickly driven in disorder from this first entrenchment, but they re-formed in a more formidable one, in the walled enclosure of the Santucci vineyard.

The enemy's situation was now such as might dishearten a brave army: the rugged brow of the broken range of hills was difficult of ascent even with no hostile encampment on its summit. The strong walls of Italian masonry which surrounded the vineyard were proof against rifle bullets, and would render comparatively harmless balls from light field cannon. The buildings within the enclosure were likewise of solid masonry, and were equal to covered forts. Add to this that three quarters of a mile distant the Castle of Mentana was occupied by the foe and provided with cannon which could sweep the rugged ascent to the Villa Santucci. Higher up still stood Monte-Rotondo, the enemy's headquarters, from which every movement of the Pontifical troops could be seen, and from which reserves could be speedily sent down to any required point. If this formidable position of the enemy be borne in mind, and also the fact that not until long after did the French troops fire a shot, it will easily be seen that the assault on Villa Santucci was as daring and as brilliant an attack as that of the Guards at Waterloo, or of the French on the Malakoff.

Scarcely had the Garibaldians time to form them-



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selves in their favorable locality when they were called upon to defend it. The gallant soldiers who fought for St. Peter's Chair did not stop to compute numbers nor to weigh the difficulties of the situation. They were face to face with the impious revolution which had striven to overthrow the Pontifical throne, and they were resolved to crush it. This was their thought. They knew there was danger; they knew that many a life-tide would ebb away into the ocean of eternity on that hillside. But what reck they of this? He of them who falls will fall a glorious champion in the cause of Right and will receive the martyr's crown at the hands of welcoming angels; he who lives will, in some respects, be more unfortunate than he who dies; but he will be the chosen avenger of outraged justice. They, too, can cry, "Rome or Death!" but in a different sense from that in which it is shouted by their enemies—they will fight to the death for the liberty of Rome.

These are the thoughts which animate every heart and nerve every arm to the deeds of heroes. As the lines of attack on Villa Santucci are quickly forming, an officer gallops to the front. His noble bearing, his fine military figure and his flashing eye proclaim him the worthy descendant of the great Vandean chief. It is Colonel de Charette. The loyal blood of his grandfather courses pure and undegenerate through his veins, the faith of his sires burns undimmed in his soul and lights up his countenance with a glow of splendor. Turning to his well-loved zouaves, who recognize in him a leader

worthy of their valor, he says, unsheathing his sword :

"I need not encourage you; the enemy of Holy Church is before you. Your lines are ready? Yes. Suivez moi, mes enfants. En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" ("Follow me, my children. Forward! God and Pius IX.!")

"En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" shouted the noble Vandean. "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" re-echoed the impatient line of zouaves. Off they dash quickly, almost wildly, but in perfect order. Ahead of them all rides Charette, a conspicuous mark for the enemy's rifles. He told his men to follow him, and he is resolved to set them an example worthy of imitation. On they rush over the broken level and then up the rugged slope. It was a grand sight to see the prancing steed of Charette glorying, as it would appear, in the din and turmoil, bearing proudly onward his dauntless master; to see the noble figure and flashing sword of the leader rushing upward and onward; to see the symmetrical lines of the zouaves racing hotly in the steps of their Colonel. If there be one moment of glory more proud than another in the life of a gallant warrior, it must surely be such a one as this, when a worthy leader in a just cause is followed by worthy soldiers. Posted on a hill of observation the French troops witnessed with admiration this charge. Veterans of the Crimea, Algiers, and Magenta looked on in silent awe. The enemy, too, appeared paralyzed by the grand rush that was being made towards their entrenchment, but only for

a moment. Upward and onward press the Christian knights; their guns firmly clasped in the position of a charge, their bayonets glinting in the subdued light of a November sun. How they leap from mound to hillock; how they clear the low brushwood; how they bound up the craggy ridge. "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" There must be a secret power in those words, for each time that they are uttered by the gallant Charette and re-echoed by his ardent followers, their leap is longer, their step more elastic, their bound more swift.

Upward and onward! How the fiery steed curvets and fiercely champs the bit; how the soldiers spring up the rocky height! God grant that the noble Vandean may one day, if force will have to be employed, lead a similar assault with more followers, against the usurpers of Rome; and may God grant that, if that day has to come, we may be worthy to render some assistance. If we may not unsheath the sword of the flesh, we may at least encourage the living and comfort the dying.

Upward and onward! They have issued from the shelter of their artillery, and are now exposed to the rifles in Villa Santucci, the guns in the Castle of Mentana, and the cannon on the neighboring heights. As yet no sound save the soul-stirring cry of "Dieu et Pie IX.!" and the rushing tramp of the columns has been heard. But now the hoarse roar of the cannon, the sharp crackling of the rifles, and the whizzing of flying shells, proclaim that the enemy have awakened from their trance of admiration to a sense of danger. Crash and roar and sharp

report succeed with deafening monotony. Now, indeed, the zouaves have need to nerve themselves with the cry "Dieu et Pie IX.," for the bullets tear the agitated air, shells burst on every side, and huge leaden balls strike the ground and ricochet wildly among their ranks. No wavering however; upward and onward they fly! The French soldiers in the distance frantically shout with admiration, and seem, for a moment, to forget military discipline.

Volley after volley is poured right into the teeth of the advancing columns; Charette's horse makes one mad plunge, and horse and rider roll in the dust. A shout of triumph goes up from the enemy in Villa Santucci; an expression of horror from the Pontifical reserves. As their leader goes down, the zouaves quicken their pace to help him rise or to more quickly avenge his death. But ere they reach the spot the gallant Charette, covered with dust, is on his feet, and waving on high his sword, shouts, "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" Then he dashes forward on foot, still leading his loved zouaves. "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" is the glad response of the men, as they find him unhurt. Three balls had entered the body of his favorite war-horse but he himself was untouched.

Upward and onward! Now they have reached the Villa; the shots of the enemy cease as they are obliged to defend themselves at the point of the bayonet. Hand to hand now the battle rages; the artillery on both sides is silent, for each is afraid of injuring its own men. Swords clash, bayonets rattle,

guns resound as they meet in fierce parrying strokes. The vine-trails are broken and stained, not with the rich juice of their own grapes, but with the purple gore of the combatants. The wounded and dying groan in their agony; but high above every sound rises the cry, "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" It is heard where the fight is thickest, and the secret power of the words bring a speedy victory.

Long odds are against the zouaves, but naught can delay their onward course. Back from hillock to hillock, from olive grove to vine-covered walk, the enemy is driven. "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" resounds near the strong old building, and with a mad rush the zouaves break in its doors and vanquish its defenders. The fight was short but fierce; in a little time the height of the Villa was gained, and the enemy seeking new positions. That brilliant charge was successfully over, but the field was not yet won.

Some noble victims fell in that terrible onslaught; eternal rest to their souls; enduring reverence to their memory. More powerful pens will chronicle their deeds. But Canada's sons deserve a passing notice. We will speak of Morgan Leahy further on. Alfred Laroque was in the grand charge; he received a severe wound, and watered with the blood of a noble son of our Dominion the plains of Mentana. Should those lines ever meet his eye, we ask him to pardon our little notice of his deeds; we wish to follow merely the general outline of these events and the adventures of our heroes. We bow to him who has shed his blood in so holy a cause,

and pray that when the time for a Catholic Crusade shall come, which come it will if we mean to defend our sacred rights, our young Dominion may furnish many such as he. Another name embalmed in the fond remembrance of Canadians occurs—it is that of Captain Murray. During the stormy period of which we write, and later on, he did his duty like a man, and gave great promise of fighting the coming battle for Catholic rights. But on the ramparts of a Spanish town, warring for Don Carlos whom he believed to be in the right, his life went out in a noontide light of military glory.

The heights of Villa Santucci having been conquered, some artillery was planted so as to bear on the Castle of Mentana. Charette, mounted on a horse which some of his men had captured, still gave forth his cry of "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" The Pontifical troops of every description pressed on from the heights of Villa Santucci towards Mentana. They had numbered scarcely three thousand at first; some had been killed, many disabled; moreover they had to disperse over a wide tract of country to cut off, if possible, communication between Mentana and Monte-Rotondo. Hence the columns which advanced on the enemy's new position were numerically weak. Two strong columns of the Garibaldian reserves were now hurried forward to attack both flanks of the Pontifical army. A battalion of German sharpshooters which had pushed itself close to Mentana was caught between two fires, and suffered heavily; but they courageously maintained their posts.

It was now three o'clock; the short November day would soon come to an end. Both sides felt the importance of making one final effort. All the Pontifical reserves, with the exception of a few, had been ordered up; the enemy had still plenty. Two dark columns moved out from Mentana and spread out like the wings of a huge vulture on each side of the Pope's soldiers. General Kanzler did not doubt the courage of his men; he knew that they would rush against all odds to the cry of "Dieu et Pie IX.,"; but they had left Rome at 4 o'clock A.M., had marched fifteen miles, and had fought for hours. Moreover night would soon be on, and it would be well to put an end to the battle at once. The Pontifical troops had done enough to wreath their banner with undying fame; there was no policy in exposing them to unnecessary danger or in excluding their French allies from a share in the active duties of the day.

Moved by these considerations, General Kanzler invited General de Polhès to support both wings of his little army. The French soldiers, who had chafed and fretted under their orders not to stir until invited, were quickly formed in line. With all their historic ardor they threw themselves on the advancing columns of the enemy's reserves, and when within good range opened such a terrific fire as never before had been heard on Italian plains. It was not the usual volley, first of one line, then of another; it was a continuous crackling, as if ten thousand men were advancing instead of a thousand. It was the murderous fire of the Chassepot rifle, the

first time it was ever employed in battle. Colonel Fremont on one wing quickly beat back the Garibaldian column, entered Mentana, and would have reached Monte-Rotondo before the retreating enemy, had he not thought himself too isolated from the rest of the force. Lieutenant-Colonel Saussier effected a similar movement on the other wing, and gallantly opened on 1500 of the enemy who were on the heights of Monte-Rotondo. Just then the three companies of zouaves, which had been sent along the Salara Way under Major Troussures, came up; desirous of doing their share, they deployed with such agility and charged so bravely that they paralyzed the movements of the Garibaldians of the right wing. These three companies even entered Mentana, took some prisoners, and crossing the whole line of the enemy encamped on the extreme right. Cavalry, infantry, and artillery, all with equal courage advanced, and by nightfall, Mentana was girded by a circle of iron. From all the surrounding vineyards the enemy had been driven; behind their fortifications they could repose for the night with the unpleasant reflection that on the morrow they must surrender at discretion. Thus ended a day of which the Pope's soldiers may well be proud. There have been battles more widely celebrated; there have been more men engaged on one field; but in no battle was a holier cause upheld or greater courage displayed than by the Pontifical army at Mentana.

But where, during all this time was the arch-revolutionist Garibaldi? His impious cry of

"Rome or Death" was never uttered by him in the front ranks. He did not, like Charette, lead his men to battle, but remained in safety. It has even been asserted that he sought refuge in a confessional! In any case, he never appeared in front, and when his followers were driven back on Mentana, he sought a place of safety in Monte-Rotondo. Thence in the first hours of the night, like a whipped cur, he sneaked away towards the frontier. He did not fight at the head of his men; he did not stay to share their fate. To save his worthless life he added another member to his war-cry: from "Rome or Death," it became "Rome or death, or flight." He chose the latter alternative and ignominiously fled. The Pontifical soldiers were not monks or nuns; hence his courage oozed out at his finger ends, and made him grasp in haste the reins of his horse's bridle. In his merited ignominy, and in the derision his flight excited, let the old revolutionist live on. In his case, life is a punishment; he may excite the sympathy of ignorant bigots, but he can only provoke the contempt of the enlightened.

Morgan Leahy and his friend Lorenzo had been, as we saw, in the first attack; they, too, rushed up the ascent to the Santucci vineyard to the cry of "Dieu et Pie IX.!" In an olive walk they, together with two others, were engaged against a knot of Garibaldians who held the place with determination. But the zouaves had to come to conquer, and conquer they must. "'Tis for Holy Church, Lorenzo; strike quick and strong." These were

Morgan's words, and Lorenzo answered with a "Viva Pio IX.," which roused the echoes in the olive grove. They sprang forward closely followed by their companions, and two of the enemy bit the dust. Onward they press, slashing right and left, not displaying much science but dealing death most effectually. They carried the position, and hurried forward to keep abreast of the main line. The popular idea of a battle is that long unbroken lines of men rush against similar lines; but this is not the case. Knots and groups, scattered here and there, defend or attack commanding sites; in a bayonet charge a dozen, ten, or four men may be separated from their comrades, and encounter like knots of the enemy.

After the first positions of the enemy in the Villa Santucci had been carried, a dreadful carnage ensued around the buildings. The Garibaldians felt that this was their strong point; if it were lost they must quickly retreat; hence they defended it bravely. Towards this point Morgan and Lorenzo converged; as they broke through a grape-covered bower, they came upon a zouave who, with his back to the hedge, was defending himself against three Garibaldians, one of whom he had succeeded in wounding. Lorenzo recognized the zouave; it was Peppe. With one bound and a cry of "Bravo! Peppe," he reach the spot and sent his bayonet through one of the enemy. The other two seeing the turn of affairs beat a quick retreat. Poor Peppe was well-nigh exhausted, but culling a few grapes, he refreshed himself as he trotted forward.

They now arrived in front of the building; the clashing of swords was deafening; the groans of the wounded heartrending. Blood dyed the sward; it bespattered the blocks of stone which formed rude seats; it gave a murky tint to the waters in the basin of the fountain. The cry of "Dieu et Pie IX." was answered by a choking sound of "O Roma o Morte," "Rome or Death" from an infuriated Garibaldian who was dealing plentiful wounds to many a zouave. His cruel hawk nose and demon-lighted eyes revealed him: it was Capodiavolo. He was everywhere; he vomited fearful imprecations on the Pope and his army; he called to his companions to pave their passage to hell with the souls of the zouaves. Many a thrust was made at him, but he could wriggle like an eel, and avoided or parried every stroke. When he saw his men yielding at one point he would rush across with a wild oath and endeavor to regain the lost ground.

Peppe knew him, and hurriedly told Morgan and Lorenzo who he was, as they came upon the scene.

"I'll slay the demon then," said Lorenzo, and dashed on to meet him. His men were retreating, hotly pursued by the zouaves; he stood almost alone on a gentle slope. Straight against him Lorenzo ran, and soon they were thrusting at each other's heart. It was an exciting spectacle; both were strong and lithe; both could spring elastically and parry adroitly; but Capodiavolo was the heavier. As the zouaves came rushing onward the demon-

lighted eyes of Capodiavolo shot forth an ugly light, and with a quick lunge he felled Lorenzo to the earth. Seeing himself almost isolated, he scowled in impotent rage, and followed his retreating ranks. Morgan had not witnessed the fall of his friend, being too busily engaged in another direction; he pressed forward to the last point defended by the Garibaldians in this historic vineyard. Here the fight was fierce but short; the enemy had lost heart after their former defeats. Capodiavolo, however, was the same; he still cursed and fought; he still ran from point to point and inflicted wounds with an unsparing hand. Morgan came in contact with him near the edge of the Villa; Capodiavolo knew him, and jerked out:

"Vile hireling! I'll send you, as I have just sent your infamous companion, to sup with the devil."

The words almost stunned Morgan. Was Lorenzo dead? He had not seen him lately; perhaps the ruffian spoke aright. But Morgan had no time for reflection; he must defend himself against the one whom he had seen stretching on the ground many of his companions. As Capodiavolo thrust his bayonet right for his heart, Morgan almost imagined that he felt a hot breath, like a blast from an oven, scorching his face. It seemed to come from the demon-lighted eyes of his advancing enemy. With a dexterous movement he turned aside the glittering blade. Just then he heard the voice of Charette shouting "En avant! Dieu et Pie IX.!" The words sent an unwonted strength through his

frame. "Dieu et Pie IX.," he shouted in response, and drove his bayonet through the body of Capodiavolo. A gurgling imprecation was all he heard as he was borne onward with the victorious columns that were now pursuing the enemy towards the village of Mentana.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THERE is a mad excitement in war which throws, to the eyes of many, a veil of glory over the opposing hosts, and lights up the plain with dazzling splendor. All the horrors of the situation; all the blood and tears that are caused to rain down on the torn field are disregarded; only the brilliant charge, the awful daring of bravery, or the stubborn stand of men despairing of victory, yet willing to face danger, is thought of. But when the din and strife have ceased; when the storm has been exhausted by its own fury, and the silence of night has fallen over the gory field, then the mind can measure the evils of war. The blood-red torch which lent a fictitious glitter to the scene of carnage no longer dazzles the eye, and the desire of fame is quenched by the dark pools of human blood which slowly congeal in the evening breeze.

Night had cast its dreamy influence over the hills of Mentana; the stars twinkled merrily in their

serene firmament as if rejoicing in their security. The rays of the moon fell aslant over the rugged heights of Monte-Rotondo, and cautiously peered into the ravines and hollows which lay between that town and Mentana. Over the slope of the Santucci vineyard the mellow light, partly intercepted by the vine trails and olive trees, fell in tremulous shimmerings as if startled by the traces of fury on which it shone. A cool breeze swept over the northern hills, and came in uneasy gusts, like the rushing of troubled spirits.

Many a camp-fire glowed in the vicinity, sending forth showers of sparks which leaped upward exultingly for a moment, and then, like the gay 'mid the pleasures of life, went out cold and dark into the unexplored regions of air. Groups of wearied soldiers sit round the various fires, eating, smoking, and sometimes chatting. They had slept but little the previous night; they had been on foot by three o'clock in the morning; they had marched several miles, and fought during four hours. Now, that the excitement of battle is over, they feel the effects of this day of labor, and tired nature demands a rest. Around the camp-fires, then, they squat; the heroes of two hours ago are lost in the jaded mortals who recline on the grass, eating brown bread and drinking black coffee from tin cans. Their deeds of bravery which excited admiration are forgotten; their erst elastic limbs are stiff and swollen; but their hearts still burn with love for Pius IX., and their pulse still throbs with affection for the cause of Holy Church.

The field presents a desolate spectacle. Here the splinters of a gun-carriage, there a shattered ambulance; here a sword-hilt, a broken rifle, a knapsack, there a dead horse, a soldier's *kepi*, a piece of ordnance. This is the aspect of the field everywhere repeated. And then the leaden balls, the fragments of shell, and everything stained and smeared with gore. Turn where you will the same aspect, the same traces of a furious battle present themselves.

But crowning horror of all these horrors: the dead bodies with eyes staring blankly upward—with gaping wounds encrusted on the edges with congealed blood—with looks of horror, grief, remorse, or quiet calm. And then the low moan of the dying; the restless complaining of some; the sharp cries of anguish; the prayer for pardon softly breathed, and the horrible blasphemy of despairing reprobates. These are the after-scenes of the battle, and may well rob war of its fancied glory.

Flaming torches slowly moving over the broken ground told that ministers of mercy were at work binding up the wounds of the flesh and pouring oil and wine over bruised souls. Rude litters, borne with tender care, passed into the flare of these torches; they were carried by the noble soldiers, who forgot their own wearisomeness in their care for the wounded; they contained, in many cases, not their own companions, but the Garibaldian raiders against whom they had fought so recently. But now all thought of battle was over; they strove to assuage the pain of the suffering, and to console the afflicted. The night was chill, and

the soldiers required their overcoats after the heat of the day, but officers and men cheerfully took off their cloaks and coats, and threw them over the wounded enemy. One nobleman, a duke of France, paid with his life for this act of charity. He contracted a severe cold which, developing into pleurisy, carried him off in a few days. The Christian soldier is a hero when fighting in a just cause; he can be equally a hero of charity in the after-scenes.

Morgan Leahy was not the last in his care of the wounded; naturally of a sensitive disposition and unused to scenes of violence, his generous heart melted with compassion at the sight of so much suffering. He had fought bravely—most bravely. Charette commended him in the presence of several French and Pontifical officers; he had witnessed his gallantry during the first charge, as, also, his action in Villa Santucci, particularly his overthrow of Capodiavolo. In the last charge of all he had distinguished himself amongst a company of Zouaves who helped a section of artillery, commanded by Captain Daudier, to maintain for a time a most dangerous position within three hundred yards of the walls of Mentana. But Morgan thought little of this military glory or of the promotion it was sure to bring him. He was proud to have nobly discharged a noble duty, but he thought more of assuaging the pain of the wounded, and of means to move to hearty sorrow the dying, than of his own fame. He longed to be instrumental in saving the souls of those who were about to meet their Maker.

He had lost all trace of Lorenzo ; was he dead, or dying? Sadly he and Peppe retraced the ground over which they had gallantly charged. There were so many out on the mission of charity that most of the wounded had been carried to a place of shelter. Many were in a little church near by. As they came through the Santucci vineyard their torch flared a moment and was extinguished. Ere they could procure another, they heard a groan, half stifled, as if the sufferer was endeavoring to suppress every sound. Guided by the moans they drew near, and found a body half caught in a hedge-row, through which he had attempted to crawl. By the dim light they could perceive that it was a Garibaldian. Quickly and tenderly they bore him to the little chapel. It was crowded with the wounded of both sides. Laying him down in the light, the sufferer opened his eyes ; they were the blurred eyes of a dying man, yet such an evil light broke through the film of coming death that there could be no mistaking the individual. Peppe started back and said :

“Per Bacco! it is Capodiavolo ; but he is booked for a speedy passage.”

Yes, it was he. Wounded by Morgan, he had crawled away to escape notice, and to die unseen by his enemies. A doctor quietly dressed his wound, and gave him a refreshing draught, but shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, plainly saying “no hope,” in answer to Morgan’s inquiring look.

What could Morgan now do? He was anxious to learn something about Lorenzo ; but here was a hardened sinner about to die. He could not leave

him without striving first to awaken him to a sense of his miserable situation, and procuring for him the assistance of a priest. Telling Peppe to look round among the wounded there present, and then to return to him, he approached Capodiavolo who had now rallied a little. In tones gentle as those of a Sister of Charity he asked him how he felt.

“Vile minion of the Vampire of the Vatican, away from my sight. I hate and curse you all.”

“Even if you do you might allow me to help you in your present suffering state. I might ease a little your pain.”

“Who caused me this pain, base hireling? ’Twas such as you. What!” shrieked the dying reprobate as he glared full on Morgan, “it was yourself. May —” But his horrible blasphemy may not be written by a Christian pen.

“In any case,” quietly began Morgan, “I wounded you on the open field and by no dishonorable means. Surely you cannot blame me for my conduct. You would have done the same to me; you did it to some of my friends. Moreover, it was I and another zouave who carried you to this place. We bear no malice to those against whom we fought. A true soldier may not wish to be conquered, but he will never blame his vanquisher if he has used no unworthy acts.”

During this speech Capodiavolo was tossing restlessly on his bed; he felt the truth of Morgan’s words, and said more mildly,

“You are partly right; but why fight against our glorious project of a Universal Republic? We are

the regenerators of Italy and of the world ; we are the aurora which ushers in the day of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity ; we are the crowning of the edifice begun by Luther and partly finished by Voltaire. After us no authority of Church or State will exist against which to rebel."

Instead of attempting to argue with him, Morgan, seeing him more composed than at first, replied :

"There is one thing which respects neither State nor age ; it levels with impartial hand all alike ; it is present at great battles and in quiet rooms, but it never is bought off nor softened--it is Death. It awaits us all ; to some its aspect is terrible, but to others it is seen disarmed of its horrors. God is good my friend, invoke His holy name ; repent truly of your sins, and death will only be the portal which will lead you to true happiness."

"Ha ! ha ! You talk like a frate. Death ! Who is going to die ? God ! Who is He ? Avaunt ! such superstition ! Hurrah for the devil and our secret societies. We kill God in them. We fight against Him ; we defy His power. We are spread all over Europe ; great statesmen, yes, princes belong to us, and Satan is our head. *Viva il diavolo !*"

As the wretch thus wildly blasphemed, his appearance was fearful to contemplate. His demon-lighted eyes shone with the concentrated fury of a thousand basilisks ; his cruel hawk nose pecked savagely at his twitching upper lip ; the white foam spurted forth from his blackening lips. A priest just then came up ; Morgan hurriedly gave him an account of Cap-

diavolo. The priest approached his bed, and laying his hand on his arm, said :

“My son, death is fast coming on you ; do not be deceived, but prepare to meet your Judge.”

“Away ! let no priest come near me ; let the devil be my ministering angel. Ha ! ha !—” Here a look of horror came to his face, and he continued : “Would you, you false old cheat, after all my years of service, would you at last drag me down to your infernal prison ? You told me there was no hell, that it was all a superstition ; and now you surround my bed to bear me off.”

“My son, hope in God and repent ; He will pardon you if you do.”

“Hope !” shrieked the lost soul, “there is no hope for me ; I don’t want to hope ; I hate God, His Church, civil governments, and priests.”

As Capodiavolo made this dying profession of the creed of the secret societies, he raised himself up in bed. Trembling he remained in this posture for a moment, and then jerked out :

“Away ye mocking devils ; you will not get me yet. Yes, I am damned—damned forever—lost—lost—lost. Oh-h-h !”

Giving expression to this dismal wail, which he will make forever resound through the place of everlasting horror, Capodiavolo fell backward a lifeless mass. His forcing-pump voice would jerk no more its evil words ; his cruel nose no longer pecked at the lip which no longer twitched ; but the dancing demons seemed yet to sport in his evil eyes, which stared at the ceiling. If they had in reality

departed, they had left an impression of themselves in the home in which for years they had danced. The seal of reprobation was legibly stamped on the repulsive features of Capodiavolo.

Half terrified by this awful scene Morgan turned away, and came to another dying Garibaldian. It was Cecco, who had been initiated in the den, amid the ruins on the Aventine. Too weak to follow the example of young Marini, he had joined, but in a half-hearted way, the raiders. Wounded mortally, he had thought over the sins of his life, and had recollected the good instructions received in youth. He formed his lips to repeat the sweet prayers of his days of innocence, and hope sprang up in his soul. He had weakly given way to temptations, but he had never been hardened in malice. The grace of repentance was vouchsafed him; he called for a priest, and publicly retracted his adhesion to the secret societies, asked pardon for his bad example, and was reconciled with the Church. He was now praying fervently, and in a few minutes breathed his last. This death, after the awful one of Capodiavolo, partly soothed Morgan's troubled soul.

Passing along the rows of wounded, saying a cheering word to each one, Morgan at length came to the couch of a zouave who was fast dying. He was a young man with that high stamp of intellectuality which generally distinguishes the true Italian. His features, beautified by the mellow twilight of a life nobly ended, or etherealized by the aurora of immortality, were so fascinating as to

make the gazer forgetful of the rapid approach of death. It was young Marini; he who had been rescued in the den by Morgan and Lorenzo, and who had ever since been their devoted friend. He was fast dying, and he knew it; he was fast dying, but what recked he? For him death was gain; it was the messenger which will summon us all to the presence of our Maker—the messenger so grim and terrible to the wicked, so full of hope to the just. The strong tide of his young life had ebbed; the remaining streamlet was fast rippling away into the still, mysterious ocean of eternity. The bright sun of youthful promise had set; the golden edge of his day was fast sinking behind the blank horizon—Death.

Smiling as Morgan approached, he said :

“How glad I am to see you, my dear friend. You have passed through this glorious day unscathed, although you were always in the thickest of the fight. I am, as you see, fast dying.”

“It is then you, Marini; I scarcely recognized you in this light; but you are not so near your last.”

“Yes, Morgan, I am. Do not think that you will make me sad by talking of death; it is a glorious thing to die for the rights of the Holy See. Seen by the clear light of a death-bed, how vain do the pleasures of the world appear! How paltry the things for which men strive through weary days and sleepless nights! How base the motives which too often incite to action! Ah, Morgan, only God is great; only His love is worth striving for; how

foolish to ever forget the end for which we have been created, or to swerve from the path of virtue!"

"You are right, my dear Marini; but you have reason to calmly die when death has been met in such a cause."

"I know it, I know it; but I once, for a short time, fell away from the strict path of duty; I forgot the teachings of my youth and grew careless, and finally fell."

"But you rose quickly and manfully by God's grace; you strove to atone for your fault."

The heavenly calm which had hitherto settled on the noble countenance of Marini began to be disturbed. At first it was as if specks of clouds were passing over the disk of a summer sun, so slight and fleeting were the signs of disquiet; but they grew larger and denser, until it seemed as if a thunder cloud had obscured the sun. The devil had "descended, having great wrath, knowing that his time was short," and was making one last fearful effort to make the faithful soul renounce the glorious crown which angel hands were wreathing for its approaching coronation.

"After all, Morgan, it is an awful thing to offend God; His justice is dreadful—dreadful—dreadful," fairly groaned poor Marini, as he struggled with his invisible tormentor.

"But His mercy is over all His works; it is infinite—infinite—my poor friend; His justice is only exercised against the obdurate; His mercy is ever extended to the contrite and humble of heart. Give no heed to the enemy who seeks to

disturb your last moments," said Morgan, who saw the change, and knew its cause.

The fight was short but keen; fearful spasms convulsed the features of the dying zouave, and heartrending groans escaped his lips. Morgan trembled and prayed; then taking from around Marini's neck a crucifix—the same one on which he had refused to trample—he put it to his pale lips, saying:

"The Cross and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ be your shield and refuge in this hour of danger."

The thunder cloud burst; streaks of golden light shot out through its rifts. Marini opened his eyes, and seizing the sacred emblem of hope and Divine love pressed it to his heart and lips. Every trace of the fierce struggle was blotted out; the heavenly calm returned; the mellow twilight of a nobly-ended life blended with the rich aurora of immortality as he murmured:

"O! Cross of my Saviour, bad as I was, I would not trample on Thee to save my life!"

He was thinking of the scene in the den on the Aventine, when Capodiavolo wanted him to trample on the crucifix. Turning to Morgan, he said:

"Thanks for your act; the victory is won; the cross of Christ has conquered the devil who sought to ensnare me. I fain would repeat aloud our battle-cry, 'Dieu et Pie IX.,' but my voice is weak."

The last words came slowly yet distinctly. Animation was suspended, the heavenly calm deepened. A faint sigh was heard as the respiration

again began. With both hands pressing the crucifix to his heart, young Marini whispered :

“Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.” Gently the last ripple of his life’s stream broke on the echoless shores of eternity ; imperceptibly the golden edge of his day sank behind the blank horizon—Death. The flush of life, and the forebeaming of immortality vanished from his brow, but left impressed on his features a spiritualized beauty, fairer to the Christian eye than an Italian sunset. Reverently Morgan composed the limbs of his dead friend ; piously he clasped the stiffening fingers over the sacred emblem of Christian hope, the cross—that same cross which Marini had refused to profane even when offered his life as the reward. His noble profession of Christ on that occasion was more than recompensed by the victory which the cross procured for him at the point of death. And thus it has ever been, and ever will be ; the “cup of cold water given in Christ’s name” will have a reward exceeding great. Breathing a prayer for the departed soul Morgan turned away, saying :

“Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord ! and let perpetual light shine upon him.”

Peppe now approached Morgan with a blank look ; he had visited every couch, but Lorenzo was not amongst those present. Perhaps he was uninjured and looking for them on the battlefield ; perhaps he had been taken prisoner by some retreating band ; perhaps he was dead, or dying in the cold night-air, alone and unassisted. It is true that parties had been over all the scene of that day’s

fight, collecting the wounded of both sides; still, he might have crawled for shelter under a hedge-row, and remained unnoticed. Poor Morgan was almost distracted; Peppe was in great dejection of spirits, and could not make any attempt at merriment. Worn out as they both were by the fatigues of the day, and almost famishing—for they had not eaten anything since early in the morning—it is easy to imagine their dejection. But Morgan had schooled himself to patient endurance, and, moreover, was buoyed up with the ever-present thought of what our Divine Saviour had suffered for man. Hence he resolved to retrace the ground in the Santucci vineyard, from the point at which he had last seen Lorenzo. Peppe, in whom love for his young master put to flight all selfish thoughts, prepared to accompany him.

When about to go forth with a supply of torches they met the captain of their company; learning their errand he told them it was unnecessary, as Lorenzo, along with some others, had been sent on to Rome. He was not fatally wounded, but would be on the sick-list for a long time. Somewhat comforted by this intelligence Morgan and Peppe sought that nourishment and rest which they so much required.

Next morning the Garibaldians in Mentana surrendered at discretion; those who had been in Monte-Rotondo had made good their escape during the night. Monte-Rotondo presented a sad sight to the eyes of the allied troops: its churches despoiled and profaned, its citizens crushed by the

extortions and troubles endured. With shouts of unaffected joy they hailed the French troops, which were the first to enter in the morning. The joy of deliverance almost made them forget the ten days of terror through which they had passed.

The return of the troops to Rome was made the occasion of a grand demonstration of loyalty on the part of the Romans. The Via Nomentana, by which the soldiers returned, was lined with citizens of every rank, for miles out from the Gate of Porta Pia. Refreshments of the choicest quality were served out to the victorious soldiers as they passed along, and bouquets of rare flowers were cast under their feet. Cheers for the soldiers were blended with shouts of "*Viva il Papa-re*" ("Long live the Pope-king") and, "Hurrah for France," as the brave sons of that chivalrous nation defiled past. It was a Roman holiday, not such as used to cause the tears of pitying angels to flow when Pagan Rome ran wild in its cruel sport, but one of such loyal and innocent recreation, that the happy souls of the Pontifical soldiers who had received the summons to bliss on the hills of Mentana, might have mingled with the rejoicing throng and found no reason to blush. It was not a manufactured demonstration such as sometimes takes place in some cities; it was a spontaneous outburst of faithful subjects and good Christians, who thanked the brave soldiers who had upheld the rights of their Sovereign, and crushed the impious revolution.

Loud and long were the acclamations, hearty the greeting, and royal the entertainment accorded the

garrison of Monte-Rotondo on its return from imprisonment a few days later. The best nobles of Rome deemed it an honor to serve them at table. They wished to show by this act their respect for the devoted bravery of these men, and their genuine love for the Pope, for whose cause they had so courageously battled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORENZO'S ANXIETY.

"Ah, Morgan, it is you at last!" faintly exclaimed a weak voice.

"Yes, it is I, dear Lorenzo, and I could not come any sooner. I should have been here the night of the battle could I have followed my inclinations."

"I know it, I know it, Morgan. I did not mean to chide you for not coming sooner; but it has been so long, so long," and the wan features of the once bright Lorenzo were suffused with tears.

Morgan, too, was deeply affected; he saw at a glance all his friend had suffered in mind and body.

Novelists often picture to us the soul-absorbing grief of a young girl beside the sick bed of her friend or her betrothed; but the grief of woman is generally emotional and violent; its life-springs are in the affections, not in the intelligence. It is like a squall in a midsummer sky—wild in its short-lived fury, but quickly giving place to the laughing

beams of the sun. But the grief of a man like Morgan is the enduring autumn gloom which shows no rifts in its jet-black clouds; it is too intense for words, too overpowering for sighs, too desolate for tears. Few can understand such grief, for few are endowed with a brave and sensitive soul.

"Well, well, dear Lorenzo," at length continued Morgan, "here I am at last and here I shall be for several hours every day. How do your wounds progress? You may be proud of them, my dear fellow; you received them in a noble cause."

"But not from a noble hand," said Lorenzo, with a faint reflection of his old smile.

"Do you know the hand that inflicted them?"

"Yes; Capodiavolo's."

"Ha! he told the truth for once."

"What do you mean, Morgan?"

"Simply that Capodiavolo told me he had stretched you on the ground, a few moments before I dealt him his death blow."

"Did you, then, conquer the monster? I tried my best, and I prided myself on being quick and sure at a thrust; but he cut me down in a fair encounter. He fought that day like a very fury; had all the Garibaldians been like him we should have suffered more severely. But is he dead, or only wounded?"

"Dead; Peppe and I bore him to the temporary hospital, and I stood by him as he died."

"I almost dread to ask how he died."

This conversation took place in the hospital of "Santo Spirito" in Rome. Built and endowed by

Pontifical and Catholic munificence, this splendid hospital does not close its doors against Turk, Jew, or Infidel. The only qualification for reception is bodily disease; the only entrance-fee a request for admission. Within its charitable walls the sufferer has all the benefit of the best medical skill of Rome, and the tender nursing of those matchless ministers of the sick-room—the Sisters of Charity. True religion is the mother of heroic actions, the prompter of sublime deeds, the fosterer of lofty aspirations. It provides for the wants of man in every stage of existence, and satisfies his intellect in every grade of its development. Without it the care of the poor and the infirm, the instruction of the ignorant, and the last services to the dead, lose the lustre of charity and become mere objects of hire. Were any proof required to show that the religion of Rome is the Eternal Truth of God, divinely revealed and divinely guarded, it could easily be supplied by investigating the workings of its various orders and confraternities. There are religious orders of both sexes devoted to the instruction of youth, to the care of the insane, the blind, and the mute, to the nursing of the sick, and the burying of the dead. There are others given to contemplation, in which the mind of man is elevated to a closer union with God, and the human intelligence is expanded by meditation on the Infinite. It is no love of worldly gain which moves the hearts of the members of these orders. Many of them leave pleasant homes and loving friends to serve God, unknown to the eyes of man, in the

coarse garb of a Sister of Charity; all the sensitive feelings of a refined soul are nerved, by love of God, to endure the sight and touch of loathsome sores. The world cannot understand such heroism—it could not understand the actions of our Saviour. It traduced the latter, it traduces the religious orders; it persecuted the Man-God, it persecutes those orders which imitate His divine perfections more nearly than the rest of mankind. But the day of final adjustment will come, and the despised garb of a true monk, or nun, will shine like cloth-of-gold studded with diamonds, whilst the rich dress of the worldling will be faded and dim.

Long rows of beds, covered with snow-white linen, in which the wounded Garibaldians as well as the Pontifical soldiers lie, occupy one wing of this hospital. The ceiling is lofty, and ventilation is rendered complete. All arrangements for the comfort and convenience of patients are provided, and by their handsome finish and artistic bestowal add to the beauty of the general appearance. The Italian is ever alive to the beautiful, and endeavors to combine it with the useful. He knows its humanizing effect on the healthy, and its cheering influence on the invalid.

Silent figures flitted about from bed to bed, giving a cooling drink to this one, whispering a cheering word to that one; now washing a festering wound, now changing the bandages on a broken arm. Every movement was so noiseless, every touch so gentle, every word so soothing, that the wounded soldier might well fancy that death had claimed him

on the battlefield, and that now he was in the land of spirits.

Learned men—men who walk the higher paths of science side by side with England's best scholars—might be seen in this hospital, washing the face and combing the hair of some poor invalid. They came to perform this act of charity, and then returned to their books with souls ennobled and minds expanded by God's love. What wonder that they grasp sublime ideas and unearth recondite truths?

The nobility of Rome are not strangers in the hospitals; many of them are regular in their visits, and perform various acts of Christian charity towards the sufferers. Just now, in order to testify their love for the cause for which the soldiers gallantly fought, they come in numbers to visit the wounded, and to bring them an unlimited supply of delicacies. The Queen of Naples was a constant attendant, and obtained the name of "Sister of Charity" from Pius IX.

Lorenzo had been three days in this hospital; his wound was severe but not mortal. Spent and worn he was, but the worst was over, and the sight of Morgan helped to hasten his recovery.

"I am anxious, Morgan, to be up and able to go about; it is not the pain of my wound which troubles me most."

"Dear Lorenzo, I am anxious to see you well; still we must have patience. Be as much of a hero now in endurance as you were on the hills of Mentana. In a little time you will be all right; you

want for nothing here which the most tender love can procure."

"Do not misunderstand me, Morgan. It is not an impatience of suffering which makes me speak so; I would suffer with resignation anything in the shape of bodily pain. My anxiety is in regard to something else."

"May I ask what?"

Another faint reflection of Lorenzo's old whimsical smile gave a momentary glow to his features as he replied:

"Do you remember the clever escape of the old Jew on the night of the blowing-up of the Serristori barracks? If not drowned in the Tiber he must have chuckled most complacently. I wonder if he took the liver with him? It is his words which have set me thinking."

"Surely, Lorenzo, you do not attach any weight to his words."

"Taken by themselves I would not; but, Morgan, I have other reasons, slight perhaps, for not forgetting them."

"But you always believed your mother was dead."

"Certainly; but only because I never knew her. My father never spoke of her but once to me; that was on the occasion of my first visit to him after his absence. While lying here I have been recalling that conversation, and his words and manner seemed to point to some mystery. He did not even say that my mother was dead; and now I see how he evaded answering my question regarding the place

of her burial. All this, and frequent hints of some wrong done me, lend a color of truth to the old Jew's words."

"Your father will be here probably to-day; I wrote him about you. From him you can learn the truth."

"Ah, Morgan, I must not question too closely my father; it is not for a son to probe the hidden grief of his parents. I suppose my mother and he must have lived unhappily, and separated. Yet my father is kind and of a most mild disposition. I cannot fathom the mystery."

"Better cease trying for the present; you will retard your recovery by being too anxious. When you are quite well we will talk the matter over together. We will employ the quick wits of Peppe; he will solve the riddle."

I hope so, but I am inclined to think that Peppe knows more than he wishes to tell. He is very fond of me, and faithful; yet he keeps back something, I am sure."

"I can answer for his being devoted to you," said Morgan; "on the night of the battle he was almost beside himself, until he heard of your being taken to Rome. He will doubtless disclose all."

After some more conversation Morgan departed for a short time. Lorenzo felt easier now; it was a relief to have made known his anxiety to so true a friend; it was like action, too, and made him feel that he was at work. But here he was puzzled; the human mind often becomes the sport of every idle fancy and contradictory speculation. The self-suf-

ficient may boast their imaginary power of intellect, and claim an exemption from delusions; but their boast is as vain as their claim is unfounded. Even as the needle of the compass is restless until it is allowed to settle at its friendly pole, so the human mind is unquiet until it rests in God. The more thoroughly resigned we are to God's will, the greater our tranquillity; the chafing currents of everyday life may, indeed, excite a passing emotion, but it will be only a faint ripple on a peaceful lake.

Lorenzo was virtuous and of a noble disposition, but he was sensitive likewise; hence the thought that perhaps his mother was alive and desirous of seeing him filled his soul with anxious longings. He had not the strong, calm virtue of **Morgan**, nor his tranquillity of disposition. But the almost certainty of a few moments ago regarding the existence of his mother was turned into improbability by the remembrance of his father's good qualities. It might indeed be that powerful and unscrupulous relatives had torn them asunder. Lorenzo's mind was like a ship tossed hither and thither in the trough of an agitated sea; intersecting waves preclude the possibility of any certain course; aimlessly and unprofitably it floats on the foaming waters. Worn out at last, he sank into a quiet sleep.

On awaking he perceived an unusual stir, and soon learned its cause. Up the long row of beds a noble figure moved with majestic step; his countenance was sweet and full of a calm dignity which begot reverence and love, not fear. A smile of indescribable sweetness played over his features, except when

transformed for an instant into a glance of pity as his watchful eyes fell upon one more badly wounded than the others. To each he said a word of encouragement or whispered a message of hope. When shown the couch of a blaspheming Garibaldian he stopped and spoke a few words so full of heavenly unction that the hardened heart was softened, and the dried-up fountains of his soul poured forth again their waters of compunction. No need to ask who he was; it could be only one—one who combined the power of a king with the dignity of the High-Priesthood. It was Pius IX. He had come to console the suffering; to thank those who had fought for him, and to bear pardon to those who had striven against him. This, then, was the man so much abused and misrepresented; this the kind father against whom they had impiously raised their hand. Full many a heart was smitten with true sorrow as the noble Pontiff passed on, and many a repentant Garibaldian heartily joined the chorus of "Viva Pio Nono," which followed the prolonged visit of the Pope.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CANADIAN CIRCLE.

GEORGE MARCHBANK was at work in his studio; the sweet music of the Benediction hymn was wafted on the crisp winter air from the convent of the "Trinita dei Monti." Its soft devotional strains fell sooth-

ingly on his ear; every time he heard it an unaccustomed tenderness occupied his heart and raised his thoughts to God. It in some way became mingled with the memory of Cardinal Altieri, and seemed to pathetically whisper the dying Bishop's words: "Pray, pray for light and grace." And he did pray. The burden of his prayer was ever the same: "Teach me, O Lord, to do Thy will; show me the way in which I should walk." The look of heavenly rapture which beamed on the dying face of Cardinal Altieri was ever present to his mental vision. His fancy pictured it floating heavenward, borne on the waves of the sacred music, and beckoning him to follow. He saw it in the glinting of the star-studded vault and in the pale glory of the moonbeams; it shone on him from flowers dight with the sparkling dew, and pleadingly looked down on him from the golden-tipped summit of the scudding morning mist. But everywhere and always it seemed to point to heaven, and to whisper to his soul, "Pray, pray for light and grace."

Was the spirit of the dead Cardinal hovering around him, praying God for his conversion and drawing his thoughts to the ways of truth? And was the Benediction hymn but another of those silken threads of grace by which a free will is gently drawn to freely co-operate in the work of its own salvation? There was darkness yet, and sore affliction, and cruel doubt in the mind of George Marchbank. He wished to do right, to save his immortal soul, but the end of his troubled road was not yet reached. He had not yet come into the full glory of Catholic

Truth; his spirit had not yet felt the tranquility conferred by Divine Faith; his imagination could not yet conceive the light of intellect, the security of repose enjoyed by Catholics. He saw their faith and almost envied them; he would wish to be like them, but his time had not yet come. The smile of the dying Cardinal and the soft accents of the Benediction hymn must yet often repeat their plaintive adjuration, "Pray, pray for light and grace;" and he must often yet sob in the desolation of his longing heart, "Teach me, O Lord, to do Thy will; show me the way in which I should walk;" and then, perchance, his night of gloom shall be dispelled, his canker-worm of doubt destroyed, and his long struggle swallowed up in victory.

It was near the close of a bright day in January; George Marchbank was giving the last touch to a Madonna, a copy of the "Madonna di San Sisto." The heavenly calm and innocence of the wondering cherubs were well depicted; so, too, were the features and pose of St. Sisto and St. Barbara; but he had not caught that characteristic of the Madonna—that undefinable expression in which the dignity and pride of a mother are divinely blended with the retiring modesty of a virgin. It is this expression, and not shade nor pose nor drawing, which stamps with the seal of immortality the Madonna of a great master, and consecrates it in the eyes of posterity.

"At work, George? May I come in?" And Morgan, for it was he who spoke, came in without waiting for permission.

"You are just in time, Morgan; I want your can-

did opinion on this canvas before laying it aside; I will tell you my own afterwards."

"Drawing perfect, shading very good, tints subdued and devotional. All the accessories are admirable, but—hum—but—"

"The principal figure is not, you would say, a success," said poor George, who feared that his own opinion was about to be confirmed by Morgan.

"In many ways it is a success, but there is a want in the expression. It is like a beautiful corpse; it does not speak eloquently to the Catholic heart."

"Just as I feared, Morgan; yet I tried hard to catch the proper expression. How have I failed?"

"There is a kind of inspiration in all great works of genius, more particularly so in sacred subjects. Murillo painted his Madonna on his knees; Raphael had a lofty idea of the Virgin such only as, excuse my freedom, a true Catholic can have. If the mind be not impressed with a noble ideal, and the brush guided by a loving hand, it is impossible to succeed in delineating a Madonna. Mere natural genius could never produce the glorious creations of Raphael, Murillo, Carlo Dolce, or those of other masters."

"You must be right, Morgan; and yet," said George, musingly, and half wistfully, "I thought my soul was in the work; I thought I felt what a type of womanhood the Virgin was."

"Yes, that may be; but you have not felt a child-like love for her; you have not thoroughly grasped the idea that, on account of her glorious perfections, as the masterpiece of the right hand of the Most High in the order of creation, there is a divine over-

shadowing around her which marks her off, and raises her immensely above every created being."

"I respect her certainly," said George; "but ought I to love her and to pray to her?"

"Can you ask if you ought to love her who was truly the Mother of the Incarnate God? Remember, George, that the Incarnation is not a myth, nor merely a speculative truth; it is a fact. The Divine person of the Son assumed really and truly a human body and soul; there was no confusion of natures. He did not cease to be God, nor did the human nature cease to be human nature. But the same Divine person who had eternally existed co-equal to the Father assumed a new relation without change or loss of His Divine nature, and united in Himself humanity to the divinity. In this way, just as parents are really and truly said to be the fathers or the mothers of their offspring, although they do not beget the soul, even so the Blessed Virgin is really and truly called Mother of God, although she did not beget the Divine nature. The blood which flowed in the sacred veins of the Man-God, and which redeemed us on Calvary, had previously flowed in the veins of the Virgin. 'Wisdom built for itself a house' when creating our Blessed Lady; shall we not, then, love and reverence it? Did not Christ love and obey her? Is it not lawful for us to do what He did? Would not your blood boil if you heard an insult offered to your mother? We may be certain that our Divine Saviour is more jealous of the honor of His Mother than we are of that of ours."

"I did not consider the matter in this light;

your words appear, as they always do, most reasonable. The Divine maternity is then the grand measure of the perfections of the Virgin, which claim your reverence."

"It is; and it also gives us confidence in her power of intercession with her beloved Son. It is very reasonable to suppose that our Saviour will grant a grace more readily when requested by His Mother, than when asked only by sinners. The dearer the person, the greater the love; the greater the love, the more prompt and ample the favor."

"Very true; I see plainly that the holy ones who most nearly imitated the Saviour on earth, will obtain a request in heaven much more easily than the sinful. I feel a profound conviction that the soul of Cardinal Altieri would obtain a grace from God which might be denied at the request of one who shrank from facing the cholera, although in duty bound to face it. But perhaps the souls of the blessed know naught about us."

"Why, George, what are you talking about? Can you imagine that souls lose their memory? It is one of the grand faculties of the soul. Apart from every other possible way of understanding our wants, this one, at least, remains."

"I will think well over what you have said; it opens up a new field of thought to my intellect."

"Very good; we shall talk again on the subject. In the mean time I may as well tell my business before we begin another theme. I want you to attend this evening at the Canadian Circle."

"The Canadian Circle! What do you mean, Morgan?"

"Simply this: you are aware that nearly three hundred of our fellow-citizens have come to join the zouaves since the battle of Mentana. The generous hearts of the Canadian Catholics have prompted those who could not come in person, to supply funds to provide for the amusement and improvement of those who came to fight. A circle or club, has been established, where we can meet and spend a pleasant evening with our friends. We have a library and a recreation-room in connection with it."

"I am pleased beyond measure to hear this. Noble Canada, a great future must surely be in store for thee, who, in thy youth, dost emulate the chivalry and generosity of the oldest nations. The brave spirits of Montcalm and Wolfe did not go forth in vain on the torn plains of Abraham. They gave a lesson which Canada's sons have learned. Yes, I rejoice to hear of this Circle, but can I attend?"

"Of course; you are a Canadian, and may well claim to be admitted as a soldier, for you did good service among the Volunteers. In any case I can bring you to-night."

"Will your friend Lorenzo Aldini be there?"

"No; he is scarcely strong enough yet to endure much fatigue. I am sorry that we shall be deprived of his lively conversation and whimsical sallies of caustic humor. I suppose you are too?"

"Of course I am sorry that ill-health should pre-

vent his attendance; but apart from that I cannot really say that I am sorry."

"Why, George, do you not admire his generous nature, and courageous disposition?"

"Certainly, for I saw proofs of them, both during the cholera and the late period of trouble; yet, somehow, we are not sympathetic. I know him to be good, brave, and generous; hence I sincerely respect him; but our sympathies never meet."

Poor Morgan felt sad; here was George Marchbank talking just as did Lorenzo; each respected the other, but they could not become intimate friends. How was it? Are there, then, some mysterious fluid currents circulating through the human organization analogous in their action to those of electricity, attracting opposite, repelling similar ones? Or can the soul act whilst yet in life, on another soul, in some slight way at least, and fail at times to awaken a responsive chord?"

After a little time, George was ready to accompany his friend to the Circle. They went out into the windy streets, and slowly threaded their way through some narrow windings. Rome, like all old cities, tells of the days of citizen liberties, ere yet fussy officials or pompous aldermen had been inflicted on suffering humanity; of the days when each individual stuck his tent-poles on any unoccupied plot without regard to symmetry of outline or geometrical proportions. Personal convenience, not general effect, was what decided the choice of site. With the advent of corporations the former

was made to become, in part, subservient to the latter.

A playful gust of the keen *tramontana*, or north wind, lay concealed for an instant in some dark recess, and then treacherously leaped out on the passer-by as he turned a sharp corner. For a moment it would screech with savage delight as it tweaked the nose of the unfortunate pedestrian; then, as if repentant, it would sadly moan as it scampered along the deserted street; but, at the next corner, forgetting its softened mood, it would again play the savage. Thus it continued to rush round corners, to gambol along the alleys, to torment the people abroad, and only sighed in the deserted streets.

Morgan and George soon reached their destination: mounting a broad and massive stairway, they entered a lofty room. It was well lighted, and hung round with banners gracefully depending from crossed bayonets. Wreaths of maple leaves, almost rivalling nature in their verdant softness, were depicted on the walls, and formed a romantic setting for the crouching beaver. The truly Christian motto, "Aime Dieu, et va ton chemin" ("Love God, and go on thy way"), was tastefully woven with choice flowers over the Canadian flag; whilst around a bust of Pius IX. was the battle-cry "Dieu et Pie IX." ("God and Pius IX."). On every side the eye encountered some floral decoration which breathed a spirit of patriotism and religion.

The brave Laroque, who had bathed the slopes of Mentana with his blood, was already there; so,

too, was the gallant Murray. The tall, soldierly form of Taillefer moved amongst a group, in which might be seen Frechette and Forgette, and other names honored in the roll of Canada's Pontifical Zouaves. They were all fine, able-looking men—men who could hold their own in the midst of war's cruel raging, or amid the more peaceful scenes of civic life. Some of them had quit for a time the honorable profession of the law or medicine; others had left lucrative business pursuits; and others had thrown aside the student's cloak to don the jacket of a soldier. These were the men whom Canada, the Benjamin of nations, had sent to guard the throne of the loved Pontiff: they were the representatives of transatlantic faith, and a living proof that the Catholic citizens of the freest and best-governed nation, except Rome as it then was, are fired by the same spirit of loyalty towards the Church as animated the Crusaders.

George Marchbank was surprised and pleased. The large and brilliant gathering of his countrymen kindled a glow of patriotic ardor in his generous heart. He was proud of his country, and with good reason. Even those who do not believe in matters of faith, as did these Zouaves, must at least recognize their devotedness and bravery. It ought to be a subject of congratulation to every Canadian to think that so many fellow-citizens had braved the dangers of three thousand miles of water and land to fight for what they believed to be the right. Men who will do this will not be wanting when danger threatens their own country. A practical

proof of this was given during the civil war in the United States. When an invasion of Federal troops was talked of on account of the "Trent affair," the Catholic University of Laval was the first educational institution to form its students into a volunteer corps and to ask for rifles. And later still, during the "Fenian scare," the Catholics of Canada were not one whit behind other citizens in coming to the assistance of the threatened fatherland. It will be long ere the whining cant of some fossil bigot, or the vagrant utterances of a discarded politician, even though he be dubbed a knight, shall suffice to make Canada forget these historic facts.

Morgan and George were received with hearty salutations; the former was now a lieutenant. George was acquainted with many of those present, and felt himself quite at home.

At nine o'clock a trumpet sounded without; it was the signal of the arrival of the guest of the evening. The guard at the door presented arms, the band outside struck up "Vive la Canadienne," and four pianos in the reception-room pealed forth a lively welcome. An elderly man, tall, slim, and of noble carriage, entered. His look of intelligence gleamed from eyes whose lustre age had not dimmed; his brow was massive, and his whole appearance denoted a man of superior intellect. Yet he had not that supercilious cast of countenance too often observable on men who are a trifle more learned than their fellows. This arrogant appearance is at once a mark of a defective education: its possessor may know more than some per-

sons do, but his knowledge is far below his own estimate of it, and his conceit takes the place of science. The truly learned is ever humble; he never seeks to impress others with an awe of his attainments; he never parades his knowledge. A child may talk to him of its pastimes and its studies, and he will listen as attentively and answer as kindly as if addressed by the most learned. He will show a sympathy with its childish sports, and quietly endeavor to instruct while he answers. In company, unless some argument be brought around by others and he be forced into it, you will never hear him talking on subjects beyond the comprehension of every one present. The one thing which moves him most to indignation is to hear the pretentious chatter of persons who imagine themselves clever.

Louis Veillot—for he it was who now entered the reception-room—wields one of the ablest pens in France. He has made a name for himself in the literature of his country which will live as long as the language in which he writes. Foremost in the journalistic arena, he is ever ready to uphold a just cause or to boldly denounce an impiety. He had come to visit the Canadian Circle, partly because it was a representative of New France, partly because its object was so noble.

A pleasant evening was passed by all present; the distinguished guest, on parting, presented to the library of the Circle Rohrbach's "History of the Church." "It was," he said, "the most beautiful he could give, for it contained history, philoso-

phy, ethics, and theology." Those who have read it can bear him out in his estimate of this remarkable work.

George was delighted at what he saw and heard; he went away more proud of his fair Canada than ever. "Surely," he thought, "surely a great future awaits our country. It has territory, mineral wealth, and vast natural resources; but, above all, it has noble sons. Surely its future will be glorious."

Surely it will, say we, if its political institutions be founded on justice and religion.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNFINISHED ONE.

AGAIN the rich clusters of grapes are being gathered on the sunny slopes of Albano's quiet lake; again the rustic choirs answer each other from neighboring hill-tops as they chant an evening hymn to the Madonna. The mules laden with heaped panniers slowly ascend the rough path towards the main road, thence to turn towards Albano or Marino, where their juicy load will be put into the rude wine-press, and trodden by foot. Long files of donkeys wind up the craggy brow of the hill, each stepping into the footprints of the one immediately in front. One man or even one well-trained old donkey can lead the whole line: in

this particular they bear a marked resemblance to political parties. The individuality, so to speak, of each donkey is swallowed up by the file, just as party absorbs the individuality of the professional politician. A Darwinian might be tempted to say that parliamentary institutions exist in embryo amongst these animals, and that the modern "whip" of the Commons is but an evolution of the bell-donkey.

On the broken hills of Mentana the vines had produced an abundant yield; two years have flown since the storm of war passed over these regions, and all is now quiet. It is the October of 1869. The Santucci vineyard shows but few traces of the fierce battle fought within its walls. The "red rain" has made, it would seem, the vines flourish, and caused the grapes to glow in the bright sunlight. The light-hearted vine-dressers sing their simple ditties as they work, much after the fashion of their remote ancestors. Political changes in the great outer world affect them not; under the shadows of their own vine they have been brought up in peace and in the fear of God; under their own vine they seek to bring up their children in a like manner. Enjoying in a rational way what they have got, not desiring aught else in life, and serving God with simple faith, they are the true philosophers of this world.

Two years have passed since the impious attempt was made on Rome by the Garibaldian hordes. Peace and plenty have smiled on the Roman States, and the people are prosperous and happy.

A great event—the most important of modern times—is soon to take place: an Ecumenical Council has been convoked by the Pope, and is to meet on 8th December next. It is hailed with delight by the good, feared by the unsound, and cursed by the impious.

On a bright day towards the close of October, 1869, Lorenzo Aldini was wending his way through the shady grove of ilexes between Lake Albano and Marino. He passed by the waters of the Ferentine League, a spot renowned in early Roman history, and quietly smiled at the vanity of human greatness as he watched the washerwomen cleansing soiled linen in the historic waters. It was no amateur dabbling which engaged the attention of these matrons: with a resounding plunge they would bury the soiled article in the stone basin of the fountain, whisk it sharply round a few times, jerk it dexterously up in a puffed heap on the marble slab, give it a few heavy blows with a pestle, wring it once, shake it twice, and by way of variety, and as a playful exhibition of good-fellowship, slap their neighbor's back with it, and finally spread it on a boxwood hedge.

Lorenzo did not stay long watching this operation: he hurried towards Marino. He wore the dress of a Zouave; looked more manly than of yore, but not so bright and cheerful. An anxious expression had set its seal on his features: it was easy to see that some trouble was preying on his young soul.

“What can it all mean?” he muttered; “my father dying, and sending for that old Jew who es-

caped us that night in the Ghetto. I hunted everywhere for that cunning Shylock, and could not discover any traces of him; and now Peppe tells me that he is near my father at his request. There must be some mystery. I cannot distrust my father, yet how explain his connection with that disreputable Jew? Has he got into pecuniary difficulties, and fallen into the hands of money-lenders? Better that than be connected in any business matter of a questionable nature. I can work my way in life, even if he can leave me nothing. But my mother—shall I ever see her? Am I sure that she lives? Often have I questioned my father, as much as I a son should; but he has always managed to evade my questions without seeming to do so. Now he will tell me all.”

With a nervous step Lorenzo mounted the steep, craggy ascent from the valley of the Ferentine waters to the town of Marino; it is shorter than the commodious way cut by order of Pius IX. On reaching his father's house he met Peppe at the door, and was informed by that faithful servant that his father was ill—was dying. He had asked for a priest, and had on his arrival called Peppe and two other servants into the room, and in their presence told the priest that he had done a grievous wrong to some persons—not for love of money nor through hatred, and that before beginning his confession he wished to prove the sincerity of his sorrow. Holding up a document in his own handwriting, he said that it would right the wrong as far as it was now possible to right it. It would be given to his

son on his arrival, and then his reparation would begin. Having said this he dismissed the servants, and remained for a long time with the priest. He had received all the sacraments of the Church; "hence I suppose," said Peppe, "the priest must have thought the document as reparatory as it was possible for it to be."

Peppe poured forth all this with the rapidity of a true Italian, helping himself with gestures of hands, shoulders, and face. It was told whilst Lorenzo was walking from the door to his father's sick-room. On entering this latter apartment Lorenzo started as his eye caught sight of the ghastly countenance of his parent. Propped up with pillows, the old man half sat, half reclined; the chill damp of death was already on his brow; its meaningless stare was already in his glassy orbs. Great tears welled up to the eyes of Lorenzo as he cast his arms around the dying old man, and kissed his chilly forehead. In that moment the remembrance of all his father's care and love for himself started up, as it were, in one focal point, and appealed to all his finer sensibilities.

"Father, dear father, I am almost too late, but I came as soon as I could. Do you know me? Speak to me one word! I am thy son Lorenzo."

A light, faint as a moonbeam seen athwart a fleecy cloud on an autumn night, gleamed in the old man's glassy eyes at the mention of the word "Lorenzo;" he shuddered visibly, and then the momentary shimmering went out, leaving only the meaningless stare.

"My father, speak one word only: say you bless me—say you pardon me."

Again the light appeared, but somewhat brighter; the lips moved, and as Lorenzo bent his ear he caught the smothered muttering, "Pa—yes—God has par—d—me."

"But pardon me, your son Lorenzo."

"Lorenzo—where? Who—took—him?"

"I am here, dear father: I hold your hands; I kiss your brow; I thank you for all your kindness."

With a wild start the dying man raised himself up in bed; his glassy eyes sparkled for an instant, and then the old half-remorseful, half-wistful look of greedy love came over his features as he recognized Lorenzo.

"Ah! Lorenzo, forgive me—say you—give me—she has said so already."

"Dear father, I forgive anything, everything, that I have to forgive; only love and kindness have I experienced at your hands."

"I am dying, Lorenzo; I have made reparation as far as I could; the paper is yonder; believe it; I loved you too well—too well to stand before you and tell the tale, and hear your curse on my wretched head. But you forgive; even after death you will not curse me?" he cried wildly, as he grasped Lorenzo's arm.

The unusual light was fast dying out of his eyes; the rigidity of death was fast coming over his features as he muttered:

"Read—it—be—lieve—it—seek her."

"Seek whom? seek where?" questioned Lorenzo.

“Your—moth—er—pardon—O God! pardon.”

The light went out; the glassy eyes are meaningless enough now in their fixed stare; the rigidity of death has set its cold seal on every feature. The earthly tabernacle of Giovanni Aldini's troubled spirit is an inert mass; the spirit itself has passed before its Judge.

So intent had been Lorenzo on the state of his dying father that he had not noticed who was in the room. He did not see the long, matted, grayish-white hair and pinched countenance of the old Jew Ezra, whom he had been seeking many a day. Busied about the couch of the dead, he did not observe the old scoundrel quietly opening a writing-desk on the table, taking from it a document, and stealthily gliding from the room. Peppe only saw the departure, and felt glad that he was gone, little dreaming how much Lorenzo would have given to detain him.

When the first duties to the dead had been performed Lorenzo went to the writing-desk and over-looked its contents. Accounts, receipts, business memoranda, all were there in order; also a will leaving all his property and money, with the exception of some charitable bequests, and legacies to his servants, and a life portion to Peppe, to “him who has been known for many years as my son, Lorenzo Aldini.”

This perplexed Lorenzo, and the absence of any explanation or revelation, as his father's words had led him to expect, puzzled him still more.

When the funeral was over, he made, with the as-

sistance of Peppe, a thorough search, but could find nothing of the kind.

Perhaps the old Jew Ezra, as he chuckled over his bundle of rags in the Ghetto, could have told him of its whereabouts.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DISCOVERY.

THE filthy alleys of the Ghetto are slippery with mud, and thickly bestrewn with rags of various hue and in every stage of mouldy decomposition. In some the bright tints are just a trifle subdued; in others all former colors are blended in a dull gray; whilst in others again, texture and shade are alike resolved into a spongy mildew.

Strips of decaying felt are rotting side by side with what was once the spruce hat of a Roman count; so shapeless and dilapidated is it now, that it is as difficult to classify in the genus human apparel as are troglodytes in the scale of civilization. Its bright shining nap has, like the down on the eroded wing of a butterfly, been turned to murky dust.

Tufts of rabbit-fur, chips of horn, patches of goat-skin, and bits of broken umbrella-frames lie hopelessly inert in the sticky mud; whilst vagrant horse-hairs, surreptitiously escaped from some old cushion, are apparently intent on making a series

of "calls" on the first-named objects. The sluggish breeze, which is laden with the noxious air of this quarter of the city, drives them on from one to the other.

A troop of ill-clad urchins, bow-legged, dirty, and cadaverous, are in keeping with the dismal lethargy of the place, as they squat quietly down on broken doorsteps, as if oppressed by the glaring of rudely sculptured Gorgons on the arch of the doorway.

Desolation and ruin are the characteristics of the Ghetto when seen at its best—that is, by the softening light of an October moon; squalor and grime are its leading features on a cheerless November morning. It is these which make it an exceptional locality, and sharply mark it off from the rest of Rome.

Yet this uninviting quarter has its charms: its narrow alleys and blind lanes breathe a pristine simplicity of manner, and bear witness to the recent birth of city architects, whilst its winding streets and crazy tenements are the embodiment of poetic fancy. If there be one feature more disagreeable than another in a "modern" city, it is the monotony of long, wide, unbroken streets gaping idiotically, like Medusan heads from a palace front. Under the glare and flare of a midsummer sun the luckless footpad must crawl, half melting, along these interminable streets, confused by the wild rush of cabs, busses, and cars; stifled with the odor of blistering paint, and blinded with dust, until sunstroke or a butcher's cart mercifully puts an end to his earthly sufferings. Hard utilitarianism has destroyed the

poetry of our towns, and put to flight the spirit of romance which erst lurked in shady corners and winding lanes. But the wild freedom of the Ghetto, its picturesqueness and its old-time look, redeem its disadvantages, and almost beautify its dirt.

It is a dreary November morning, damp and chill. The rag-shops of the Ghetto are open, and each cold gust of wind, as it hurries along, whirls a cloud of dust from every open door. Whence comes this dust? The ripping, tearing, and assorting of old clothes within fill the pent-up atmosphere of the dingy shops with mouldy dust, and the heartless breeze hurtles it away. On it speeds to other scenes of action, to descend, perhaps, in a gentle shower on a bed of young *cavoli*, and to be sucked up and assimilated by these plants. Thus it may come to pass that the ragpicker who now impatiently curses the dust which his work produces, may three months hence gladly eat it under another form. Others than ragpickers might take a hint from this.

Old Ezra is seated in the centre of the room in which we first made his acquaintance. Though well known to the police as an accomplice of the members of the secret societies, he was allowed to return to his shop after the rout of the Garibaldians. His expression is more hideous than of yore, his eyes more sunken, his chin more protruding, his nose more hooked and pointed. The gleam of avarice is even keener than formerly in his cunning eye, and his every movement more full of distrust.

As he sits surrounded by rags and dirt, with every quality which can ennoble a man destroyed, or sub-

jected to the sway of senseless greed, he might be taken for a grotesque figure made to represent a demon miser. Looking upon him, it would be impossible for Darwin himself to ever after talk about a law of "progressive development."

He sits in the dim twilight of the filthy room, in the damp morning air, ever and anon blowing his bony fingers to keep them warm, and muttering complacently to himself. His dirty-gray locks are matted with two more years of dust and sweat, and his talon-shaped nails are perfectly hideous with dirt. His greasy nightcap is one mass of rotten shreds and rude stitches; no darning, how deft soever it might be, could bind together the decomposing threads. Rents and patches and dangling ends of cloth are the only perceptible features of his attire: it would be hard to say where the coat ends, harder to guess where the vest begins. A broken boot and a heelless shoe are the protectors of his stockingless feet.

Yet this wretch has money, and he longs for more; the demon of avarice has possession of his soul, and he toils, plots, and hungers after money—money that he will never use, money that he will never employ to assuage a human ill or to dry an orphan's tear.

In less degraded forms, it may be, but still with hearts as flinty as old Ezra's, and with souls as grovelling, do we meet with his fellow-misers every day. Hopes of heaven are bartered for riches which are hoarded till death; then an unthankful heir seizes the rich possession, and only uses it to

hurry himself more swiftly to join the dead miser in the gloomy regions of everlasting wail.

A clattering sound arrests the attention of old Ezra; and ere he has had time to speculate on its cause, a bent figure, enveloped in a thick cloak, with feet encased in wooden shoes, and head roofed in with a stiff brown felt hat, enters by the open door, and deposits on a rickety table a basket of lettuce and *cichoria*, which he had been carrying swung from the neck.

Ezra started up and looked suspiciously towards the intruder. The latter made a deprecatory motion with his hands in token of his pacific intentions, and in the chopped language of the lower classes said :

“Sor Ezra, can I sell you some fresh lettuce?”

“No, you can’t,” snapped Ezra.

“Just look at this bunch,” persisted the vender; “or perhaps you love *cichoria*; here we are with an article which Julius Cæsar himself might have eaten for his supper. What do you say to this, Sor Ezra?”

“I say begone,” again snapped Ezra.

“Corpo di Trajano! but you are cross this morning. Have the rags fallen in price, or have the police been molesting you? But you are safe now, my dear fellow; your past complicity with Capodiavolo will be overlooked provided you keep quiet in future.”

“Who the devil are you, and why do you rave about Capodiavolo?” snarled Ezra.

“Easy now, easy, caro mio; none but friends are within hearing: I know all about it. That was a clever trick you played the patrol by jumping down

the hatchway into the river. It was neatly done, per Bacco!"

"How did you learn my name, and how did you learn anything about me?" questioned Ezra.

"How did I learn! This is fine! How did I learn! Oh, I know all—I know all."

It would be impossible to adequately describe the various gestures of the herb-vender as he said this. Open-eyed astonishment shone from every feature, and leaped from the upturned palms of his hands as he said "How did I learn!" Incredulous sarcasm gleamed on his countenance, and was wrung out from his clasped hands as he exclaimed, "This is fine!" But the mingled look of perfect frankness, wary caution, and half-rising indignation which his face expressed, and his shrugging shoulders and trembling hands emphasized when he repeated "I know all—I know all," was a masterpiece of pantomimic art. Seeing, as he concluded, the changed look in Ezra's eyes, he grasped his unresisting hand and shook it heartily.

"No need of these herbs now," said the pretended vender; "we can talk without them. What news from the societies?"

"We are organizing as quickly as possible," answered Ezra, "but I fear nothing can be done this winter. The Council, it seems, will surely meet next month."

"Well, well," added the vender, "something may be made out of the crowd of strangers who will be sure to come to Rome during the winter. Is not that the case?"

"Certainly," assented Ezra.

For a time the herb-vender was silent, but soon began to speak.

"Perhaps you wonder who I am and whence I come? Quite natural," he continued, in answer to the nod of Ezra. "I am from Marino, and used to work frequently for Signor Aldini. But he is now dead, poor fellow."

"Yes, I know he is," said Ezra.

"What! Were you acquainted with Giovanni Aldini?"

"For many a long year, and helped him in some delicate affairs."

"Well, well!" mused the vender with an appearance of indifference, but with a keen eye on Ezra. "We move in a circle, and do not know with whom we may meet. Give me your hand again, my brave Ezra. So you knew Signor Aldini, and of course his son Lorenzo?"

"His son? Oh, yes, I knew the boy Lorenzo," said Ezra, and shrugged his shrunken shoulders.

"I hear that Lorenzo is very anxious about a paper which has disappeared most mysteriously; he would give a large sum to procure it."

"How much?"

"Qui mi casca l'asino" ("Here my donkey falls me"), said the vender. By this humorous expression he intended to convey the intelligence that he did not know.

"Find out," said Ezra, "and if he promises a good sum, offer to find it for him."

"Easy to offer, my dear fellow, but how can I find

it? Moreover, he will not pay without having first received the document."

"Trust to me," said Ezra, with a wicked leer; "extract a promise for a thousand scudi, and come to me."

Here the old scoundrel blinked and leered, and clawed the air with his bony fingers, as if already clutching the coveted gold.

"You don't mean to say that you have it! I am in luck this morning. Well, well! I will see about this at once, and return to you as soon as possible. Good-by—till we meet," said the smiling vender as he grasped his basket and waved his fingers (not his hand) to the old Jew.

When he reached a corner he left the basket at a stall, cast off his wooden shoes, threw aside his hat and cloak, and stepped gayly along in the dress of a Zouave, and to all mortal seeming was Peppe.

CHAPTER XXII.

MYSTERIOUS POWER.

It may be a trite remark to say that we know but little; still it is a most unusual thing for any one to be fully convinced of the truth of the observation. Many doubtless will admit it, with one notable exception, to be applicable to all mankind—theirselfes constitute the exception. The human mind natu-

rally desires to know ; the desire is often thought to hold the place of knowledge.

Few, on reflection, will deny that there are many truths which lie outside the limits of the human understanding ; truths which fall not within the range of the most powerfully created intellectual telescope ; truths which, so to speak, are shrouded in an impenetrable night. Even in the natural order we are not unlike persons engaged in a game of blind-man's-buff when we come to investigate the laws of animal and vegetable life. The first object which falls under the senses, viz., Matter, is a stumbling-block. What is it ? "A compound substance," complacently replies a philosopher whose scientific down is giving evidence of a sickly sprouting in the near future. If it be "compound," its components must exist, and hence it would follow that there must be simple substances. Now composition cannot affect the essence of the substance : it would be just as correct to call a brick wall a compound brick, as to call a mass of matter a compound substance ; strictly, therefore, there is no such thing as compound substance. It is a conventional term, employed to cloak the ignorance of self-styled philosophers.

Again, the term extension is hurled at our devoted heads in text-books and in philosophic treatises. It is explained as meaning that all bodies occupy space. If you ask what is space, you will be told that it is the capacity of containing bodies. This is the circle in which the reasoning whirls round. Men build themselves what they call a sci-

entific system, and ask us to believe it the work of the Most High.

God is the infinite living truth and power: "in Him we live and move and have our being;" not confused with Him, nor with one another, but distinct and diverse realities, dependent on the great reality—God. By reason of our finite nature we can grasp, understand, or be cognizant of only a limited number of truths or realities. The relation which visible objects have to us causes us to form to ourselves a ratio of distances which is purely imaginary. Thus the idea of extension is begotten of our limitation in the order of being. God being infinite, is in immediate relation with every finite reality; hence before Him there is no extension. But things are before Him in their truth; consequently space or extension there is none, except in the idea of man. One scarcely knows whether to bemoan the loss of the fancied billions of miles about which astronomers reason, or to rejoice at the fact that since space is only imaginary, the ideal power of man by which he can build up vastly extended planetary orbits must be potent indeed. In any case, whilst sound philosophy proves the reality of visible creation, it likewise proves that the dearly hugged notion of real extension is only a fallacy.

If, then, the human intellect when left to its own investigations is liable to err in reasoning about what may be called primary principles, how much more readily may we not concede it to be at fault when striving to explain recondite conclusions? We are

no advocates of scepticism: this is the absurdity of weak minds. Reason, properly applied, can know many things with certainty, and Divine Faith teaches many truths. But in the vast field of human speculation the unknown and the inexplicable far outnumber the subjects known with certainty.

To persons little given to habits of thought it may sound strange, nay, impious perhaps and absurd, to hear it advanced that there is some mysterious power by which one soul may act in life on another. Yet material forces undoubtedly exercise a reciprocal action: why may not spiritual ones do as much? Attraction and repulsion are verified in the world of matter: why may not the same hold good between spirits? How often have we met persons who won our sympathy instantaneously? Our judgment and reason had no hand in the act, because it was prior to all reflection. But some cause must be assigned for the effect; may we not say that soul acted on soul and found a sympathetic chord?

Lorenzo Aldini was not speculating on such questions as these as he travelled by railway on the 1st of December, 1869, from Naples to Rome. His thoughts were personal, and as such thoughts often are, gloomy. He was sorely troubled at what he had heard from his father's dying lips—troubled because he was at a loss how to act. "Seek her," continually rung in his ears; but where or how? The document which alone could throw light on the affair was lost or stolen. True, Pèppe had discovered that the old Jew Ezra either had it or

knew where it was. But this unconscionable wretch, owing to his being wanted by the police, had left his quarters in the Ghetto and could not be found. What could he do? He knew his mother lived, but this rather added to his grief. Were she with the saints in heaven, he could raise up his heart to her and feel himself bound to her more sweetly and closely. But to know that she was on earth, grieving, doubtless, for his loss, and vainly looking for his return, was misery indeed.

A thousand times he asked himself the question, "Why did they part?" but could find no satisfactory answer. At times a fretful motion of anger against his father would rise in his heart, but was repressed as soon as noticed. "No: come what may, my father meant well, and was kind to me; I will not be unkind to his memory." This was his reflection whenever he found hard feelings being engendered against Giovanni Aldini. The remembrance of the lavish love experienced from the dead parent and his yearning for the living one would often come in conflict in his soul, and seem to rend him in twain. His was indeed a desolate state, in which two strong, yet tender passions, viz., gratitude to a father and love for a mother, were pitted against each other, but ever held apart by a deep religious motive. "I must love both, and condemn neither," was his oft-repeated cry.

To divert his painful thoughts into another channel, he took out the photograph given him by his father, and gazed wistfully at the childish face. It was covered by a glass set in an old-fashioned frame.

Finding the glass loose, he took it out in an absent way, and removed the picture. On its reverse were faintly traceable a scrawl with pen and ink, as if the fair child had striven to write her name, and some printed letters. Of the latter he could only decipher R. E. A. L. Perhaps these might yet serve as a clue to the mystery; he would show them to Peppe on his arrival in Rome.

Having replaced the picture and glass, he was about to close the locket, when he became aware of being observed by two ladies who sat near him. One was elderly, with a half-sad, half-pensive expression, and a sweet, calm trust in her dreamy eyes. The other was young, and of charming appearance in her pure womanly beauty. Lorenzo's glance fell for an instant on the two, and an undefinable sensation was excited in his soul. What was it? He seemed to know both, and yet their faces were strange. He seemed to love both, and yet how differently! Deep sympathetic love with the pensive motherly lady filled his heart; respectful admiration, and a feeling which he could not define nor analyze, but which awoke an unknown thrill of pleasure, was what he experienced in regard to her youthful companion. For the first time in many months the thought of his own trouble was banished from his mind. But only for a moment. The open locket still in his hand brought it back to his memory. He gazed again on the sweet child-face and trembled with emotion. What resemblance did he now detect to one whom he had seen? Oh, where had he seen these features, enlarged it is true, but still

wearing that quiet smile of heavenly peace and trusting love? He was in a tumult of emotion. He felt that he was on the point of making a discovery, but as yet he knew not what. The studious youth who endeavors to solve a difficult problem feels, as he approaches a solution, that he is unerringly nearing the goal of his ambition, although the answer be still unknown. This was Lorenzo's state, as with throbbing temples, short-coming breath, and a wild excitement of feeling he viewed the oft-gazed-on picture. An exclamation from one of the passengers caused him to look up; unconsciously his glance fell upon the young lady already mentioned. A flash of light was let in on his soul; his tumultuous emotions were checked; the problem was solved. There could be no mistaking the identity. He held in his hand the picture, taken years ago, of that fair girl who sat beside the half-sad, half-pensive matron. His father's words rang in his ears—"If ever you meet, either in this country or elsewhere, the original of this picture, try to win her for your wife; my blessing on such a union."

He had now met the original, and it needed not the remembrance of Giovanni Aldini's advice to make him resolve to win her if he could for his wife. Already every sympathy of his soul had gone out towards her; already a mysterious power swept over the chords of his emotions and attuned them into harmony with hers. As for one swift instant his eyes, as she turned to gaze out at the distant spires of Rome, looked into hers, his soul seemed to

reach her gentle spirit, and to have found its good angel on earth.

For this is what woman ought to be—man's "helper like unto himself;" "his helper" in the things of earth, and on the road to heaven; "his helper" in the care and burden of life, not by bearing herself the load, but by cheering him with her kindly sympathy; by removing the little causes of irritation, often harder to be endured by man than real afflictions; by shedding joy and peace around his home. Rightly or wrongly, man looks to her to preserve her self-respect and to cause him to hold it sacred; he expects to find her pure and devoted. He may be quite unwilling to be driven by her, but if she be virtuous and possessed of any tact, she can easily lead him aright. Would that young girls would think of this, and consider what a responsibility devolves upon them. Let them never, in a moment of thoughtless vanity, wound, even in the slightest degree, their sense of maidenly delicacy and decorum because some foppish nonentity may seem to be pleased thereby; but let them ever jealously guard these bright jewels if they wish to be loved by God and revered by man. Let them understand the dignity of their mission in life, and the magnetic power of purity. Strong by reason of this power, the Sister of Charity walks securely in the filthy alleys of London, and draws murmurs of applause and blessings from the lips of the most abandoned rabble. She passes unharmed and respected through places which might well serve as a vestibule for hell, quelling and transforming, for the

time at least, every heart by the magnetism of her purity.

Out upon the brainless and vicious young men "of the day," who seek to bring woman down to their own loathsome level. Out upon those who endeavor to familiarize her ears with the vulgarisms of street rowdies, or to sap her feelings of delicacy by urging her on to take part in what has been well called "the dance of death," viz., "fast dances." Out upon the loose notions of womanly modesty, plainly taught or covertly insinuated in trashy novels,—some, alas! written by women.

The rashing train was nearing Rome, and still Lorenzo sat dividing his glances between the picture and its original. What could he do? How was he to learn who she was? How could he obtain an introduction to her? These thoughts filled his mind, and set their impress on his face.

The elderly lady addressed her companion in a sweetly subdued voice, but only fragments of sentences reached Lorenzo's ear. He heard "son," and "thinking of him," and "it must be soon;" but that was all.

There are times when the soul is too full of thought to think: it would fain reason out some point. It would fain lay down premises and draw conclusions, but it is so overcharged, so to speak, with thought that it can only idly wonder, like a boor gazing on the treasures of art. Poor Lorenzo was in that condition: he could not think, although he was longing to do so.

The train thundered into the station; hastily

putting aside the locket, he prepared to alight. His travelling companions were tumbling out, as people always will do from a train, just as though their lives depended on being first out. He was the last to descend and to his amazement caught sight of Morgan shaking hands first with one then with the other of the two ladies who had attracted his attention. Morgan, seeing Lorenzo, drew him in an excited way into the presence of his late companions, and introduced them as "my sister Eleanor, and Mrs. Barton."

"How extraordinary!" laughed Morgan; "travelling together, and yet not to know each other after my description of Eleanor to you. Never mind, you will soon be acquainted."

In good sooth, if human countenances ever expressed the instincts of the soul, it required no prophet to foretell that.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

GEORGE MARCHBANK sat listening to the sweet strains of the Benediction hymn, which floated gently on the evening air from the Convent of "La Trinitá dei Monti." This music was, as we saw before, most dear to his heart. It had always led his mind heavenward, and filled him with sentiments of devotion. It had always been strangely

blended with the dying smile of Cardinal Altieri, and seemed to call him into a brighter land. His noble soul yearned for the high and holy devotional practices of the Catholic Church: he felt that in the bosom of that Church alone could he be safe—that in it alone could be found the loftiest ideal of Christian perfection, and the most sublime devotion to duty. He had long since seen the fallacy of the claims of every Protestant sect. They might each retain some fragments of the truth, but they had made shipwreck of the Faith, and were now like persons washed ashore from a broken vessel, vainly clutching at the shreds and tatters of their once beautiful garments. They could only be true in the impious supposition that Christ had failed in His promise to His Church: if they were true, the Almighty must have blundered in His work, and left it to be perfected by libertines like Luther and Henry VIII. He deplored the blindness of well-meaning people who refused to lend an ear to historic truth, but who gladly welcomed the most arrant scoundrels whom the Catholic Church cut off from her communion because of their crimes. He saw that only the Roman Catholic Church could show an unbroken succession of pastors from the Apostles; that only it had unity of Faith, with universality of diffusion. For fifteen centuries it alone had been the civilizer of mankind, the guardian of the Scriptures, and the dispenser of the Mysteries of God. Then a licentious monk rebelled: he who publicly was known to have broken his solemn vows undertook to teach the appointed

teacher of nations. A wife-slaying King threw off his allegiance to the successor of St. Peter, and proclaimed himself the head of the Anglican Church. Monsters of iniquity, admitted to have been such by every educated person, are the much-talked-of "Reformers" of the sixteenth century. George Marchbank felt that Christianity must be a fable if such instruments as these were to be recognized as divinely commissioned. Yet how few outside the pale of the true Church will look calmly at this fact. How many, should these lines ever meet their eyes, will grow indignant at the writer, and rage against him, and refuse perhaps to read more. Still he has not painted the character of the so-called "reformers" in colors as black as authentic history presents them. An eternity of happiness may depend on the manner in which these words are read and pondered upon. There can be but *one* true Faith; there can be but *one* road pointed out by Christ; there can be but *one* true Church—the bride and witness of Christ. It was divinely gifted with an immunity from doctrinal error, because it was to continue till the end of time the work begun by the Saviour. It must then have always taught, must now teach, and must continue to teach the Truth.

George Marchbank felt this; still he remained outside. Like one who, gazing on the imposing colonnades, the magnificent façade, and the towering dome of St. Peter's, and lost in wonder at its outer glories, forgets to enter to feast his eyes on the inner beauties of that holy Temple, George

Marchbank was as yet content to contemplate the historic grandeur of our Church without seeking to enter its saving fold. He could not get the all-importance of its membership into his head. At times he felt himself drifting away farther every day, more inclined to let things take their chance, and not to care much what should become of him here or hereafter. He was mentally sick, and to his disordered vision the wretchedness of this life and the uncertainty of the one to come did not appear to be compensated by the promise of being made a "child of God and an heir to the heavenly kingdom." A strange feeling of sadness took possession of his soul as he gazed on an enchanting view or a beautiful flower, as if his power to appreciate them were incomplete. And so, indeed, it was: for only by true faith can our intellectual faculties obtain their most delicate and lofty development; only through it can we fully appreciate and enjoy the beauties of nature.

But now he was in a gentler and holier mood, as he sat listening, on the evening of December 7, to the Benediction hymn. He had just returned from a short visit to Albano, and was filled with remembrances of Cardinal Altieri. He had stood with uncovered head by his tomb, and had reverently walked over the streets sanctified by his footsteps. He had entered the Cathedral, and almost fancied that he caught sight of Altieri's figure on the spot on which he had stood when exhorting his flock to repentance and courage. Remembering the Cardinal's dying words to himself to pray for "light

and grace," he had thrown himself on his knees and poured out the longings of his heart in fervent prayer. And now, as he heard the dying echoes of his loved hymn, the smiling face of Altieri seemed to float near on the waves of music, and then to calmly ascend through the gathering gloom. More pensive than usual, he closed his window, and shortly afterwards retired for the night.

Next morning all Rome was astir. The great day had arrived; our generation was about to witness an event of rare occurrence in the history of the Church, viz., the opening of an Ecumenical Council. The Church is a divine institution; its sacraments and doctrines are stamped with the seal of Heaven, and it is ever guided by the Holy Spirit. But its members are only human: they are by adoption, it is true, children of God; still they are obnoxious to the frailties of a fallen nature. The great granary of the Lord contains chaff mixed with the wheat; vessels of wood and clay are seen side by side with those of gold and precious gems. Hence individual sins and abuses—the scandal, perhaps, of a whole nation becoming apostate—may be verified *in* the Church, but they are not sins and abuses *of* the Church. The Spouse of Christ has no spot nor wrinkle on her virgin brow; she is not defiled by the vice of her unworthy children, because it is against her teaching and her protests that crimes are committed. At times she is roused to employ the dreadful punishment of excommunication—to cut off, that is, the rotten branches lest they infect the sound. She has within herself all

the elements of renewal, all the power necessary to effect a reformation in her members. In herself there can be no reformation, because she is the infallible representative of Christ. God did not leave her unfinished; he left nothing in her to be perfected by man. She received the deposit of Faith; she is its guardian and expounder. Through her is taught the Word of Christ; through her flows sacramental grace. Unchanging is her Faith; because it is God's message to man, proclaimed once through Christ, now through his Spouse. More precisely and more fully, in accordance with the necessities and development of human thought, she defines and expounds her doctrines; but she never changes them. Her outward laws of discipline, made by herself for the good of her members, are modified or abrogated as circumstances change: but never once in her long history did she change a dogma; never once did she contradict herself; never once did she trim her sails or lower her flag at the bidding of any tyrant. This ought to be enough to convince any man of sense that she must be divine in her origin, in her mission, and in her authority.

The object of a General Council has always been one of vast moment—either to settle some point of doctrine and to formulate it in precise terms, or to correct flagrant abuses in the members of the Church, or to enact salutary laws of discipline, and to promote the advancement of science. Yes; though George Marchbank had often read the sneers of the ignorant, declaiming against the fancied

ignorance of the Church, he now knew that many of the greatest universities of Europe owed their origin to the Councils of the Church. He likewise knew that in every branch of polite or learned literature, in every refining art and ennobling science, Catholics had excelled; and even now, despite the bombastic nonsense of Tyndall, Huxley, and their hebeted copyists, do excel. Many a popular delusion rests, like this strange hallucination of bigots about the ignorance of Rome, on the crass stupidity of its victims.

The lovers of parliamentary institutions would do well to study the history of Ecumenical Councils. So thought George Marchbank, as he took his crowded way to St. Peter's. Here was the head of the Church summoning men from every clime to meet and consult on the affairs of Christendom. The same had taken place at various epochs of the Christian era—from the Council of the Apostles in Jerusalem to that of the Vatican in 1869.

The hall of the Council was formed by running a temporary partition between two of the immense pilasters which help to support the dome, thus cutting off one *arm* of the cross, in the form of which St. Peter's is built. It opened into the body of the church by folding-doors; these were opposite the High Altar, and were open during public sessions. From an early hour the vast Basilica was filled with anxious thousands. Around the High Altar, beneath the wondrous dome, the press was so great that it was impossible—actually, literally impossible—to raise an arm from one's side often for an hour

at a stretch. Packed among this almost immovable mass George Marchbank stood for six long hours. A double line of soldiers from the door of the church to the Council-chamber kept, by great exertion, an open passage for the prelates. Towards this lane expectant eyes were continually turned.

At length the eager whisper, "They are coming," floats through the crowd. Headed by a guard of honor, the grand procession moves up the noble temple. Every murmur is hushed; every eye is strained; every heart thrills with an unaccustomed emotion. What a gorgeous and what an unique sight! More than seven hundred bishops, representatives of every part of the known world, clad in copes of glittering cloth-of-gold, and mitres glistening with diamonds, walked slowly up the guarded lane. The cardinals in their scarlet robes followed, and borne aloft on the *Sedia Gestatoria* the venerable Pontiff himself. The minor features of military display and the grand music of "Tu es Petrus" were lost sight of in the awful sense of wondering admiration. Here were men from the East and West—men famed in the world of science or literature—old men tottering feebly along, and strong men in the prime of life—strangers to one another, yet all linked in a holy bond of faith. Slowly up the magnificent pageant moved, and as it entered the Council-chamber each bishop took his appointed place. The Pope's throne was in the extreme end; on each side were raised forms for the cardinals; rows of seats, tier above tier, stretched out from those for the bishops. When the Pope had reached

his throne and, having been seated, resumed the tiara, all the bishops put on their mitres and sat down. From the arrangement of the interior of the Council-hall one standing under the dome could take in the whole scene at a glance. George Marchbank was in such a position.

The sight profoundly affected him. His well-stored mind went back up the pathway of centuries, and sought for parallels to this scene. Were there any? Yes: in imagination he was transported to Trent, and saw three centuries ago a similar sight. He saw the same at Constance, at Florence, at Lyons, at the Lateran, at Constantinople, at Ephesus, at Nice, and finally at Jerusalem. Yes; there could be no mistaking the parallels: accidental differences there were, but the essential features were ever the same; bishops from all parts, and the Pope presiding, either in person or through his delegates. Against each of these the impious had raved, just as they were now raving against the Vatican Council; false doctrines were condemned, and the truth taught with an authority which indicated its source in the Council of the Apostles: "it has appeared good to us and the Holy Ghost." Yes; there could be no mistaking the parallels, no shirking their awful significance. If the Council of Nice represented Christianity, the Council of the Vatican must do the same. Unless the Christian religion be a fable and Christ a myth, the Council here assembled must be the exponent of Truth; it must be the authoritative teacher of Christ's doctrine. It is the genuine heir and actual inheritor

of all the rights and privileges of former synods. The sainted Fathers who sat in the Council of Nice would find themselves at home in that of the Vatican. In it they would hear no strange tongue, in it they would listen to no new doctrine. Just as they had been convened by the authority of the Pope of Rome, so had the Fathers of the Vatican. Against all who would rebel against the teachings of the Vatican they would as surely thunder an anathema as they had against the wretched Arius. Here, then, is the living teaching body of the Church. There can be none other.

This was George Marchbank's conclusion, logically drawn from well-established premises. All his former doubts vanished in an instant; his former indifference to revealed truths appeared an unaccountable insanity. There was a God; He had revealed His will and commanded us to obey it; He had founded a Church, promising to be with her; and here, after eighteen centuries of persecutions and triumphs, she now stood forth, proclaiming to an unbelieving age her heavenly mission as boldly as in the beginning. Evidently it was his duty to join her communion.

The ways of God's dealings with man are mysterious. The workings of His grace unfathomable. A thoughtless soul is at times stricken, like Saul, to the earth, and rises to light and peace. Often, on the other hand, a serious heart with vague yearnings for something more real than the cold forms of heresy is tossed about for years on a sea of anxious doubt and harrowing uncertainty. It

fain would believe right, but it knows not what to accept; it longs to do God's will, but no kindly light affords it an illuminated pathway. Some who are thus being purified in the trying crucible of tribulation lose courage, give up the search for truth, and melt away in the drossy sea of infidelity; others remain steadfast in their purpose, and come forth from the bitter test radiant with the beauty of God's own grace.

So soon as George Marchbank could escape from the thickest of the crowd he moved back to the farther side of the High Altar, and prostrating himself by the shrine of St. Peter, humbly and with deep feelings of reverence repeated the Apostles' Creed. The words "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church" had now a meaning: they were no voiceless echoes of the past; they were fraught with a living reality, and bound him to the past, the present, and the future. God's grace was upon him, His light was shining into his soul. He could now understand why Eleanor had refused his proffered love. He had crossed over from the dark side of the river; and stood in a flood of mellowed brightness. He felt the reality of the truths of revelation, and shuddered as he thought of his former indifference. His soul had found peace, because it had found the truth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELEANOR'S STRUGGLE.

"WELL, Eleanor, George Marchbank has become, as I predicted he might, a Catholic. He called here while you and Morgan were out. I invited him to return this evening. He is anxious to see you, and you, doubtless, will be glad to speak with him."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Barton, I shall be very happy to meet him; I have only, as you know, seen him once since we have arrived. He looked, I thought, paler and more thoughtful than when he left Canada. Morgan says he is likely to become a great artist; I wish he may."

"So do I," replied Mrs. Barton. "But fame has not come as yet, and it may be years before it will: in the mean time he must toil and be patient. However, he has already acquired something more valuable than the praise of his fellows by coming to Rome: he has been brought to the true fold. Henceforth his chances of success as a painter are better; the faith of Christ has opened up a wider and more sublime view to his intellect, and given him loftier ideals."

"So you think, then," said Eleanor, "that one who belongs to the true Church can be a greater artist than one outside of it?"

“Undoubtedly! Why, my dear girl, have not the most renowned painters, sculptors, poets, architects, the soundest philosophers, the deepest thinkers, to say nothing of theologians, belonged to our Church? In music, too, as in every ennobling or refining art, we take the lead. If we were to blot out the names of Catholics from the annals of art, the modern world would have but a short and unimposing list of great names.”

“You are quite right, Mrs. Barton; but is it not strange that we are taunted with ignorance and with a cramming of the intellect in the face of such proof to the contrary?”

“Oh! I do not know whether it is stranger than other charges equally ridiculous. The fact is, those who are outside of our pale may be divided into two classes—the well-meaning but simple, and the malicious. The former have been educated in the belief that we are idolaters, or nearly so; they have been surrounded by an atmosphere of prejudice so dense that it is difficult for them to pierce it. They read the stale lies so often refuted, but which, like filthy worms, increase by putrefaction. Can you wonder that persons whose daily intellectual food consists in America of Harper’s publications and similar prints; and in England of the *Times* and Froude’s romancing in the pathways of history, should be ignorant? They, poor souls, swear by their favorite newspaper or writer, and are actually thrnderstruck if you deny his assertions. The malicious know that they malign us; they know in their inmost soul that ours is the only true Church

of God ; that we only are truly free, being made so by the Truth ; but because our religion imposes restraints on the indulgence of their sinful passions, they bow not to it, although, like the devils, they believe and tremble.' ”

“It is dreadful,” sighed Eleanor, “that persons should be so blinded. The follies of life, position in society, dress, and such like vanities, will look mean and contemptible when viewed by the light of a deathbed.”

“Too true ; but even many who have been brought up in the household of the Faith forget God to think of these. See how many young Catholic girls and boys hang entranced over a filthy love-tale ! They blush to be seen frequenting the Church and the sacraments ; but they experience no sense of shame in reading vile books, or in flaunting in a ball-room, where youthful charms are as really prostituted as in any den of iniquity, and where even aged women expose shamelessly their scraggy necks and freckled shoulders, to the unspeakable disgust of all right-thinking men, though ‘society’ keeps them silent.”

As Mrs. Barton spoke a shade of crimson flashed athwart the pallor of her cheeks as she indignantly thought of the scandal given by many who refuse to listen to the teachings of religion, pleading as their excuse the “usage of society.” It is true that custom may excuse certain modes of dress not openly immodest ; but no custom can excuse certain ball-room toilets ; and no young girl ever appeared for the first time in one of these diabolically suggested dresses without experiencing a thrill of shame, and

showing a conscious flush of outraged modesty. As for certain modern dances, we can only wonder that any girl who has a sense of maidenly honor should join in them; or how any man could take as his wife one whom he had seen dancing them.

The conversation between Mrs. Barton and Eleanor took place in their apartments near the *Piazza di Spagna*, a few days after the opening of the Council. Whilst they were still pursuing the subject of their just indignation, George Marchbank was announced. He looked somewhat pale, and was slightly agitated when addressing Eleanor. He soon grew cheerful, and gave a full account of his adventures since he had left the banks of the St. Lawrence. When, in response to an inquiry from Mrs. Barton, he spoke of his reception into the true Church, he glanced at Eleanor, and said:

“I can now understand many things which were heretofore unintelligible. I feel the reality of religion, not my former indefinite impression; I feel that there are nobler aspirations than the grasping at the transitory goods of life. My art is invested with a new interest for me, because I can now make it speak of God to others; and I experience a higher inspiration when I seize the brush. My intellect seems to have expanded wonderfully within a few days; and I enjoy that peace of mind so characteristic of Catholics who practise their religion. And, he added softly, I can understand why a sincere Catholic should not wish to marry one who had no sympathy of Faith.”

Eleanor felt uneasy, and to divert the current of

his thoughts spoke about the Garibaldian raid in 1867, and the battle of Mentana. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes shone with pleasure as George related the bravery of Morgan; and when he incidentally referred to Lorenzo's share in the fight, and his wound, a film, the harbinger of a sympathetic tear, dimmed for an instant her soft eyes, and a deeper tinge of carnation suffused her cheeks.

Just then Morgan and Lorenzo entered. The latter was greeted warmly by Mrs. Barton, respectfully by George Marchbank, and half timidly, half enthusiastically, by Eleanor. Somehow the conversation soon grew monosyllabic and formal. Morgan started an idea, but no one seemed inclined to follow it. Mrs. Barton broached a subject, but not even Lorenzo attacked it with zest. George Marchbank became thoughtful; he mentally inquired, "What is the matter with us all?" Lorenzo looked puzzled; he was trying to discover what it was that kept his tongue almost tied. He thought within himself, "Why does that Marchbank always act as a lump of ice on my spirits?" and George inwardly sighed, "How I should like to know why young Aldini prevents me from speaking naturally."

At this juncture, Morgan, in the second stage of despair at his ill-success in making the evening pleasant, asked his sister if she, like Miss Drew, would find a husband in Rome. George and Lorenzo glanced at her, and then at each other. In that one look each found the answer to his mental inquiry; each discovered the secret of their mutual want of sympathy, and each knew that the other

had, like himself, been enlightened. They were rivals. Yes; they saw it clearly now, and though both were frank and honorable, they fain would have hidden the fact from themselves and from each other. Yes, they were rivals; but each felt that the other would not stoop to any dishonorable arts in order to supplant him: it would be a fair contest for the coveted prize; they arrived at an understanding in that short glance.

Mrs. Barton had noticed the interchange of looks between the two young men, and half divined their thoughts. She thought with a quiet sigh of the little chance her lost Denis would have of winning Eleanor were he now to be found; for, with a sympathetic woman's keen instinct, she knew that her friend loved Lorenzo Aldini. Nor did she wonder at this. He was in every way calculated to arouse, in such a girl as Eleanor, that feeling of love which is in some secret chamber of the heart of every one, except those called by God to the higher and holier state of celibacy. Generous, brave, highly cultured, and affable, he had become very dear to Mrs. Barton, who frequently wished that Denis were like him. She well knew that Eleanor was one of those rare treasures such as few men find, and fewer perhaps can appreciate. For laugh as the unthinking and ungenerous may at woman's foibles, the number of men who can really understand and estimate at their proper value true women is smaller far than is that of such women.

The mind of the average man is blunt and unrefined; he cannot sympathize with the finer emo-

tions of human nature; he cannot grasp the primary truth, that the very charm of the feminine character is in its difference from his own, in its generous impulses and its amiable weakness. Hence he is annoyed at woman's apparent waywardness, instead of being pleased at her gentler thoughts; he frets at her apparent want of judgment, instead of admiring her correct instincts; he is aggrieved at her less stalwart nature, instead of being delighted with her clinging tenderness. Thus, want of appreciation on the part of man—a lack on his part of the proper mode of action, and not the wrong qualities of the woman, is too often the cause of unhappiness in married life. If young men think the affection of a girl worth winning, it is surely worth retaining; it can be retained by the same means as it was won, namely, by a little attention, and a due consideration for its value: in this way married life might be, if not an unbroken honeymoon, at least a season of quiet happiness. It is as untrue as it is unmanly, to lay all connubial misery at the door of womanly foibles.

Now Mrs. Barton felt that Lorenzo could appreciate a true woman; for, although brave and manly, he had many feminine qualities. It is only by a judicious mingling of all that is noblest in man and most refining in woman that a true man is constituted. But the ideal woman should have no admixture of virile qualities. Men may admire the masculine woman, but they can only love the shrinking, delicate one who requires their protecting care.

Eleanor returned a playful answer to Morgan's question, and asked George if he had yet captivated a Roman signora. But even this airy subject fell flat. After an uncomfortable half hour George Marchbank departed. He resolved to return on the morrow and learn his fate from Eleanor.

When Morgan and Lorenzo arose to betake themselves to their lodgings, Eleanor accompanied them to the foot of the stairs. They led to a spacious courtyard around which ran a richly ornamented entablature, supported on porphyry columns. Huge earthen pots containing orange and lemon trees, the former bearing fruit now nearly ripe, formed quite a grove without the veranda. The night was clear and slightly cold. The nearly rounded moon swam peacefully overhead. Its softened beams trembled on the orange leaves and danced like sportive elves on the paved courtyard. A lofty fountain in the centre of the square sent up a hissing jet which glinted in the rays of light like trees in our northern elime when covered with icicles, as it broke into myriad drops. With a soft plash it fell into a marble vase which rested on allegorical figures, and murmuring rolled in a gentle wave over the sides of this vase into a large basin below.

The spirit of beauty is always abroad in Italy. Involuntarily all three gave an exclamation of delight. Mrs. Barton came to the head of the stairs and called Morgan, saying she wished to speak with him for a few minutes. Eleanor and Lorenzo were thus left standing alone. The latter mindful of

what he had discovered George Marchbank to be, resolved in his usual impulsive way to speak of his love to Eleanor. He did so in earnest and respectful terms, half trembling with emotion, and with a huskiness of voice which told of deep and tender feelings kept down by a strong will. Although almost unknown to her, Morgan, he said, knew all about his character and prospects; that ever since he first saw her in the railway carriage his heart had gone out to her; that she was the original of a photograph which had some mystery connected with it, and which he had received from his father.

Poor Eleanor stood with beating heart and down-cast eyes, nervously plucking at the stiff, cold orange leaves. When he had first begun to speak a great wave of joy swelled proudly within her soul, suffusing her cheeks with a flush of pleasure, and causing tears of happiness to well up in her sparkling eyes. For Mrs. Barton had guessed aright. Eleanor dearly loved Lorenzo, and his words of tenderness found a sympathetic response in her own pure heart. The strong, chaste love of a virtuous girl glowed in her soul and ennobled her. Yes, a pure, generous human love ennoble both its subject and its object; not of course in so high a degree as Divine love, but nevertheless really and truly. For the love of such as Eleanor and Lorenzo is not the murky flame of the thoughtless; it is founded in reason and religion and is a reflection from heaven.

But the bright vision lasted only an instant. Eleanor remembered her promise to Mrs. Barton; the three years had not yet elapsed. She was not

free to accept his love. When our emotions are awakened we crowd into one brief moment the events of years. The mind seems to have acquired a new power, it can view numberless things simultaneously, it can see their mutual relations, and perceive their necessary consequences. Length of years on earth is not always synonymous with amount of life. Many men live more in one day than others do in years, for the more we think, the more we exercise our intellectual powers, the more we live. Whilst Lorenzo was speaking Eleanor lived many years. Her peacefully happy days of girlhood, her promise to Mrs. Barton, her future desolation, all, all were present to her imagination. She knew that even should Denis Barton ever return to his mother,—a most unlikely event,—she could not be his bride, for, alas, her heart's affections were given once and forever to Lorenzo. Yet she dared not accept the latter's proffered love. She had promised to remain free for a time, and the term had not yet expired. A wild thought surged for an instant through her aching heart—she would tell Lorenzo of her promise; but even as it rushed tumultuously through her brain maidenly delicacy checked its headlong course. No, though she foresaw in full her own misery, and in part, Lorenzo's, if she told it not, still silence must seal her lips.

A thousand subtle emotions urged her to accept; a thousand selfish feelings strove to overmaster her will; a thousand tempting demons sought to make her false to her promise, or, at least, untrue to that delicacy which kept her dumb regarding Denis Bar-

ton. But Eleanor had drunk deeply at the fount of Grace; she had long schooled herself to trample on selfish promptings, and to guide her actions by the law of right. Her struggle was keen; her anguish cruel; for they were in proportion to the sensitiveness of her refined soul. Yet amidst the darkness of her bitter desolation there ever shone a gentle ray of light. It seemed to shoot from Calvary's sacred hill, and told of a loving and suffering Saviour. It gave her strength and victory.

Lorenzo had paused from the excess of emotion, and tremblingly stood awaiting an answer. The chill night breeze rustled among the cold orange leaves. The icy waters of the fountain fell with a sad murmur. The pale moonbeams had a ghastly glow as they shone aslant the cold marble pillars. It was a beautiful yet a mocking night for such a scene. Only these two young hearts, with the fervor of their great love, relieved the universal coldness; and these, alas, would soon be frozen by their grief.

They remained silent for a moment, too happy or too miserable for speech. Morgan's voice was heard above and they knew he would soon be with them. Lorenzo said:

"What is my answer, Eleanor?"

With a face more blanched than the cold moonbeams, and eyes that spoke a great sorrow, she replied:

"I cannot tell my thanks; but it may not be."

"Dio mio! Dio mio," were the only words that escaped Lorenzo's lips; but they were so laden with a passionate, almost despairing grief that poor Elean-

or shivered with fear. Then as Morgan was heard bidding Mrs. Barton good-night, the gentle girl laid her hand on Lorenzo's arm and said :

“Pardon me for this pain—and pity me too—for—for my heart is riven—but I cannot now accept your love.”

These words were wrung from her compassionate soul and recalled Lorenzo to himself. But even then she had gone and Morgan was close to his side.

Silently they passed under the broad archway which led from the courtyard into the street. From the agitated manner of his sister who merely had given him her hand on the dark stairway, and the silence of Lorenzo, Morgan guessed what had taken place. Yet it was a puzzle to him why Eleanor should have refused the hand of his friend. He had half hoped that they would have been married. However, he said nothing, not well knowing—for who does know in such a case?—what were best to say.

Mrs. Barton noticed Eleanor's woe-begone countenance when she returned to the room, and half divined its cause. Bitterly did she now reproach herself for having asked Eleanor not to plight her troth for that term of years. She was about to speak to the suffering girl and release her from her promise, but Eleanor who seemed to know her mind rose to retire for the night, saying,

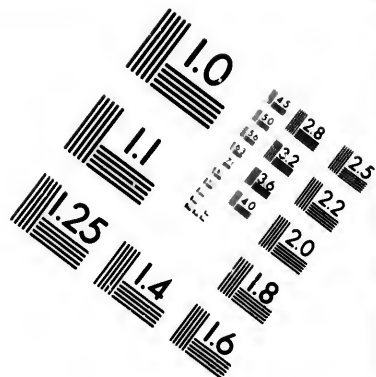
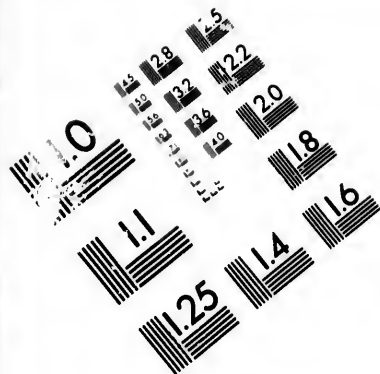
“Let us never speak about this night any more.”

CHAPTER XXV.

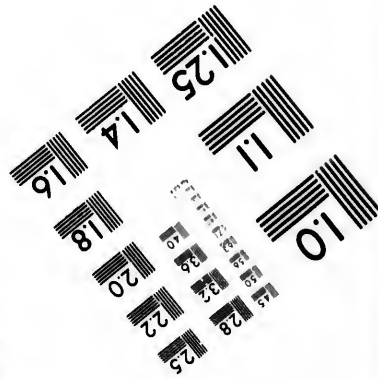
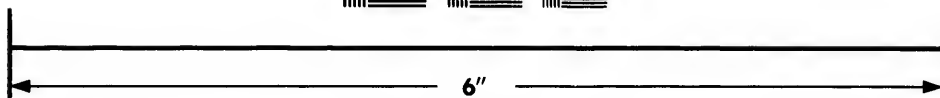
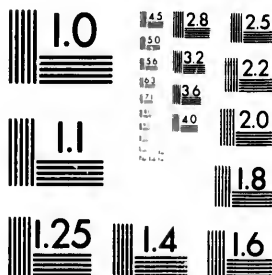
PASSING AWAY.

THE banks of the noble St. Lawrence are piled with driven snow. The bare branches of maple, beech, and elm crackle with the keen frost as they mournfully sway in the January breeze. Pines and firs, in their robes of dark green powdered with hoar frost, or gracefully fringed with icicles, give beauty and color to the snowy carpet which winter spreads over these regions. The mighty river is caught in the chill grasp of winter, and no longer bears on its proud bosom the wealth of our great Dominion. A sparkling sheet of crystal is thrown over its laughing waters, making it resemble a huge giant wrapped in his funeral robes. And even as the mortal body is clasped by the icy hand of death, and lies like the great river in sepulchral garments for a brief season, but shall be one day released from its cold bonds, in like manner shall the torpid St. Lawrence, warmed by the rays of spring, burst asunder its crystal winding-sheet and laugh and glint in the beams of the sun.

Death and resurrection are stamped on all visible creation. We see them in the plants, the trees, the grass, the flowers; we note them in the seasons, the phases of the moon, and the varying states of the



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atmosphere; they all die but to be reborn. It is but a shallow philosophy which seeks to exempt man from the general law of resurrection. The dust of his body may be borne hither and thither just as the elements of a wilted rose will be scattered by autumn's blast; but what of that? Not one atom of it perishes; not one of its particles is destroyed. In the vast storehouse of Nature its every element is garnered up, and will one day, at the beck of the Almighty God, be built anew into a human form.

This belief robs death of half its terrors and makes the Christian mother await confidently the time when she shall again see her buried darlings. This belief made John Leahy less anxious as he lay this cold January morning on his bed of death.

Yes, the hardy old pioneer was dying; the strong, faithful Catholic was passing away, not rapidly like the light of a November evening, but serenely and slowly like the fading sheen of a midsummer's sunset. Death is usually merciful to those who have used life aright. It is a compendium of life, and, like all thorough compendiums, contains the most striking features of the unabridged work. The gnawing remorse which the wicked in vain endeavor to strangle by entangling themselves still more in the meshes of crime—the awful fear of dread punishment which in life they strive to overcome by feigning scepticism; the desolate heart yearning for God's love and yet too weak or too proud to submit to his holy law—all these are seen in the sinner's death. Oh! what pen can tell the agonies

of that hour for the impious! In the flush of health and the pride of strong life they may laugh at our words and term them the gloomy fancies of a bigot, an ascetic, or a hypochondriac. These are the expressions employed by brainless scriblers when referring to the teachings of religion on this point. But those who have seen the strong man brought low, and the robust youth stricken down by a fell disease, and who have stood by their dying couch and heard their heart-rending laments, their loud bewailings, and, perhaps, their appalling cries of despair, may be allowed to know more of the terrors of death and of the proper preparation for it than the flippant scoffer who is usually the greatest coward in moments of danger. To live a virtuous life is the great secret of a happy death.

John Leahy was an example of this. His unaffected piety, his firm faith, his deep love for God, were now blossoming into the fruit of eternal life. He could look back on a career unsullied by any act of dishonor, on a life unblemished by the gross vices of worldlings. He had not trodden, it is true, the high paths of social life; he had not been known beyond the small circle in which he moved; but what of that? Of what avail would now be to him glory, riches, or honor? Less than nothing. They could not bring ease to his pain; they could not stay his ebbing life; they could not bribe the grim death-king, nor delay the approaching grasp of his icy hand. Only his good deeds could now console him; they stood around his bed; they plucked the sting from death; they would follow him beyond

the tomb and speak for him, trumpet-tongued, at the bar of the Eternal Judge.

It was the 10th of January, 1870. John Leahy reclined in his bed in such a manner as to be able to gaze out on the bright wintry scene. Innumerable prisms of frost were scattered over the surface of the snow. The rays of the sun falling on the crystal background were refracted and reflected by the myriad prisms, and formed a vision of kaleidoscopic loveliness; but only to such eyes as were strong enough to endure the dazzling light. The most delicate and beautiful tracery may be seen on the winter carpet of our great Dominion. A dew-drop, condensed from a balmy current which has sported too far from its home, is slowly congealed into a diamond or a sparkling star; or a drop of rain is gradually frozen, as it drifts through the air, into a feather-shaped flake fringed with lace of matchless design. Flowers of driven snow, as various and as beautiful as those in a well-kept garden, are plentifully strewn over the landscape.

John Leahy delighted to look upon the beauties of nature. They spoke to him of God, and made him feel how glorious heaven must be since earth, our place of pilgrimage, is so resplendent.

Mrs. Leahy was quietly sitting beside her husband's couch. They were speaking about Morgan and Eleanor. The old man asked :

“How long will it be, do you think, before they arrive?”

“It cannot be much longer; we telegraphed on

the 15th of last month ; they would leave Rome at once, and, God speeding, will soon be here."

"I pray God to grant me the happiness of looking once more on my dear children. My noble boy must be greatly changed in appearance, but his heart will be the same towards us ; don't you think it will?" he said, almost wistfully.

"Surely, surely," answered Mrs. Leahy, as she wiped away a tear which the memory of her son had called up ; "Morgan was a loving son, and his heart is as tender towards us now as ever."

"I thank God," reverently spoke the old man, "that my boy had faith and courage enough to go to defend the rights of the Pope. I could not die as peacefully as I do now if I had endeavored to prevent him. Truly, if we cast our bread upon the waters it will return after many days."

"Do you think, John," tearfully began Mrs. Leahy, "that God will make my death unhappy because, in my selfish sorrow, I wished to hinder Morgan from going?"

"Not if you sincerely repent and atone for it. As I look back over my seventy years of life I see many imperfections ; but I have wept for them ; I have confessed them to God's priest ; I have endeavored to wash them out in the sacred blood of my Redeemer, and I have faith enough in my religion not to fear death. I do not say this for a boast. God knows I am sinful enough, but I trust in his mercy, and I am certain that what our Church teaches about pardon and penance is true. It is my Faith which makes me meet death without a fear."

“Oh! John, you were ever better than I, stronger in faith, and more generous in your works. Years ago, before there was a church here, you used to go through storm and frost to Mass, or to bring the priest to hold a ‘station.’ Often have I trembled for your safety, but you never feared.”

“Why should I fear? If I did God’s will would He not protect me? Or even if I had perished doing my duty, would not the gain be mine? One of my greatest consolations now is that I was always anxious to assist at Mass. Those who are careless about that may well tremble; they are in a bad way.”

“Pray for me, John, that I may soon follow you in peace, for my life will be very lonely after you are gone.”

Thus spoke the simple-minded old people. They were only a couple of hard-working children of Erin, of little account in the eyes of fashionable society. And yet the teachings of their Church ennobled their minds, and caused them to have more refined ideas of supernatural things than those entertained by pretended scientists. They had learned two great arts—that of living well and that of dying well. And there are thousands of such as John Leahy and his wife around about us in the Catholic Church. After all is said and done, they are really better and more useful citizens than men of gigantic enterprises and huge swindles; they are really happier in life, and, assuredly, will be happier after death than the frivolous and the polished slaves of vice. It might be well to learn a lesson from these simple poor.

The short winter day had nearly waned into night. Stars, which rivalled in their sharp glittering the rays of the sunken sun, leaped out into the azure field of the peaceful sky. The pearly whiteness of the snow-carpet, tessellated with feathered dew-drops, and the pale blue canopy of night studded with gems, made the banks of the St. Lawrence appear like a fairy castle of vast dimensions. The frozen river formed a crystal pathway from end to end of the gorgeous palace; trees covered with hoar-frost took the place of magic chandeliers, and the faint murmur of the water chafing against its icy fetters was like the soft chanting of sportive elves.

Far away over the hills the hungry wolves yelped in harsh tones; but the sound, borne on the tremulous air lost its harshness, and came as pleasing music to the river's edge, even as a rude soul is chastened and refined by delicate surroundings.

Every voice, no matter how discordant, was attuned to harmony by the magic of the limpid atmosphere.

A few perches down the river a huge boulder raised its frowning head high above the ice. The snow had covered it, but had been drifted into fantastic forms, one of which in the coming gloaming assumed the appearance of a woman. It reminded one of the beautiful Andromeda chained to the rock to appease the wrath of insulted Neptune. Heathen mythology could not surround Cassiopeia's hapless daughter with such beauty and grandeur as were here revealed. A slim fir-tree waving

on the bank looked like the venturesome Perseus preparing to bound to the rescue of the weeping maiden.

No bird-warbles were heard from the drooping branches of the pines; shrouded gracefully in a mantle of purest snow they bent gently earthward, and lightly swayed in the faint breeze.

A scarcely perceptible cloud of powdered snow sped, gyrating over the polished surface of the ice like faries whirling in the mazes of some fantastic dance.

The sharp jingle of sleigh-bells broke from time to time the pleasing spell of fairyland as shivering parties drove past. The horses covered with white frost, and the driver enveloped in wolf-robcs, might easily be mistaken for the death-king taking a survey of his cold and silent domains.

Mrs. Leahy had come to the door of her house to take a last look for the day up the road which led to the nearest railway station. A sleigh was rapidly approaching; it entered by the open gateway and halted within a yard of where she was standing. In a moment she was caught by the strong hands of Morgan who hurriedly asked:

"How is father?"

"Thank God, it is Morgan," was all Mrs. Leahy could answer.

Eleanor and Mrs. Barton now descended from the sleigh, and all were soon seated near a roaring grate.

The joy and pride of John Leahy as his son, to gratify the good old man's whim, appeared before

him clad in his Zouave uniform, and wearing his Mentana medal, as well as the one received for devotion to duty during the cholera at Albano, were beyond the power of words to describe.

Catching Morgan's arm he kissed the sleeve of his jacket, saying:

"Glory be to God, I have seen the Pontifical uniform—and that on a son of my own. Now I can die content. Wear it every day, Morgan, until my death. Next to dying for your Faith, the most glorious thing is to fight for the patrimony of St. Peter."

For a few days more the old man lingered; Morgan and Eleanor were ever at his bedside. The waning of his life was peaceful, his soul was filled with hope. The parish priest was assiduous in his visits, and administered with all solemnity the last sacraments of the Church. With a profession of Faith still quivering on his lips, with a calm smile playing over his countenance, John Leahy passed away, leaving his family more awe-stricken than sorrowful.

The wintry snow rustles lightly over his grave, and the sparkling frost forms a circle of glory around his tomb.

The seed has been cast into the bed of immortality and will, ere long, germ, and burst and bud into everlasting life at the sound of the angel's trumpet.

His good deeds, shining brighter far than the frost-stars which bedeck his grave, have accompanied his soul to the bar of justice. They alone

of all earthly possessions are prized by the disen-
thralled soul, for they alone can rob death of its
sting and judgment of its terrors.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INJUSTICE TRIUMPHANT.

MONTHS had passed since the body of John Leahy had been consigned to its kindred clay. The icy gyves which had bound the noble St. Lawrence had long since melted away; the proud river leaped and exulted in its freedom, and bore seaward Canada's surplus productions. The young Dominion, rash and venturesome like a young man, thought to cope in trade and manufactures with its older and more powerful neighbors. It insanely threw open its markets to foreign products while its manufactured goods were heavily taxed by other nations. In the year 1870 it had not felt severely the effect of this policy; but a day was to come on which it would find that Canada was the slaughter market of the United States; that Canadian industries were languishing, and Canadian enterprise paralyzed by an unwise domestic policy. A day was to come on which thoughtful men could see no hope of national prosperity unless by a wise re-adjustment of tariff which would foster home manufactures.

But as yet the crisis had not come; the rushing stream bore proudly down its current undeniable

tokens of our vast resources. By land and water steam-power was at work subserving the purposes of man.

Slowly ran, freighted with old-time memories, the yellow Tiber; seen from the Pincian heights it resembled a golden thread inwrought on an emerald garment. No signs of busy commerce disturbed its tranquility. It speaks of something more ennobling than gold or silver; it tells of greater glories than those revealed by steamships and commerce. Just as there is in the heart of man some quiet chamber sacred to endearing reminiscences, and which would be defiled by the presence of selfish thoughts, just so there is in the centre of civilization this river overshadowed by classical memories, and free from the vulgar signs of sordid greed. It is a rest spot in this restless world; a river on whose banks man may contemplate primitive modes of living and primitive charms side by side with the greatest works of genius. It retains a something of the peace of Eden mingled with our modern life.

It was the 19th of September, 1870. The evening was drawing on apace. The sun had sunk into the Mediterranean in a mist of ruby and opal. A warm glow was in the streets of Rome, and a chill gust of air played on the Pincian hill. This favorite place of public resort was almost deserted; it was closed against citizens and open only to the military. Huge guns stood grimly on the gravelled walks, and piles of leaden balls disfigured the neatly trimmed lawns. A lumbering ambulance had been wheeled over a bed of gorgeous flowers; many of these had

raised their rich clusters around the unsightly object, causing it to suggest the idea of a hideous old bride arrayed in garish trappings. Under the shadow of a grove of ilexes, and near a palm tree which seemed from its desolate appearance to be mourning for its Eastern home, a few canvas tents had been erected. Small groups of soldiers were squatting on the ground, their muskets stacked, like the framework of an Indian wigwam, near by.

Seated on the basin of the beautiful fountain, in the centre of which is a marble figure of Pharaoh's daughter picking up the wicker basket that contains the youthful Moses, two Zouaves were engaged in earnest conversation. Their forms are familiar, and so are their voices.

"I have seen so little of you, Morgan, since your return that I have had no time to learn the particulars of your visit to Canada. We are likely to have a few spare hours now."

It was Lorenzo who spoke, but not the bright, gay, laughing Lorenzo of yore. He was prematurely wan; his handsome face was pale and serious, almost stern. His eyes were more wistful than formerly, as if from continually looking for and never finding some object. A smile, which was nearly akin to an expression of sadness, hovered around the corners of his mouth as he spoke; but when he glanced over the Pincian wall, and ran his eye along the dim outlines of Mount Parioli, beneath whose shadow he supposed the enemy encamped, a gleam of subdued joy and triumph lit up his noble countenance. Perhaps he thought of

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a glorious death on the morrow in a holy cause; or perhaps he pictured Eleanor listening with rapt enthusiasm to Morgan's account of his bravery; or perhaps his young and weary heart was opening once more to the many roses which life ever bears even along its most thorny road.

"The particulars are easily given, Lorenzo. We were, as you know, summoned home to our father's death-bed. Quietly and happily he passed away shortly after our return. Lorenzo, his death was most edifying; I would not exchange such a death as his for all the glories this world can bestow; my mother wished me to remain at home, and I consented, thinking that no dangers would threaten the Holy See. When, however, I read of the withdrawal of the French troops shortly after the outbreak of the present Franco-Prussian War, I deemed it my duty to return. Need I say how glad I am that I arrived in time to fight again for the rights of the Church? But tell me how this impious invasion began."

"That I can soon do," said Lorenzo. "When the French troops were withdrawn the reverses of France began. I am not, so you know Morgan, superstitious; but I cannot close my eyes to facts. There were a few French soldiers in the Pontifical States when the first encounter took place between the French and Prussian armies. In it the former were successful. The soldiers of France were taken away from the Pope's dominions, and on that very day the French lost in battle exactly as many men as were embarked at Civit  Vecchia. Since that time

defeat has followed defeat; the gallant army so often in the past victorious has been crushed and almost annihilated at Sedan, scarce three weeks since. Napoleon is a prisoner; his dynasty has been overthrown; his wife and son are fugitives. Men may attribute this to the superior power of Prussia; be that power what it may, I see in this sad humiliation of France an avenging God."

"About that there can scarcely be a doubt; the semi-barbarous German may be brave, but his bravery is not greater than that of the Frank."

"Well," continued Lorenzo, "the Piedmontese Government saw in the defeat of France and the confusion of Europe, an opportunity of seizing the last remaining territory of the Pope. Victor Emanuel, who is the catspaw of the Revolution, addressed a letter to the Holy Father asking to be allowed to occupy the Roman States. Of course the Pope refused; and then without declaration of war, the Piedmontese army crosses the frontier and marches on to Rome. On the 12th Civit  Castellana was attacked. An army numbering nearly 70,000 men, well provided with artillery, has been advancing in three divisions. One of these you narrowly escaped the other day when you succeeded in reaching the city. The Pope seeing that it would be a useless loss of life for small garrisons to resist such an army, ordered them to fall back on the Capital. On the 14th, our company, under the personal command of De Charette, arrived from Viterbo. At once the work of fortifying, as well as we could, the city was begun. In many places the walls are weak and can-

not offer a serious resistance to modern artillery. Civit  Vecchia fell on the 17th, the day on which you entered. We are now surrounded by a large army; our own is, as you know, quite small, numbering only 13,000, or less. We are cut off from all communication with the outside world; breaches will soon be made in the wall and then—”

“Then what, Lorenzo?”

But Lorenzo’s rifle was raised; he ran forward a few paces, and a quick report followed by a sharp cry of pain from a small copse in the Villa Borghese told that the quick eye of Lorenzo had espied an enemy approaching too near, and his sure aim had laid him low. In an instant every soldier leaped to his feet; the squatting groups arose as if by magic; the apparently listless loungers who sat on gun-carriage and ambulance awoke to sudden animation and life. Each soldier seized his rifle from the “stack,” and fell in line ere the officers could give the orders. In the gathering shade of night, there was something awe-inspiring in the quick and silent forming of line; something grandly heroic in the ready courage of these few men preparing to resist an enemy of well-known strength.

Lorenzo informed the officer in command of the cause of his firing; no other enemy being in sight, an extra-guard was posted on the declivity by the broken wall, in a position to command a view of the road beneath, and also of the neighboring villa. The ranks were then broken at the word of command; the rifles were again stacked; tongues were loosened in sprightly chat; groups were reformed

on the grass, and apparently listless loungers sat again on gun-carriage and ambulance.

Morgan and Lorenzo sought a quiet resting-place beneath the shade of a clump of laurel.

"You ended your last sentence rather abruptly," began Morgan. "What will take place after breaches shall have been made in the walls?"

"Carnage," answered Lorenzo, "a dreadful carnage. We are ready to die to the last man; the enemy is numerous—what else can ensue?"

"Nothing else, so far as I can see; unless indeed," he added after a pause, "the Pope should command us to desist. He may only offer resistance enough to prove that his dominions were wrested from him by violence."

"Well, Morgan, your conjecture may be right. I am not reckless nor impious enough to commit suicide; but I must say that I did look forward to giving my life for the defence of Rome. I half hoped that I was worthy of the honor."

"Perhaps you are, Lorenzo; and perhaps you may fall in the fight; but if the Holy Father deem it expedient not to resist to the last extremity you can live for other noble purposes."

"Alas!" said Lorenzo mournfully, "I have now on other purpose in life than that of dying for the rights of Holy Church. All the brightness has gone out from my path; all hope of earthly happiness has been crushed. I am an old man in my youth, inasmuch as I have outlived my hopes and aspirations; but I have not the merciful infirmity of old age to cheer me with the expectation of a speedy

ending of my sorrows. For you, Morgan, everything is bright. Your mind sees things in a different light from mine. I can only have a companionship of intellect with few; and no physical suffering is equal to the desolation of a mind not called to serve God in a state of celibacy and yet companionless. The priest, the monk, the nun, are not in this desolate condition; they are called to choose God for their portion, and have tender sympathies with all mankind. But it is not so with the lonely like me."

Lorenzo's voice had sunk so low, that he appeared to be holding converse with himself rather than with Morgan. The latter kindly laid his hand on his friend's arm, and said:

"Come, Lorenzo, you are too young to be speaking in this sad tone. Life has its ills, but it has its joys; the latter are more numerous and more lasting than the former if we only do our duty in a proper spirit. Roses spring up on all sides. We may crush this one with our foot, but another equally beautiful will bud and blossom near by."

"There are some roses," slowly replied Lorenzo, "which can never, in our estimation, be equalled. But I must not inflict my trouble on you. How did you leave Mrs. Barton and—and your—friends?"

"Mrs. Barton was well, but not very joyous. My mother is fast following my poor father, and Eleanor is bowed down with some great grief."

"Naturally she feels the death of your father and her mother's sickness."

"It is not that alone," said Morgan confidently.

"Ever since the last night she was in Rome she has changed. Pardon me Lorenzo if I wound you; but you know I love you both very dearly, and I say I think there must have been some misunderstanding."

Lorenzo flushed with emotion, though the faint light of a young moon did not reveal the fact to his companion's gaze.

"Do you know what passed between us on that night?"

"Only as much as I could guess," replied Morgan.

"Well, then, I asked Eleanor to be wife, and referred her to you for a knowledge of myself and my circumstances. She refused."

"There is some unexplained mystery," said Morgan; "I am sure Eleanor's affections were engaged; and I think she loves you."

"Ah, Morgan, if I could think so a new life would begin for me; but she said, 'I cannot now accept your love.'"

"Promise me, Lorenzo, not to be despondent, and that you will visit Canada if you survive this campaign."

"I promise you, Morgan."

The crescent moon sank behind the dusky outlines of Mount Mario.

A screech-owl hooted from the belfry of Santa Maria del Popolo.

The night-gun boomed from Castel San Angelo.

About this same hour a solitary figure might have been seen gliding cautiously over that undulating

tract of country which lies between the Nomentana and Salara Ways, and in that exact portion of it which contains the villa owned by the Irish College. Now nimbly running between rows of clustering vines; now crawling on all fours in the shade of some low boxwood; now listening at the edge of an olive grove, and then quietly but confidently advancing. Wary as an Indian on the war-trail, and supple as a trained athlete, the figure had crossed the whole country from Villa Borghese to the spot where it now rested.

A faint beam from the setting moon wandered up a deep valley, having entered by a break between the range of hills, and fell upon the person whose actions we have noted. It glinted upon the polished rifle which he bore; it played upon his costume of a Zouave; and it revealed the form and face of Peppe. Yes, it was that adventurous individual. He, along with a few others, had been sent out as scouts; he had pushed on until he was now close upon the enemy, who were throwing up earthworks, and mounting cannon on the brow of a low hill hard by the Irish Villa. He was not two hundred yards distant, and saw and heard enough to know that one of the chief points of attack on the north and west of Rome would be near Porta Via.

Peppe brought his rifle to his shoulder, and then stood irresolute.

"I can bring down that officer, but is it manly? Besides, I might be shot in return, and thus our men would lose the benefit of my observations of the enemy's position. It is almost too bad, how-

ever, to let these villains work in peace. I will retire to that bramble-girt path yonder and decide."

Thus soliloquized Peppe, and then he quietly returned to the path in question. It was narrow and almost overshadowed by the briars and wild vines which grew profusely on each side.

"Let me see," began Peppe; "this lane leads not to the road but to the banks of the Tiber; then there is a quiet valley nearly to the foot of the Pincian wall. They will never distinguish whence comes the report. I will give them a fright."

He drew aside some vine-trails and peered through the opening. He raised his rifle again and paused. "We were not to court danger; that was our order. Am I courting danger? Yes; no;—Yes—no—no no!"

A shrill report; a startled exclamation from the group of sappers; the officer in command called to arms, but ere he was obeyed Peppe was beyond danger. Reaching the banks of the Tiber he reloaded his musket and walked quickly along a winding ravine, and within half an hour he was relating his adventures to his comrades on Monte Pincio. Owing to his report of the position of the enemy nearly all the Zouaves were, during the early night, marched from the Pincio to Porta Pia.

Nemesis, the Goddess of Vengeance, was the fabled daughter of Night. On such a night as that of the 19th September, 1870, she must surely have been born to be prepared to avenge the wrongs about to be inflicted by lawless might against justice.

The bright constellations pursued their various courses; the gleeful nightingale carolled from its laurel-embosomed throne; the unconscious Tiber saluted, now with a low murmur of admiration, now with a rippling silvery laugh, Rome its eternal bride. All nature was quiet and beautiful, a faint image of Eden's glory. But the same crafty serpent which beguiled Eve into disobedience was busy now urging on the last act in "United Italy's" fatal drama.

For eighteen hundred years the conquered Lucifer had measured his strength against that of the Church. Fierce violence, treachery, deceitful tranquility, the enervating power of riches and command—each and all had been tried, but all in vain. Despite the conspiracy of the impious, and the base slanders of blasphemous scribblers, the Church was more widespread, more vigorous, more united than ever before. It was of no use to attack dogmas of belief; the unbelieving would be cut off from the Church. It was of no avail to attempt corruption of morals; the children of the Faith had the inestimable gift of the Sacraments. It was bad policy to openly persecute; it only strengthened and purified. All this was clear to Satan and his instruments on earth. One only hope remained; viz., to destroy the temporal independence of the Pope; to cut down the watchtower from which the Vicar on earth of Christ kept watch and ward over the vast fold; and from which, free from the restraint of a worldly master, he encouraged, reprov'd, cast out, or took back.

To crush the Faith of Christ by reducing the Pope to slavery was the project of the arch enemy of man.

For years he had worked upon the passions of some, and in the national spirit of others to build up a "United Italy," with Rome as its capital. Step by step, in the third quarter of the nineteenth century, the plan approached completion. The faithful could only pray; nations looked on and offered no resistance. The net had been cast over Italy, and now only Rome remained to be drawn within its meshes. To the eyes of those who did not believe in the Divine origin of the Church its destruction appeared so certain that one exultingly said: "If the Roman Church escapes this time I will believe that it is Divine in its origin." What does he and others think now? Has it not survived?

The gray mist on the Campagna had not been dissipated, nor even had it been crested with white and gold, when the loud booming of cannon startled every sleeper and shook the time-worn walls of Rome. It was five o'clock of the morning of 20th September, 1870. Soon a furious cannonading began against the "Porta Pia," the "Porta San Giovanni," and the "Porta San Pancrazio." The buzz of leaden balls and the sharp whistling of shells could be heard between the sullen roar of belching cannon. Future generations will be confounded and sorely puzzled to understand how such an unprovoked, lawless and demoralizing attack should have been allowed by Europe. The foul sin will have to be expiated by every European nation, and expiated by the blood of its citizens. A Nemesis was born during that assault, and the blood alone of those kingdoms which in act or counsel participated therein

can appease its vengeance. We are compelled to read, even to nausea, the grandiloquent harangues of half-crazy demagogues, and the sickening cant of addle-pated rogues about the enlightenment and civilization of our age. And yet millions of soldiers armed to the teeth are held in readiness; gross swindles and petty frauds abound; the moral virtues are outraged according to a scientific rule.

Since the hand of Cain was imbrued with fraternal blood guilty violence has known but a short truce; the demon-inspired murderer, whether as a craven assassin, or as a wager of unjust wars, has ever skulked in the byways of life, or wildly rushed through its public thoroughfares. Now, as ever, the Church of God is the only bright spot amid the nations; and now, as ever, raging enemies seek to efface it or to mar its heaven-born beauty. Rebellion against its authority is the fruitful mother of the crimes and miseries of so many kingdoms.

The bright September sun rose from out the mists of the Campagna and the smoke of the cannon. Faint emblem of the all-seeing eye of God, it looks on scenes of bloodshed as calmly as on deeds of heroic virtue; but a day will come when it will refuse its light and shall seem to scowl upon the impious, even as the face of the avenging judge will be changed in its aspect towards the wicked.

Against a weak portion of the walls near "Porta Pia" the chief attack was directed. The magnificent gateway called "Porta Pia" had been but recently completed. An embankment had been thrown up across its entrance, and a few pieces of artillery had

been mounted under its cover. These replied without intermission to the batteries of the enemy posted on a declivity between the Salara and Nomentana Roads. Captain Delahide, a gallant Irishman, commanded the Zouaves near Porta Pia. Morgan and Lorenzo had been drafted off from the Pincian Hill during the night, and were now under Captain Delahide's orders.

As yet there was nothing for the infantry to do ; it was an artillery duel. The roar of cannon, the excitement of the surroundings, and above all a noble indignation at the vile and unprovoked assault, made the soldiers impatient of restraint. Lorenzo only expressed the general feeling when he said :

"This is tiresome work, Morgan, waiting idly here. I wish we had orders to sally forth and capture that battery. We would make a Mentana of that hillside."

"I, too, find our duty irksome. However, we must remember that true valor is always prudent. We are but a handful opposed to the thousands who surround us. At Mentana our enemy was little more than double our number ; these Piedmontese are five times more numerous than we, and well provided with heavy cannon."

"That is all very true, Morgan, but we are here to defend this city of Rome against its assailants. We can fight till we die, and from our blood will spring up legions of defenders of St. Peter's Chair. I always admired the expression of Tertullian that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." See how it has been verified by your Canada. A small

quantity of Canadian blood was shed on the slopes of Mentana, and scarce had the earth drunk the ruby tide ere three hundred of your fellow-citizens sprang to arms in defence of Holy Church."

"Yes," said Morgan with a look of pardonable pride, "and thousands would be here to-day did they know of this sacreligious war. In the mean time those who are here will do their share when the infantry attack commences."

At every point the Pontifical soldiers were animated with feelings of devoted courage, and would have eagerly welcomed the command to sally forth. It is useless now to speculate on what might have been; but those who know what was the spirit of the brave men who fought for Rome, feel sure that had the struggle been continued to the bitter end, few, if any, of Victor Emanuel's seventy thousand would have set foot in the Eternal City.

The fierce cannonading waxed louder and sharper. Shells wildly screamed through the peaceful air, and often ricocheted from pavement to palace wall. Terrified groups of citizens spoke in subdued tones, and with blanched faces endeavored to appear fearless. The wildest reports regarding the assault and defence ran unquestioned through the crowd. Shops were closed; iron shutters on the palaces of the aristocracy whose hinges had grown rusty from long disuse were heard to creak and complain, as frightened footmen swung them forward.

Many foreigners raised the flag of their country over their residences, and then sat down to wait the issue of the battle.

In the Vatican Palace the venerable Pontiff whose virtues had endeared him to the hearts of Catholics, and whose unmerited misfortunes have thrown a halo of awe and reverence around his name, sat and sadly listened to the iron music of the rattling guns. Some Cardinals and the ambassadors accredited to the Holy See were present; these conversed in low tones or moved restlessly from seat to seat. Pius IX., alone, calm to all outward seeming, neither spoke nor moved. His noble countenance wore an expression of pensive sadness but showed no sign of fear.

Who can paint the varying emotions of his great soul. He heard the wild huzzas, the joyful shouts which hailed his accession to the Pontifical throne; he heard the rabble-cry of ungrateful and plotting Revolutionists besieging the Quirinal Palace in 1848; he heard the death-cry of the fearless De Rossi, his murdered minister, and the hypocritical professions of his enemies. He thought of all he had done for Italy and for the world, and of the injuries inflicted upon him. And now in his old age, the last bitter dregs of his chalice is presented to his lips by an organized Government which had promised to respect and defend his territory. That promise is shamelessly broken; the pretended defenders are thundering at the gates of his capital; their missiles are falling in his city, and he will soon be a prisoner. Had he been other than Pius IX., a wild feeling of revenge and war to the death might have been admitted; but the image of the Crucified, to-day saluted with pæans of joy and to-morrow

betrayed and reviled, rose up before him and caused him to repeat, "The servant is not greater than his master"; "If they have persecuted me, they will persecute you."

It was now 10 o'clock. A considerable breach had been made in the walls near Porta Pia. Dark lines of infantry, under shelter of the enemy's batteries were moving forward to the assault. The Pontifical soldiers were impatiently awaiting their advance. A few shots at a long range had already been fired. Lorenzo, grasping Morgan's hand, whispered:

"Only over my body shall the enemy enter that breach. Good by; and if you survive me tell Eleanor how I died, and that my dying lips prayed for her happiness. Peppe, *addio*, and be a hero to-day."

The bugle sounded the advance. Calm and stern, Lorenzo brought his rifle "to rest," and leaped the first to the front of the breach. The head of the enemy's column came in sight round a hedge-row. Lorenzo's musket flashed, and the first man of the advancing line bit the dust.

But now the hostile batteries ceased; the advancing ranks stood still, and a superior officer came galloping up to the wondering Zouaves, and ordered them to desist.

Surprise, incredulity, and indignation were all mingled in the looks of the soldiers. To their noble and generous souls it appeared cowardly and unwise to cease firing whilst an enemy was at the gate. They had panted for a glorious charge under the

banner of St. Peter, and led by the standard of the Archangel St. Michael, and just as they were about to begin, the order to surrender came.

Yet so it was. We will not now seek to determine whether or not, the Pope's policy was, in a worldly point of view, advisable. A resistance to the bitter end would have in all probability annihilated the invading force and half destroyed Rome.

Pius IX. was the Pope of Peace, and perhaps of a too great clemency. He wished to spare the effusion of human blood, and at the same time, to give proof to the world that he did not surrender his rights. Hence, on the evening previous to the assault, he wrote to General Kanzler ordering him to raise the white flag wherever a breach would have been made in the walls. Thus would lives be spared, and undeniable proofs given that the Pope yielded only to force.

In almost sullen gloom the Pontifical soldiers lowered their arms. They felt how bitter is the sacrifice which duty often requires. They experienced how cruel are at times the tests to which noble souls are subjected. They could clearly understand that the path of duty and honor may appear to the unthinking a road of shame and ignominy.

They were brave, resolute, and well-trained. They were formed to tread the highest walks of military glory, but now their virtues compelled them to accept the part of a defeated army. Yet they gained a nobler victory than that of conquering

armed warriors; they were victorious over themselves. How often in the life of each of us are our greatest victories apparent defeats; and our deepest humiliation enduring triumphs! We may rejoice amid the glitter of outward success, but we can only reign through sacrifice and tears.

The invading army became masters of the place. Those of the Pontifical soldiers who did not shut themselves up in Castel San Angelo were disarmed, and marched through the streets as prisoners of war. Vile scoundrels insulted them as they passed. It was the last dregs of their chalice of humiliation.

A swarm of pickpockets, blacklegs, and assassins—the offscourings of the cities of Italy—entered Rome in the wake of the invaders. The mob opened most of the jails and swelled their ranks with the freed prisoners.

Yelling and hooting filled the erst quiet streets, and degraded wretches who had plotted long for this, wildly clasped each other's hands, and shouted until they were hoarse.

The aspect of the city changed as if by magic. The good were shut up in their houses, and only the swarm of plunderers and plotters were abroad. Thieves ran through the streets bearing stolen goods and crying, *Viva la libertà!* ("Hurrah for Liberty!")

The colors of "United Italy" waved from balconies, fluttered on the hats of men, and dangled from the bridles of donkeys.

All that sad afternoon, and far up in the night,

the uproar continued. Hell kept high carnival, and demons laughed hideously; for Rome had fallen, the Pope was a prisoner, and Injustice was triumphant.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DISBANDED.

“GOOD-BY Morgan, a thousand times good-by; may we soon meet again under our old banner; this cruel ending of all my fond hopes almost unmans me.”

“We will not say good-by yet, Lorenzo; we will be together when we lay down our arms. But do not, my dear friend, be so down-hearted, you are not conquered, although about to surrender.”

“I know it, Morgan; we are not conquered; but this only serves to add to my regret. Why were we not allowed to fight while a man remained in the breach? Had we exhausted every available means of defence I would not find it so hard to give up my arms. Oh, had that messenger from our commander been only ten minutes later, we would have been in the midst of a desperate struggle. We would have made the enemy feel the strength of our resistance.”

“It is better, Lorenzo, not to question the wisdom of our Holy Father in not continuing the battle. No one can doubt the heroism of his army or its

devotion to his cause. We will prove our devotion in the humiliation of this surrender even as we proved it in the defence of Porta Pia. Injustice has triumphed for the present; but God lives, and although the shallow may laugh at our hopes, we know that a day will come when His Providence and our cause shall be vindicated."

"You are right, Morgan; and I feel all this in theory; but it is so hard, so hard to appear conquered when we are not."

Poor Lorenzo expressed in this the difficulty we all experience in gaining a victory over ourselves. We know what is right to be done in most cases, but too often the sneers of others make us cowards. And yet one who had "all power in heaven and on earth" willingly submitted to every humiliation. And it is only by suffering with Him than we can hope to reign with Him.

Something to this effect Morgan replied when Lorenzo asked:

"Do you intend returning at once to Canada?"

"Yes; as I see no hope at present of using the sword for the cause of Holy Church I shall resume my studies, and may, if found worthy, become a priest."

"You are happy, Morgan, in having a future before you; I have none now. So long as our little army had a mission to fulfill, I had work and duty. But now—"

"But now, what, Lorenzo? Surely you do not mean that you have no duty left. You have your place in life, and its duties are many."

"It seems to me that I have fallen out of, or been forced out of, my place in life. I do not know who I am; how can I know what to do?"

"That is not Italian logic, Lorenzo; you may not know your real history, but there are many paths of life which you may tread in safety and honor."

"I scarcely meant what I said. I have one duty: that is to find that old Jew who has the paper left for me by my father. That done, I will go to France and offer my sword in her defense against those barbarian Prussians."

"Remember your promise to me on the night before the bombardment; come out to Canada."

"If I thought— But did I really promise?"

"Surely you did; and I know we will all be delighted to see you. George Marchbank talks of going soon."

"Does he? Well, I will go; *vedremo la fine.*"

This conversation between Morgan and Lorenzo took place in the enclosure of Castel San Angelo two days after the taking of Rome. The remnant of the gallant little army of Pius IX., which had made its way to the Castel and insisted on honorable terms of surrender, was drawn up in order of march.

The signal was given; with drums beating, colors flying, and arms in hand they filed out, saluted by the Piedmontese soldiery. No fear cowed their dauntless hearts; no vain swaggering marked their carriage. They were soon to be prisoners of war, yet they were unconquered soldiers.

Slowly they wound their way to the Piazza of St.

Peter's. Without the gate of *Cavalleggeri* they were to lay down their arms and be disbanded.

The noble soul of Pius IX., which bled more at the humiliation of his devoted troops than at his own misfortunes, caused him to appear at a window of his palace, and to bless them for a last time. So soon as he was perceived a frantic cheer broke from the ranks, and every musket was discharged in his honor. Overcome with emotion the Pope withdrew, and thus parted forever Pius IX. and his army.

Many a heart beat high with the hope of soon returning to his service; and many a lip formed a solemn vow to be ready when the opportune moment should have arrived.

To be disbanded is, to enthusiastic soldiers, akin to the separation of lovers. Sweet and bitter are the feelings evoked; gentle and fierce the thoughts engendered.

Slowly they passed beyond the walls of Rome; sadly they resigned their glittering rifles, after having kissed them; wistfully they turned to gaze on the Eternal City, and to breathe a prayer for its deliverance.

Then they were prisoners, and disbanded.

The foreigners were to be sent towards Genoa, thence to proceed to their various homes. The Italians were thus soon separated from their late companions. Lorenzo had barely time to give a hasty "Addio" to Morgan, and to send a message of remembrance to Eleanor.

Morgan shed a tear of regret as he marched along

the dusty road,—regret for Rome and the sainted Pius IX. now in the hands of a hostile power, and regret at parting thus from his genial friend. His only consolation on the latter point was the hope that Lorenzo would follow him, as speedily as possible, to Canada.

We will not follow Morgan in all his adventures and delays. Once clear of the Italian frontier he was master of his own movements, and travelled quickly on to Liverpool. Thence, in company with several of his contrymen, he sailed for New York.

The sad news of Rome's disaster had flown across the Atlantic, and filled with sorrow the hearts of many. The Catholics of New York resolved to greet the returning Zouaves with every demonstration of respect and admiration. No need to describe an event still fresh in the remembrance of all. The sons of Canada have not forgotten it, and they will tell it to their children.

When Morgan was walking along Broadway, on the morning after this reception, something drew his attention to two men who were sauntering along directly in front of him. The younger of the two was dressed in the extreme of fashion, but did not look either genteel or inviting. His face was coarse and flabby; dissipation and vice had stamped their impress in unmistakable characters thereon. His legs were shrunken and bowed; his gait rolling, and his carriage half swagger, half shuffle.

Morgan read his history at a glance. The public schools, dime novels, diabolical publications on sexual subjects advertised through the press, the low

theatre and the brothel,—these were the stepping-stones by which that unfortunate young man had reached his present degradation. How long will the same infamous causes be allowed to produce similar effects?

Turning his attention to the elder, Morgan fancied he recognized something familiar in his angular form. Hearing his voice all doubt vanished. The two turned to look after a carriage which drove past, and Morgan stood face to face with Mr. Drew and—can it be?—yes, Washy! Alas poor Washy! who is most to blame for thy vices and crimes,—a careless parent, a vicious school system, a foul press, libertine literature, or the “spirit of the age”? Alas poor Washy! There is not much of the man left in thy composition, but there is yet plenty of the brute.

Mr. Drew recognized Morgan and was evidently pleased to meet him.

“Who would ever think of meeting you in Broadway? I do warm to an old friend always. Why, come and take a bit of dinner at our house. They will all be glad to see you. So Rome has bust up, has it, and you were all given your walking-ticket? By Jeminy, but you fought well though in '67. Read all about it in the *Herald*! As it is pretty near as often right as wrong, we believe it always; saves reflection you see. But won't you come?”

Thus Mr. Drew in the first effusion of his joy.

Morgan smiled at his naive reason for always believing the *Herald*, and thought how much truth there was in the observation. Accepting Mr. Drew's

proffered hospitality, they mounted an omnibus and chatted about Mr. Drew's adventures in Europe. Washy's contribution to the conversation was the remark that it "was a rum start to have gone at all."

Mrs. Drew received her husband and Morgan in a gaudily-upholstered apartment. She did not recognize Morgan at first. On being told who he was, she expressed the pleasure it afforded her to meet one who had helped the family against "them foreigners."

"I always did say to Daniel how as me and him was foolish to take the girls among foreign catch-pennies." Here she glared covertly at the Italian 'Count,' her hopeful son-in-law, who was lazily reclining on a crimson lounge. "Mrs. Hezekiah Flintwood, the president of our Bible Society, says to me that her girls will never go a-towering through Europe."

"I suspect, ma," said Miss Drew, "that the reason is because they have not got the money. When pa made his pile it was only right to enjoy ourselves, and to make the grand tour."

"Yes, and be snapped up by any good-for-nothing foreigner as has got curly hair, and bows, and grins, —bows and grins," repeated Mrs. Drew with emphasis as the Count sardonically smiled.

"Well, I am sure, ma, all the foreigners are not like that. We saw a perfect love of a soldier in the Coliseum, and he had such strange adventures, and such polite ways."

Here Miss Drew sighed as she recalled Peppe's

manly form, and the help he had afforded her in mounting the ruins of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

The poor "Countess" said never a word. Her young romance was over; her hero was only clay, and base at that. Her sprightly airs were subdued and quiet; her face careworn and sad. She gave a mute appealing look to Mr. Drew, who seemed to understand her, for he changed the conversation by asking Morgan when he would leave New York.

"I leave to-night for Montreal," he replied. "I am anxious to arrive home as soon as possible."

After partaking of Mr. Drew's hospitality Morgan drove to the railway station. As he went along he wondered much at the blindness of many girls. A quiet, unassuming man is slighted and a brainless coxcomb adored. The sacred pleasures of a cheerful fireside have no charms for them; all their aspirations are for the whirl and excitement of a fashionable life. They hunger for love, and yet they sell themselves for money or position. They dream of domestic joys, still they never strive to fit themselves for conferring them. Blind to the dictates of common-sense, and deaf to the advice of friends, they romantically imagine that the object of their ill-regulated affections is perfect.

And a sister is not made wiser by the unhappiness of a sister. Miss Drew knows the fraud of which her sister has been the victim, still she would be as easily deceived to-morrow as if the "Italian Count" had been genuine. She feels that her hero would be true. Sensational literature has bred a

mental unrest, and destroyed the womanly instincts of many besides Miss Drew.

And still, God be thanked, woman's best qualities often remain untouched in the root. Morgan felt sure that if the lazy Italian impostor were stricken with a dire disease his poor duped wife, forgetful of her wrongs, would be his devoted nurse.

Such reflections as these occupied Morgan's mind for a length of time. That young girls would strive to overcome the romantic tendency of their nature, and prize the quiet joys of a simple home was his wish, as the express clattered rapidly on towards fair Cannda.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE STOLEN DOCUMENT.

ONCE again the genial month of October has returned; the rich grapes are being gathered on the banks of Lake Albano, and the chestnuts fall thickly in the woods below the crazily perched town of *Rocca di Papa*. Little children with large, wondering darkeyes, and a wealth of black hair, pick up the nuts in osier-baskets, or sport like youthful dryads in the checkered light. From the chestnut a coarse nutritious meal is procured, which the peasantry either use alone or mix with wheaten flour. On the squares of every town and city roasted chestnuts hold the place of the American pea-nut.

It is not then for amusement that the children are at work.

A month has passed since the Pontifical army was disbanded ; a month has passed since Pius IX. became a prisoner in the Vatican. The infidel world has had its shout of joy ; the bigots have uttered their frenzied cry that "Popery has fallen." They have yet to learn, what history might have taught them, that the Church never dies. Pius IX. may die, but Peter will live on ; he has lived for eighteen hundred years, and he will live until time shall be no more.

The ascent through the grove of chestnut- and ilex-trees to *Rocca di Papa* is steep and winding. This little town is built on a spur of Monte Cavo, and is a gem of inaccessibility, inconvenience, and primeval irregularity. Once, however, that you have mastered the difficulties of the situation and scaled its dizzy heights, you can enjoy a glorious prospect. Monte Cavo looms grimly above you, perhaps sulkily veiling its head with a cloud ; Lake Albano glints peacefully below, apparently so near that you meditate a leap into its inviting waters. The green fringe of low underwood around the base of Monte Cavo sparkles in the setting sun, and is reflected in the tiny wavelets of the lake. The town of Albano is seen on its gentle slope, seemingly desirous of going forth to meet the waters of the Mediterranean. Patches of sun-lit hill are interspersed with the shade of small valleys, mingled like the grave and gay of life ; they extend to the west and end with the walls of Rome.

Up the steep ascent two men were ascending on this quiet October evening. They were Lorenzo and Peppe. Like their fellow-countrymen who had belonged to the Pope's army, they had refused to take service under the invader. They were now comparatively free in their movements. The reason of their present excursion may be learned from their conversation.

"Are you sure, Peppe, that we are on the right track?"

"I wish I were as sure of a chance of fighting for the Pope. I saw the old rascal this morning."

"There is no doubt in your mind about its being the one we want?"

"Why, Signor Lorenzo," said Peppe, evidently astonished, "can you ask such a question? Could I be deceived in old Ezra? Surely now there is no other such face and figure in all Italy. I could pick him out in the valley of Jehosaphat, unless, indeed, the impenitent thief or Judas might be mistaken for him."

"Is he so ill-looking as that?" asked Lorenzo with a visible shudder.

"Altro!" was Peppe's expressive reply.

"What could my father possibly want with such a disreputable character? There was nothing in common between them. Had my father been poorer I might think that old Ezra had loaned him money; but that is impossible. What could he have wanted with him Peppe?"

Peppe scratched his head, shrugged his shoulders and merely replied:

“Who knows?”

Many a question equally knotty has been solved with this same rejoinder, and many more might be with advantage to mankind.

“But, Peppe, you know something about my early history, and about my mother. If loyalty to my father kept you silent during his lifetime, duty to me might make you speak now. You know more about me than I know myself.”

“It is true that I do, Signor Lorenzo; but I know scarcely anything about your mother.”

“Tell me what you do know,” said Lorenzo, as he stood motionless in the dusty road.

“I do not think that I am at liberty to do so. When Giovanni Aldini bound me to silence you were to learn all through him; if he failed to inform you, I might speak. If we cannot recover the stolen document I shall tell what I know, but it is not all you wish to learn.”

“I suppose you are right, Peppe, and since I have waited so long, I can wait longer. After all, what does it matter now? It is better, perhaps, that I should not find the lost paper. The search for it will be an employment which will serve to distract my mind. Were it in my possession what object would I have left? Ah! if only Eleanor”— His voice had gradually sunk during the latter part of this speech, and now became inaudible.

Peppe who understood pretty well the nature of Lorenzo's feelings regarding Eleanor Leahy, and being persuaded that she could not help loving him, wished to urge him on to a renewal of his suit, but

did not dare speak openly. He took another course by saying :

"Signor Lorenzo, we had better wait here until sunset ; old Ezra will be about the streets until that time. If you wish I will tell you how my uncle, who was a man of considerable importance, got his wife, a fine lady. It will help to pass the time."

"Very good, Peppe, I shall be glad to hear it."

"My uncle," began Peppe, "was a dashing young officer forty years ago, as my mother often told me. He had good looks, high hopes, spirit, but no money. All the girls of his acquaintance were madly in love with him, for somehow they manage to lose their hearts easily to one who does not seek them, or care about them, whilst they pretend to dislike the man who makes love to them."

"How can that be, Peppe, since so many continually marry?" asked Lorenzo, with an amused look.

"Oh! it is only at first that they pretend to dislike their wooers, as my uncle's case will show. They do this to enhance their value, to make their admirers more eager in their suit, and to gratify their vanity. No surer way, Signor Lorenzo, of succeeding quickly with the greater number of girls than to be careless about them. Per Bacco! but that makes them angry and resolved to win you."

"Why, Peppe, you talk as though you had had a vast experience of female character. I always thought that you rarely mingled in their society.

"I have lived some years and I have kept my eyes open, that is how I know all this."

"Then your opinion, Peppe," said Lorenzo, with

a smile, "is that woman will come to you if you do not go to her."

"Not always, Signor. There are some fine natures which must be won by persevering endeavors, as the story of my uncle's courtship will make plain."

"Let us hear that wonderful story then."

"Well, my uncle, as I said, was young and handsome, but impecunious. He first met his future wife in a stage-coach and fell in love with her at once. It has often puzzled me to understand why or how this sort of thing happens; but it does happen, it does," saideppe, shaking his head.

"It does, I believe," answered Lorenzo as a warm tinge colored his cheeks.

"My uncle soon obtained an introduction to his innamorata and quickly made proposals of marriage. They were not accepted; still every one thought that Lucia Benvenuti loved my uncle Ruggiero Spada. She was not a coquette, she had no favored admirer, still she refused. My uncle, who thought that her answer would have been as prompt as his offer, if she had really loved him, was disconsolate. He lost his gaiety and shunned company. He faced death on the field of battle, but death fled from him. A friend who knew his secret advised him to persevere in his suit, to prove that he was in earnest and that his affection was not a mere momentary sentiment. Lucia, he said, was of a gentle and loyal disposition, and sought to discover earnestness in her lover.

"My uncle renewed his suit and followed her to

Switzerland, where the family were passing the summer. He told her anew his passion, and declared that if she did not consent to become his he would rush heedlessly into the thickest of the battle and invite death to put an end to his torments."

"What did Lucia reply to this Byronism?"

"What could she reply, but that as he had proved the depth and earnestness of his love by following her so far, it was for her to gladly accept it? My uncle's friend was right; it only required perseverance to win the prize. My uncle always said that when a young man had been rejected all he had to do was to carry on a regular siege with patience and the citadel would eventually capitulate. His conclusion is my own—viz., that most women will fly after you if you are indifferent to their attractions, and a few can only be won by perseverance."

Whether Peppe was right or wrong in this conclusion our lady readers will decide. He had a double object in lengthening out this family incident: the one was to induce his master to follow Eleanor to Canada, and the other to amuse Lorenzo until it should be time to visit old Ezra.

They now arose and walked quickly up the rocky slope. Lorenzo was to await the return of Peppe at a neighboring *Trattoria*.

"Be sure you procure the document at any price," was his last injunction to his faithful servant.

"Per Bacco! if I don't get it for nothing I'm a Turk," was Peppe's reply.

Lightly springing up a flight of steps cut out of

the tuffa rock, which led to a narrow street parallel to the one on which he left his master, Peppe sped on his way. The crazy old houses appeared to grow out of the hill-side in a horizontal line. The door opens on the brink of a precipice, or midway down a flight of treacherous steps. A stranger would be puzzled to know how children ever reached the age of maturity with so many pitfalls around. Their toes must be, one is half inclined to believe, endowed with an apparatus similar to that which enables flies to walk up a wall.

Peppe ascended almost three hundred feet above the level of the lower street, and came to an unshapen mass of volcanic rock which stands at the upper extremity of the town. At its base a door stood open and Peppe unceremoniously entered. It was a small, dingy apartment, musty and cold. It had been cut out of the rock for a wine-vault by a man possessed of more money than brains. No doubt it would be a safe and cool place in which to store wine, but how could a cask ever be brought thither from the vineyards below? The idea of the vault was defective on one side, as ideas often are; hence the collapse of the scheme. However, the excavation was not altogether useless; it was rented as a dwelling.

Peppe looked around this hovel, and at first saw nothing but heaps of old rags and fragments of paper. Then, as he peered about, he discovered an old man sitting by a rickety table. Dirty, shrivelled, yellow, and greasy as of yore sat old Ezra. His puckered mouth and closed eyes showed that he had

fallen asleep over his work. On the table were piles of rags and bundles of paper. Casting his eye over these latter Peppe recognized on the outside of one the handwriting of Giovanni Aldini. Instinctively he picked it up and saw that it was the stolen document. Old Ezra always carried it with him, and probably had been assorting the contents of a shrunken valise which lay near by when he had been overpowered by sleep.

"You old vulture," said Peppe, shaking his finger at him, "I have brought you down at last. I might go away now and you be none the wiser, but that would not do; I'll wake you. Ho! Sor Ezra, wake up. Can I sell you some nice lettuce for supper?"

With a frightened spring the old Jew bounded to his feet, and glaring at Peppe, squeaked,

"Who the devil are you, and how did you enter?"

"By the door, Sor Ezra; but are you all alone here?"

"What business is it of yours; go away thief."

"I must be an honest thief to wake you up. But come, don't you remember me? You told me about a paper written by Giovanni Aldini which you had. I want it."

"How much will you give for it?"

"Whatever you honestly ask?"

"Good! good! where's the money? A thousand scudi; only a thousand scudi," and the old wretch clawed the papers with his hideous fingers.

"But a million devils! where is it? It is gone,

gone; you stole it, thief; I'll have your life or it."
And Ezra made a clutch at the smiling Peppe.

Stepping to the door Peppe displayed the paper and said:

"Wretch! I could hang you for what you did; but I am satisfied to have got what I wanted. Dare to follow me and I will hand you over to the police. Now good-by."

The miser sank back on his chair as Peppe gayly tripped back to find Lorenzo. The excitement of the latter on seeing the document was intense. Wildly he tore it open and read, trembling the while. Peppe watched him with evident alarm, and caught him as he sank moaning,

"Oh! my mother; my poor desolate mother!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

MANY days had come and gone since Mrs. Barton commenced to keep her sad anniversary. Sands innumerable had trickled noiselessly from Time's hour-glass; golden sands for some, but grimy ones, alas, for very many. Noble resolutions by the thousand had been taken, and few but had been broken. Careers of usefulness and honor had been begun, high hopes had been aroused, but often the social glass had led to intoxication and to a dishonored end. Tears of youthful affliction for the loss of

a mother had been shed in what appeared an agony of undying grief, but they had quickly been dried and the sorrow forgotten. Tales of love had been told; wild vows of constancy had been registered in the shifting sands of life; but the tales had long been an idle breath, and the vows a voiceless echo from a viewless shore.

These changes had been effected, but there was one affection at least which had remained unaltered during all these dreary years.

It was Mrs. Barton's love for her lost son.

The soft bloom of youth had faded from her cheek; the lovely light of her dreamy eyes had been dimmed; white streaks had checkered her erst brown hair; the thousand nameless charms of voice, motion, and expression of life's springtime had flown, but still her love as a mother lived on, and her calm hope of meeting her boy on earth survived.

In all this world of inconstancy and change a mother's deep and tender love is the only purely human affection which is almost immutable. It cannot decrease, because her quality of motherhood ever remains; it can scarcely grow greater, for it was always immense.

Mrs. Barton had kept her last sad anniversary as usual: the faded kite, the little ball and bat had been laid down just without the door, and she had sat within, holding the little blue cloth cap with a glazed peak. Eleanor had come to pay her a visit, and they both sat there about the very hour that Lorenzo received the document from Peppe.

It was a still, mild night; the mighty St. Lawrence

peacefully murmured as it flowed beneath the garden wall. The rich tinge of autumn was on every leaf, though all seemed a mellowed white in the soft moonbeams. The graceful spire of the neighboring church cast the shadow of its cross over Mrs. Barton as she sat within the door; but by degrees, as the moon rose higher, it receded and left her bathed in light.

Eleanor noticed this, and thought it an expressive image of the supernatural light of glory which shall fill the soul that has faithfully borne its cross.

Mrs. Barton who had been silent for some time said,

"I am thinking much to-night, Eleanor, of Lorenzo Aldini. I do hope he will return with Morgan. Somehow my soul yearns to-night to see him."

Poor Eleanor could have truthfully said as much any night during the past six months; however, she only softly sighed. Not so softly, however, but that Mrs. Barton heard or rather felt it in the air.

"Eleanor, my dear girl, my selfish love has caused you much pain. Had I not extracted that promise from you, you would have been happy in the love of your brother's noble friend. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? It was no fault of yours. Pray do not speak any more about it."

Mrs. Barton knew it was a painful topic to Eleanor, so she asked:

"When do you expect Morgan?"

"In two days; we had a telegram from New York. He is quite well in health."

"Is he all alone?"

"I suppose so, for he makes no mention of any one else."

"Oh, how I wish his friend were with him. How I long to-night to see you his wife, for I know it would ensure happiness to you both."

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This conversation had taken place late in October, it was now past the middle of November. The ground was hard and bare; a crisp frost covered the withered grass, and delicately adorned with a feathery fringe the leafless boughs. The face of the great river was dark and scowling; its peaceful murmur of a month ago was exchanged for a hoarse and fretful roar. The last ships of the season were hurrying down its course, fearful of being caught in the icy fetters of winter. A spirit of unrest was in the air and a gloom was over the land. Wild masses of clouds would hurtle through the sky, and quickly disappearing would be succeeded by evanescent beams of sunshine. Snow, rain, hard frost, or a warm sunlight, each was liable to ensue within an hour, and to last a day or ten minutes. An atmospheric crisis was at hand, and its result uncertain.

The short day was drawing to a close as Eleanor Leahy and George Marchbank walked slowly along the course of the darkening river. The young artist was not now unknown to fame. At the ex-

hibition of fine arts held at Rome during the sitting of the Vatican Council, his works had attracted the favorable notice of persons whose taste was unquestioned. He was pronounced a "rising man;" and to be thus designated by leading artistic critics, is to be placed at only one remove from a risen one. His sketch of the opening of the Council was justly admired. It would take time, perhaps years to complete it; but the scene had been so vividly impressed on his mind, for, as already seen, he had viewed it in the light of Faith which had flashed over his soul, that he could reproduce it in its every detail. He was thus on the road to fame; still he was not happy.

In the unceasing unrest of our soul, in its yearnings after some unattained happiness, we can see, unless we be self-blinded, that we have been formed for a higher destiny than this world can afford. All the wealth, fame, and glory of this earth cannot satisfy our longings; our capacity for enjoyment may, indeed, be sated in some respects, yet it is of indefinite power that nothing which we can imagine in life can ever fill it. The immortal spirit refuses to be satisfied with mortal pleasures; it indignantly asserts its nobility of origin and end even in its degradation. It ever proclaims the truth of St. Augustine's words: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are unquiet until they rest in Thee."

George Marchbank had returned to his Canadian home for a short time. He half hoped that Eleanor would now accept his love, and fill the blank which

he experienced in his life. But whatever hopes he had cherished on this head were destroyed on this chill November evening.

With the delicacy and earnest gentleness of her noble nature Eleanor had spoken to him, and poured, a balm on his wounds even as she was inflicting them. He felt it could not be as he had wished, and although he suffered keenly, there was no rankling sting left behind. Eleanor's gentle hand had plucked it out, and her true womanly sympathy had assuaged half of his pain. Her words of encouragement, to pursue manfully a career of usefulness and honor, had strengthened his purpose, and left his future less dark than he had thought it could be. Hearts are made of such elastic material that they seldom, or never, break.

The setting sun emerged from an angry cloud; a flood of ruby light bathed its frowning folds and beautified its jagged outlines.

A cold breeze swept over the face of the river, and sadly moaned as it died away amidst the leafless boughs of a neighboring grove.

The shrill whistle of an engine was borne on the frosty air, and brought a strange joy to Eleanor's heart.

In the short twilight, George Marchbank and Eleanor reached the home of the latter, and parted as friends ere they had arrived at the door. He went to his native village, and she entered her home. Morgan was there and appeared excited over something. In reply to his sister's inquiries he informed her that Lorenzo Aldini was on his

way to Canada; was in Canada even now, and would be at the station in five minutes.

"I must now go to meet him; I only received his letter an hour ago. We will be here in twenty minutes."

Saying this Morgan leaped into a carriage and drove rapidly away.

A thousand wild emotions filled the soul of Eleanor, but joy ever took the lead. It is true that fear lest Lorenzo should not renew his suit occasionally started up, but the fact of his coming surely proved the groundlessness of its nature. No need to question her own heart; it told its tale in its quickened pulsations, and by the warm glow which it diffused over her countenance. Endeavoring to compose her feelings she waited with strained anxiety her brother's return. He was not back so speedily as he had promised; but he came at length and Lorenzo was with him.

When Lorenzo and Eleanor met, each saw in the first swift glance the other's love, and knew better than words can tell the depths of their mutual affection. Ere an hour had passed they had plighted their troth, with the full approbation of Mrs. Leahy and Morgan.

Eleanor who was ever mindful of Mrs. Barton, did not forget her in the dawn of her new-born happiness. She proposed that they should go and see her at once. Lorenzo and Morgan consented with evident alacrity, and in a few minutes they were in her quiet home. The state of affairs was soon made known and she warmly congratulated them.

"You will have, Lorenzo, the best wife that Canada can give, and although I ever fondly hoped that she might one day be my daughter, I am truly glad to-night. I have not ruined her hopes of happiness after all."

"We will love you as dearly as if we were your children," said Lorenzo with deep feeling.

"Mrs. Barton," began Morgan, "did you ever see any resemblance in Lorenzo to any one you ever knew? Did you ever observe him attentively? Look into his eyes now and tell me what you think."

"In the full light Mrs. Barton gazed intently at Lorenzo, and an unaccustomed tremor shook her every limb. In the trusting, loving look of his dreamy eyes she saw the image of a fair child lost long ago, and in the swelling of her maternal heart she knew that he was found. No need for Lorenzo to clasp her in his strong arms and to murmur,

"Mother, dearest mother, I am your long-lost son."

She knew it ere the words were spoken, and as she strained him to her heart she sobbed,

"O God, I thank Thee, that After Weary Years of lonely waiting and hoping Thou hast heard my prayer."

Morgan who had learned the truth from Lorenzo on their way from the station, took Eleanor aside and calmed her excitement, as mother and son wept sweet tears of joy.

Mrs. Barton, however, soon subdued her feelings, and calling Eleanor to her side, laid a hand on her

head and the other on that of her son, and invoked God's blessing on their betrothal.

It was a solemn moment, a moment of happiness for all.

When they had recovered in some degree their composure, Mrs. Barton asked :

"How long is it since you knew who was your mother, my dear boy?"

"Since the last anniversary of my disappearance. For a long time I knew my mother was alive, but who she was or where she might be, I never knew until that night. Oh! how my heart went out to you at that moment, for I knew that you were keeping your sad watch."

"Ah! that is perhaps why I told Eleanor that I was thinking much of you that night. But how did you learn it then?"

"From a document which my—Giovanni Aldini left for me when he died, but which I did not get until then. It was written shortly before his death; it is a full confession. Shall I read it?"

"By all means, my darling boy."

Lorenzo then began

THE CONFESSION OF GIOVANNI ALDINI.

"Ah! Lorenzo how can I write what I must say? How can I lay bare to you my heart, and tell you the great wrong that has been inflicted on you by me? It is a dreadful thing to be cursed by those we passionately love; it is intensest anguish to think that we will be an object of loathing to those

whose slightest look is treasured in our soul. And yet what can I expect excepting loathing and perhaps bitter imprecations? What else do I deserve although I lavished untold affection on you for years? But mine was a diseased love, an insane sentiment which devoured my life-fibres and gnawed unceasingly my troubled brain. My sin brought its avenging spirit; punishment trod ever on the heels of my crime, and still I clung to you, foreseeing your malediction. O my God! if my sin has been great, great too has been my punishment.

“But, Lorenzo, you will not be hard on me; you will not curse me. My worn body shall be mouldering in its cold sepulchre when you read this, and the awful veil which hides the supernatural world from mortal gaze shall have fallen between us, and will, I hope, conceal my deformity from your eyes. You will only remember the poor acts of kindness which I have done, and your promise to hold my memory in benediction.

“Lorenzo, I am not your father, nor can I claim any kinship to you, except that of our common humanity. Neither were you an orphan adopted by me, nor the disowned child of criminal parents. You are the son of a virtuous couple; you were the object of a tender mother's fondest love, and the proud hope of a noble father, ere you unfortunately attracted my attention. You are not an Italian; your home was on the banks of Canada's mighty river, near to that of your friend Morgan Leahy.

“I was married in my youth, Lorenzo, to a lovely girl, such as still adorn the virtuous homes of Italy.

Our happiness was great, but of short duration. Scarce three years of wedded life, and I was left a widower. A little boy of eighteen months remained to distract my sad thoughts and to give me something for which to face my blank future. But within two years he followed his mother, and I was indeed desolate.

“My great grief undermined my health and weakened my intellect. In the death of my darling boy I lost anew my wife, and bore a double load of sorrow. I was ill for months, and rose a broken-down man, an old man in my youth.

“I travelled abroad; spent some months in France, then crossed over to England and remained nearly a year. Peppe was with me; he was only a lad then, but he was very active and useful. Do not blame him, Lorenzo; he never injured you; he did not know all.

“We went to Canada. Aimlessly wandering through the country along the course of the St. Laurence, we came to your father's house. We were kindly entertained for the night. You were then a laughing boy, with eyes and forehead like my lost darling; you were nearly the age he would have been. Can you wonder that I loved you? Can you not pity my weakness when I resolved to obtain you? My mind was diseased; I do not seek to palliate my actions, but in mercy remember what I had suffered, and its effect on my imagination. I had neither wife nor child; your parents remained to each other even were you taken. Thus I reasoned with myself, shut my eyes to the wrong which I

would do, and steeled my heart against the thought of your parents' grief. It has bled full often since.

“I employed an old Jew, named Ezra, to decoy you from your home and to bring you to me at Montreal on the eve of my departure. I have heard that you were playing before the door of your father's house, when he beckoned to you and enticed you to a carriage in waiting. Peppe was told that your parents had given you to be adopted by me, and was cautioned to never undeceive you regarding your birth. You grew up as my son, and warped though my judgment was, God knows I tried to be a good father to you. I had been trained to virtue, and my first great crime was your abduction.

“In memory of Canada's great river I named you Lorenzo. In your pocket I found the photograph which I gave you when you were setting out for Rome; I had seen the original; she was the daughter of your father's nearest neighbor.

“After you joined the Zouaves, I visited, unknown to you, Canada, and spoke with your mother to let her know that her son lived. I never fully realized what her anguish must have been until you had left me. So true it is that we are too often selfishly blind to the sufferings of others.

“Your true name, Lorenzo, is Denis Barton.

“O God, I bring this sad confession to an end with a cry to Thee for pardon and mercy! Deign to accept, as some atonement, the racking torments of more than twenty years of an unquiet conscience.

“Lorenzo, my loved, my cherished Lorenzo, pity a frail wretch whose disordered love for you was the root of all his wrong-doing. Forgive and bless, if you can, the memory of

“GIOVANNI ALDINI.’

“May he rest in peace!” said Lorenzo, as he finished reading the above.

“Amen!” solemnly responded Mrs. Barton.

“Is it not strange,” began Morgan, “that he should have endured the sting of conscience so long and so bitterly, when he could so easily have plucked it out?”

“No more strange than that a Christian soul should live one hour in mortal sin when it can so readily obtain pardon through a good confession,” answered Mrs. Barton.

She was right. How many lead unhappy lives for years, goaded by remorse, and wilfully cling to that which causes it! How many sell their heirship to the kingdom of God for that which embitters their existence!

Ye foolish, at length understand, “What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

CHAPTER XXX.

EIGHT YEARS LATER.

STEALTHILY as ever Time advances; remorselessly as ever the ghastly scythe of death cuts down its

victims. The noiseless chariot rolls onward; the world grows hoary; the death-king renews his youth. Drop by drop the stream of Humanity is falling into the ocean of Eternity. The follies, crimes, and vices of men are repeated; the virtues, deeds of heroism and charity of the first Christians are practised in our day. Good and evil still fight on, but the tactics of the latter have changed. Gross vice is no longer pitted against virtue; a specious sentimentalism attacks religious observances; and a blatant travesty of science wages war against Faith. Surely a portion of humanity must be in its dotage when such scientific frauds as Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others of that feather are looked upon as teachers, and quoted as authorities.

The yellow Tiber still winds its devious way through the Roman Campagna; the grapes still ripen on the banks of Albano's peaceful lake. The song of the vine-dresser is yet heard on the surrounding hills, and Rocca di Papa still sits on its craggy perch. The dead of the cholera in Albano repose undisturbed around the remains of their heroic Cardinal-Bishop; the dread, the fear, the suffering of that time, are forgotten; the memory of Cardinal Altieri is still green.

The grand figure of Pius IX. has disappeared from this earthly stage, but his successor sits in the Chair of St. Peter and rules the Church from the Vatican. Seven weary years of imprisonment crowned the glorious career of Pius the Great; his spirit was uncrushed, his courage undaunted. One

by one his enemies fell beneath the icy breath of death; those who had planned and schemed against him went to their last account before their heroic victim. He was not spared to see the day of the restoration of his temporal power, but he lived to catch a glimpse of its dawn. The Nemesis which was born on the day of the bombardment of Rome had attained its maturity ere the great Pope died. It broods over Europe; kings quake on their thrones, and are targets for the assassin's bullet. Distrust hastens the equipment of troops; huge guns are prepared with nervous trepidation; large armies are marshalled for war. When the general clash of arms shall arise in commingled battle, the fall of Rome will be avenged, and its restoration to the Pope effected. The sun of that great day has risen; ye gallant crusaders be prepared.

Majestically runs the mighty St. Lawrence, and bears, each year, a richer freight down to the ocean. The young Dominion has entered in earnest on the path of national greatness. Seven provinces are linked into a vast whole; each brings a tributary offering to the Commonwealth, but still retains a local autonomy. Short as is our national history, it has an unworthy page or two. The thoughtless action in connection with the Red River difficulty was, we are willing to believe, an error of judgment; but the heartless ostracism of men, who banded together to defend, as they thought, their rights against an invader, is without excuse. Riel will one day hold his place in the history of Canada as a brave patriot who mistook, it is true, the inten-

tion of the Ottawa Government, and the death of the unfortunate Scott will cease to be called a murder.*

There are blots here and there, but the good sense of the people shall yet prevail, and they will hasten to wipe them out.

The love of religion which sent three hundred of Canada's sons to fight for the cause of the Pope still lives in the hearts of our Catholic countrymen. Over this fair Dominion the Pope "hath, and ought to have," and ever will have, spiritual jurisdiction—insulting oaths of office to the contrary notwithstanding.

Eight years have come and gone since Mrs. Barton recovered her long-lost son. The evening of her days is drawing to a peaceful close, and soon she will rest from her life's labors. Her old friend, Mrs. Leahy, has long since been dead.

Eleanor has been a wife for more than seven years. Have they been years of unalloyed happiness? Who so foolish as to believe us if we said yes? Surely none; unless, indeed, the young girl dreaming her first dream of love.

A fair share of felicity has been Eleanor's, but she has known care. No state or condition of life is exempt from tribulation. The wild romancing

* Scott was legitimately condemned by the legitimate authority of Red River, viz., Riel's provisional government. The miserable pandering of politicians to the wretched Orange faction of Ontario in this case is a foul blot on our country, and probably the cause of the present trouble in the Northwest.

about the bliss of two hearts united in the holy bonds of matrimony is only heard of in the cheap novel. No one can ever be perfectly happy in this world; but the one who, having been called by God to a life of celibacy, is a virgin in body and mind, enjoys the nearest approach to perfect felicity. The average novelist knows nothing of this; it is beyond his or her comprehension. Money and marriage are their sources of happiness.

Yes, Eleanor has had a large share of domestic bliss. Her sphere of usefulness was larger now than formerly; her virtues had increased, she was serenely tranquil.

The report of a gun is occasionally heard in the groves along the river. Peppe it is who is the sportsman. He is still as gay as ever. His theory about girls, as explained to Lorenzo, is verified in a wonderful degree in his own case. The women dote on him, but he is indifferent to them all. Did we say all? Ah! one little exception there is; but, as if to prove the correctness of his views, she appears indifferent to him. However, one so full of resources as Peppe is likely to succeed. He is following the example of his uncle, and in a few months there may be a quiet wedding.

Eight years have passed, and Canada's ablest Governor-General has come and gone. The ability, tact, and courtesy of Lord Dufferin have endeared his name to the citizens of the Dominion. Apart from the mere routine of his office he exercised a powerful influence. Our national character had no

definite bent previous to his arrival; he grasped it with a firm, though gentle hand, and cast it in a broad and generous mould.

It is the December of 1878. A fleecy carpet is spread over the banks of the St. Lawrence, and feathery fringe adorns every bough. Morgan Leahy, now a priest, and Lorenzo are walking along the river's bank.

"So, Morgan, you intend returning to your dear half-breeds in Winnipeg?" said Lorenzo.

"Yes, I will go to them as soon as possible."

"You were in Montreal at the time of the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne. What did you think of his reception?"

"Oh, as usual on such occasions, the sensible portion of the community was respectful and quiet; the flunkies and nonentities noisy in their demonstrative loyalty. It snowed poetry and rained prose. It was pleasing, however, to find that the true women of Canada knew how to treat the ridiculous notice about court-dresses. Who could have been the author of that huge absurdity?"

"Peppe thinks," said Lorenzo, "that it must have been suggested by one related to the Russian Emperor, it so closely resembles a ukase."

"Not a bad suggestion," laughed Morgan.

"I used to think," said Lorenzo, "that it was a weakness peculiar to the Irish to go crazy over a countryman, but here are the Scotch rushing wildly along, with their bagpipes in rest, ready to overflow this fair country with a flood of screeching music. I do hope that our next Governor-General may be

an Afghan or Ghoorka. We would then be freed from this national nuisance."

"Do you remember, Lorenzo, when I used to speak about our Dominion in Rome, you thought my praises extravagant. What is your opinion now?"

"You were right. Our Dominion is destined to be a mighty nation. But one spot above all others claims my love. It is Prince Edward Island. Its soil is so fruitful, its climate in summer so healthy. The quiet beauty of its small bays is unsurpassed. Its sons are talented and brave, its daughters beautiful and virtuous, its merchants enterprising and honorable. It is the gem of the Dominion."

"That is praise indeed."

"But fully merited."

They turned away; and turn now we must from these historic sketches. We echo Lorenzo's praise of Prince Edward Island. We love the great Dominion as a whole, but we fondly cherish the dear little island of the gulf.

THE END.



